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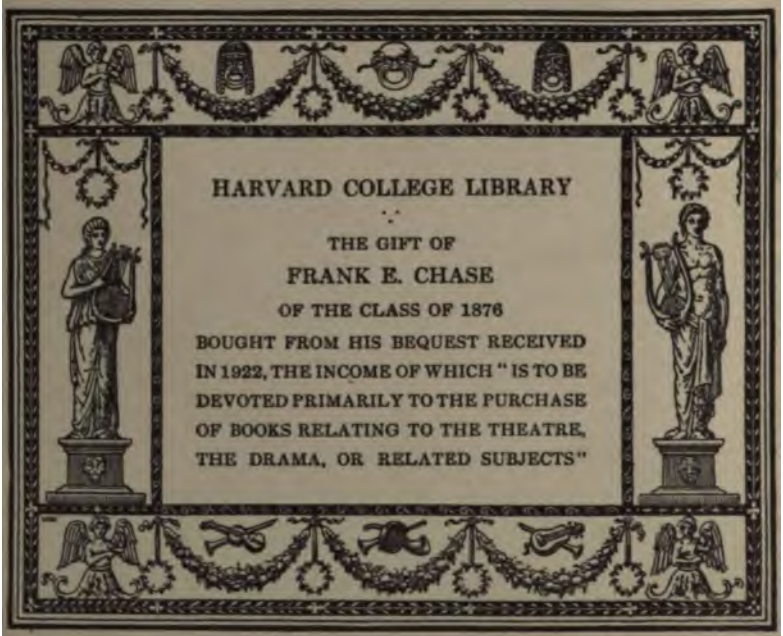
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Mr DENHAM

LATE OF THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH

—— AS ——

DANDIE DINMONT.

Edinburgh Printed for James L'Hute. Reprinted for Sutton Kennedy & Co

J. Graysmeaton

THE

WAVERLEY DRAMAS,

FROM THE NOVELS

OF

SIR WALTER SCOTT, BART.

Embellished with Eight Portraits.

LONDON:

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE, 36, SOHO SQUARE.

1845.

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GUY MANNERING;

OR,

THE GYPSEY'S PROPHECY.

A

MUSICAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

'Tis said that words and signs have power
O'er spirits in planetary hour;
But scarce I prize their vent'rous part,
Who tamper with such dangerous art.

Lay of the Last Minstrel.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

MR. DENHAM

AS

DANDIE DINMONT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ACTED AT EDINBURGH IN 1818.

Colonel Mannering,	Mr. Calcraft.
Henry Bertram,	Mr. Huckel.
Dominie Sampson,	Mr. Mackay.
Dirk Hatteraick,	Mr. Murray.
Dandie Dinmont,	Mr. Denham.
Bailie Muckleth rift,	Mr. Duff.
Gilbert Glossin,	Mr. Roberts.
Gabriel,	Mr. Hillyard.
Jock Jabos,	Mr. Lee.
Franco,	Master Roberts.
Serjeant M'Crae,	Mr. Simpson.
Julia Mannering,	Mrs. Cummins.
Lucy Bertram,	Miss M. Tree.
Mrs. M'Candlish,	Mrs. Nicol.
Meg Merrilies,	Mrs. Renaud.
Flora,	Miss Eyre.
Gypsey Girl,	Miss J. Nicol.

Gypsies, Soldiers, Peasants, &c.

SCENE — SCOTLAND.

GUY MANNERING.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Mrs. M'Candlish's Inn.*

Several FARMERS *and others, at one Table, Drinking, &c.* — MRS. M'CANDLISH *the Landlady, and* BAILIE MUCKLETHRIFT, *at another, at Tea.* — *A large comfortable Fire, &c.* — *The Curtain rises to the Symphony of the following*

GLEE.

The winds whistle cold,
  And the stars glimmer red,
The flocks are in fold,
  And the cattle in shed.
When the hoar frost was chill
Upon moorland and hill,
    And was fringing the forest bough,
Our fathers would trowl
The bonny brown bowl
    And so will we do now,
      Jolly hearts!
    And so will we do now!

Gaffer Winter may seize
  Upon milk in the pail;
'Twill be long ere he freeze
  The bold brandy and ale!
For our fathers so bold,
They laughed at the cold,
    When Boreas was bending his brow;
For they quaff'd mighty ale,
And they told a blithe tale,
    And so will we do now,
      Jolly hearts!
    And so will we do now!

Mrs. M'Can. A merry, social glee, and well sung, good neighbours.

1st Far. Then here's your good health, landlady, in the parting glass! for we must away up to West-Green to-night, to be ready for the fair on Monday.

Mrs. M'Can. Well then, good evening, and a good sale to you, farmer. I wonder I haven't seen your old friend, Andrew Dinmont, on his way there; he generally leaves his little horse, Dumpling, here at fair time.

2d Far. You'll see him, never fear; there'd be no cattle worth the handling, and no cudgelling worth a broken head, without Dandie Dinmont at the fair! But come along, neighbours; the evening wears, and we must be jogging — Good-night t'ye, mistress.

[*Exeunt Farmers.*

Mrs. M'Can. He's as kind a heart, and as strong an arm, that Dinmont, as any for forty miles round the country.

Bailie. And of good worldly substance, they say, Mrs. M'Candlish, considering the instability of human affairs?

Mrs. M'Can. He's e'en as good as yourself, Bailie, and would I were no worse. But I need not complain; for who would have thought, when I was housekeeper at Ellangowan castle, and Sir Godfrey Bertram member for the county, that I should sit here this night, landlady of the Gordon Arms in Kippletringan, expecting his only child to come to this poor house of mine, to pay off all his servants, without knowing, poor girl! where she's to go next?

Bailie. Ay, ay; the instability of human concerns! And who would have thought that Gibbie Glossin, the attorney (whom I, Robin Mucklethrift, the hardware-man, remember to have refused credit for a sixpenny pen-knife), should have been giving a grand dinner and claret in your house, this very day, on purchasing the estate of his aforesaid benefactor, and turning that only child out of doors; — and he'll pay the bill ready money, doubtless, Mrs. M'Candlish?

Mrs. M'Can. That he does, or the devil a drop of wine shall go down his throat in this house. I wish I had the tying a halt — (*Bell rings violently*) — But

there! I must be waiting on them — they'll be wanting another magnum of claret! — *(Takes up a large bottle, and is going, but stops)* — No, take it you, Grizzy, and say I am gone to bed. — [*Exit Grizzy.*] — I have not the heart to look at them, making merry on the orphan's substance — the property that should, by right, belong to poor Miss Bertram! If it were not that we victuallers must keep open doors to all cattle, I'd soon clear the house of them. I trust Miss Bertram will not come up till to-morrow: — I would not for a silver pound she found them ranting and rioting here. — *(Knocking without.)* — And there she is, I doubt.

Enter JOCK JABOS.

Well, Jock, is it Miss Bertram?

Jock. No; it's only a single rider, mistress.

Mrs. M'Can. A single rider! — some Manchester lad in the cotton line. — Well, he must just come in here.

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, *wrapped up in a Great-Coat, as from Horseback, ushered in by* JABOS.

Col. Man. Let me disturb nobody, landlady; your house is full, I understand; I can sit very well here.

(Crosses over to the fire.)

Mrs. M'Can. (Looking at him.) Not much of the rider, either.

Jock. I'll tell you what, mistress, he has got as pretty a piece of horse-flesh as ever stood in your stable. I'm a judge, I reckon, by this time; and one may always know a gentleman by his horse. [*Exit.*

Col. Man. (Seating himself at the fire.) It's lucky the old inn was at hand to shelter me in this sudden storm. But great changes, I perceive, have taken place since I saw it. I wish I may find my kind friend at the castle well; but he'll scarcely recollect me, I dare say. Sixteen years of hard military service in India are apt to rub a young man's features a little out of memory.

Mrs. M'Can. I beg your honour's pardon. Would *your honour choose* any refreshment after your ride?

Col. Man. If you please, my good lady.

Bailie. Your honour to a Manchester rider! Pshaw! —*(Aside to Mrs. M'Can. after eyeing Colonel Man.)*— I'll soon find out what he is. Any news of trade, friend? How's cotton in the market, now?

Col. Man. (Dryly.) Cotton! really, sir, I do not know.

Bailie. Ay! you don't know.—Umph!—*(Aside to Mrs. M'Can.)*—He's in the hardware line—*(To Col. Man.)* You'll be dealing in the steel article, I fancy?

Col. Man. (Smiling.) Steel!—why, sir you are a little nearer the mark.

Bailie. I thought so. Pray, do you Birmingham folk find the patent never-spilling coal-scuttle answer in the trade? They go off pretty bobbishly here, when they are double japanned; I sent five to Ellangowan castle last week.

Col. Man. Ellangowan castle, sir! I was on my road thither.

Bailie. You need not trouble yourself, sir; I furnish them with all articles in your line, at the lowest Birmingham prices.

Col. Man. Sir!

Bailie. Yes, sir, in the hardware line, and I shall suffer no interlopers! *(Advancing consequentially to Mannering.)*

Col. Man. Sir, you're an impertinent little fellow! Perhaps this is harder ware than you would like to deal in. *(Advances his cane.)*

Mrs. M'Can. (Interposing.) Our Bailie, sir, is an honest little body, but he is apt to mistake.—You were asking after Ellangowan, sir? Was it the old family, or the present, that you came to visit, sir?

Col. Man. I mean Sir Godfrey Bertram of Ellangowan.

Mrs. M'Can. Alas! you come too late for him, poor gentleman; he died last week, sir, under sad circumstances.

Col. Man. Sir Godfrey Bertram dead!

Bailie. A melancholy instance of the mutability of worldly matters! Fallen from all his greatness, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings, and eightpence halfpenny in my books.

Col. Man. Dead! Good heaven! I owed him much.

Bailie. If you please to make me payment of the aforesaid sum, sir, I will give you a receipt for so much of your debt.

Col. Man. Has he no child?

Mrs. M'Can. An only daughter, sir, thought to be an only child.

Bailie. My receipt will be exactly the same as hers.

Col. Man. Thought to be an only child! When I was in India, I heard he had a son.

Mrs. M'Can. Ah! well-a-day! you heard right, sir; he had a son indeed — but, oh me! —

Bailie. Now, don't begin whimpering. — *(To Col. Man.)* — She lost her first husband, sir, on the very day that son disappeared.

Mrs. M'Can. Ay! I did indeed! sixteen years ago.

Bailie. Well, don't cry so far back. He was a revenue officer, sir, and was found murdered in the wood, hard by — by smugglers, it was supposed, headed by a desperate fellow, — one Dirk Hatteraick, — half devil, half Dutchman.

Mrs. M'Can. The villain! That there should be such lawless, contraband ruffians, suffered in a Christian land!

Col. Man. I beg your pardon, madam; but may I ask what connexion the misfortune of your first husband had with the young heir of Ellangowan?

Mrs. M'Can. Yes, sure, your honour. Little Harry Bertram, then a beautiful boy, five years old, and his tutor, one Dominie Sampson, as they call him, — you'll may be remember him, sir, if you remember Ellangowan long ago?

Col. Man. A tall, stiff, silent man, is he not?

Bailie. The same, sir; half-crazed with his learning, poor silly man, and knows nothing of business.

Mrs. M'Can. He's a little absent, indeed, poor man, but very affectionate, and as simple as any child. — Well, sir, this Dominie Sampson and little Henry Bertram were walking in the wood, and by came my poor husband, from looking down the coast, and offered to give the boy a ride on his horse, and bring him back to dinner to the

castle in an hour; but, lack-a-day! that hour never came, for poor Duncan was found weltering in his blood!

Col. Man. And was the child murdered too?

Bailie. That no man can tell, sir, for he was never found.

Mrs. M'Can. There was an old gypsey-woman (that then lived on the estate, and used to nurse the infant), was suspected of stealing him, out of revenge for Sir Godfrey's transporting one of her sons for poaching.

Col. Man. And has nothing ever been heard of him since?

Mrs. M'Can. Nothing, sir; but from that day, the old gentleman, Sir Godfrey Bertram, who was never over careful, became worse and worse, and wasted and wanted, and wanted and wasted, and trusted and trusted——

Bailie. Till he trusted an attorney.

Mrs. M'Can. And then, sir, his distresses broke his heart, and he died, leaving his poor daughter, pennyless and unprotected, on the wide world!

Bailie. His affairs in utter disorder, and twenty-seven pounds, six shillings, and eightpence halfpenny, in my books.

Mrs. M'Can. But the worst of it, Bailie, was the advantage it gave that rogue of an attorney.

Col. Man. How so, pray?

Bailie. Why, sir, if the boy had lived, the old gentleman could not have burthened or parted with an acre, it was all so strictly settled on heirs-male; but Glossin contrived, they say, while his mind was so distressed, to wheedle him out of some rash deed.

Mrs. M'Can. But it will never prosper. If he has cheated the helpless, and oppressed the fatherless, he'll die — (mark my words, Bailie) — a good-for-nothing beggar yet.

Bailie. Why, I hope the young heir may cast up: the mutability of human affairs is great, and there's news of Dirk Hatteraick's running a cargo on these shores again, for the first time since the business; if so, the gypsey-wife, if she's alive, won't be far off, I dare say.

Mrs. M'Can. The murderous wretches! if I catch them, I'll bring them to justice, if I sell the very sign

over my door.—*(Noise heard without.)*—Gracious heaven! I hope that's not Miss Bertram come just now, before the house is clear of those drunken —— and if it is, what shall I do? for the room's close to the only one I have to shew her into. *(Goes and listens.)*

Bailie. (To Col. Man.) There was some little mistake between you and me, sir; you said you dealt in steel, whereby I thought ——

Col. Man. (Smiling.) I *have* dealt in steel: I am an officer of the army, retired from service.

Bailie. (Aside.) Retired from service! then it would not be worth while to offer him my shop-bill.

Col. Man. And am just arrived from India, to settle in this neighbourhood.

Bailie. (Aside.) From India, and settling here! that's a different story!—*(The Bailie fumbles in his pockets, pulls out a spectacle-case, large pocket-book, &c. during which, enter* JOCK JABOS.)

Jock. Mistress! mistress! there's Miss Bertram, poor young lady! just stepping out of the chaise, wi' mistress Flora, and Dominie Sampson, buried up to the chin in old books; you must go to them directly—And, mistress, who do you think yon gentleman is?

Mrs. M'Can. Who, Jock?

Jock. The great Colonel Mannering!

Mrs. M'Can. What! for whom the Woodbourne estate was bought?

Jock. The very same.

Mrs. M'Can. and Bailie. No, sure!

Jock. Ay, as sure as boots are not brogues; he was daily expected, you know. There's his servant, just rode in—a genteel lad like myself, and a good judge of horses; and there's his sister, and the devil and all, following as fast as they can.—There's news for ye, mistress! [*Exit.*

Mrs. M'Can. He shall see Miss Bertram; he may be a good friend to the poor young lady.—*(To Col. Man.)*—Your honour will excuse me; I must attend upon Miss Bertram, who is just arrived, sir.

Col. Man. If you would take an opportunity of informing her, a friend of her late father is anxious to be acquainted with her, you will greatly oblige me.

Mrs. M'Can. That will I, sir, and gladly; for I am quite fearful of that Glossin's riotous party up stairs; perhaps some of them may intrude on her, and your presence may be a protection to her. I am but a poor double widow, as I may say, sir; and as for the Dominie, worthy soul! he's just nobody at all.—Your servant, sir. [*Exit.*

(The Bailie, who has found his advertisement, struts up to the Colonel, and presents it.)

Bailie. Colonel Mannering—Sir! If, on your settlement in a strange land, you should have occasion for fire-grates, tongs, pokers, shovels, coal-scuttles, plain or patent, candlesticks, snuffers, extinguishers, save-alls, &c. &c. &c. you may be supplied, as far as an extensive stock——

Col. Man. And the mutability of human affairs——

Bailie. True, sir—will permit; and that at the sign of the Three Trouts and the Frying-pan, kept by your humble servant, Robin Mucklethrift, ironmonger and brazier, of Kippletringan in Scotland. [*Exit.*

Col. Man. The honest and worshipful magistrate, I perceive, dosen't lose sight of the main chance in the uncertainty of affairs. But yonder goes Miss Bertram, poor girl! how pale and melancholy, and yet how engaging!—Well, the daughter of my earliest and best friend shall not be left without a protector to shield her sorrows from injustice and oppression. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Another Room in the Inn, large Doors in the back.*

Enter LUCY BERTRAM.

AIR.—MISS BERTRAM.

Ye dear paternal scenes, farewell!
The home where early fortune smiled!
No longer there must Lucy dwell,
Of fortune robbed, from home exiled.
A wretched orphan child
Now weeps her last farewell!
Farewell!

Though doomed to wander far and wide,
A maiden, friendless, desolate,
With Heaven my innocence to guide,
I fear not, though I mourn my fate,
But all that it ordains await,
And weep my last farewell!
Farewell!

Enter MRS. M'CANDLISH, FLORA, JOCK, *and* GRIZZY, *bringing in boxes, and various light luggage.*

Mrs. M'Can. Dear Miss Bertram, I ask pardon; I never was so sorry in my life; my house quite full, and a noisy party of gentlemen in the best room. I have not another place but this to show your ladyship into — and this is but a public sort of a room rather — and I didn't expect your ladyship till to-morrow.

Miss B. Do not disturb yourself; I shall be but a few minutes in any one's way. I will but dismiss my servants, and retire to my bedroom.

Mrs. M'Can. And here is Dominie Sampson, your ladyship's old tutor, stalking up stairs out of your carriage.

Miss B. Do not suffer your people, my good dame, to exercise their merriment at the expense of that worthy man.

Mrs. M'Can. Not for the world, my dear lady.

Miss B. His person, his retired habits, and great absence of mind, are at times, I own, calculated to excite somewhat more than a smile; but when the impulse of his excellent heart breaks forth, he rather forces a tear from the eye of sensibility, than a laugh from the lungs of ribaldry.

Mrs. M'Can. Very true, indeed. But I beg pardon, Miss Bertram; there is a stranger, a gentleman, now in the house, a particular friend, he says, of my late honoured master, who wishes to be permitted to speak with you.

Miss B. If he has business, I suppose I must see him.

(She retires — Mrs. M'Candlish turns to go out.)

Enter DOMINIE SAMPSON, *with an immensely large book under his arm, in old fashioned binding, and brass*

clasps; his appearance puritanical, ragged black clothes, blue worsted stockings, pewter-headed long cane, &c. &c.

Mrs. M'Can. You're welcome to Kippletringan, Mr. Sampson. How have you been this long time?

Samp. Thanks, worthy madam. And how is your husband, Mr. Kennedy? — *(Observes her surprise)* — Eh! eh! out upon my tongue, he's dead! I meant honest Provost M'Candlish?

Flora. (Pulling him by the sleeve) Why, Dominie Sampson, what are you about? he's dead too.—Would you bring both the poor woman's husbands alive, one after the other?

Samp. Prodigious! —*(He is confounded and silent.)*

Flora. Come, Mistress M'Candlish, don't take it amiss; the poor Dominie, you know, is apt to make mistakes.

Mrs. M'Can. 'Twas kindly meant in Mr. Sampson, I dare say; but both my dear departed husbands to be called to mind at once! Oh! 'twas too distressing.

Flora. 'Twas indeed! too much for any woman to bear. [*Exit Mrs. M'Candlish.*

(The Dominie by this time has opened his great book, and sat down to read upon some bandboxes, which give way under him.)

Flora. Oh! my best bonnet! I had rather have had twenty husbands at once, than had it spoiled.

Samp. Prodigious! "*Ubi lapsus? Quid feci?*"

Flora. Fecey! What's your *Fecey* to my bonnet? your head is too learned for the rest of your body, Mr. Sampson, and leads it into sad errors. What do you do with that great lumbering book now?

Samp. Josephus' History; light reading, Mistress Flora, for travellers.

Miss B. Flora!

Flora. Yes ma'am. — *(Looking at Dominie.)* Mercy on me! —*(Goes to Miss B.— Sampson seats himself at the table.)*

Miss B. Before I part with you, my good girl, I must thank you for the affectionate attention you have shown to me under my misfortunes. In this purse you will

find an additional remembrance of your kindness; it is indeed but a trifle, yet ——

Flora. (Half crying) Don't mention it, madam; I shall never find such another mistress, I'm sure.

Miss B. Not so; I hope you will find, at least, as kind a mistress in the English young lady, Miss Mannering.

Flora. I hope I may, ma'am; but I shall never cease to think of you and all your goodness.—And poor Mr. Sampson, though he has spoilt my bonnet, poor dear good man! what will become of him now?

Miss B. That, indeed, is a grievous question. He was the tutor of my youth, my dear father's last and only friend: it is like a second separation from him; but it is part of the severity of my fate, and must be endured, however hard the struggle. Mr. Sampson! Mr. Sampson!—*(Sampson is by this time deeply involved in his book, and does not hear her.)*

Flora. (Looking over him) Come, Mr. Sampson, leave Jo—hecfus, and attend to Miss Bertram.

Samp. My honoured young lady! I crave pardon; I was oblivious.

(Sampson jumps up and runs with awkward eagerness, snatches up the snuffers, and snuffs out one candle, then another; and, with ludicrous officiousness, draws the table, &c. and advances towards Miss B.)

Flora. Only see now! the poor dear man thinks himself in the parlour at Ellangowan, trimming the candles for my poor old master to read the newspapers. Oh! he has a rare head!

Miss B. You give yourself so much trouble, Mr. Sampson: it was not that I wanted of you; but I have a small account to settle; permit me — *(Puts a little pocket-book into his hand.)*

Samp. (Looking up) Truly a very small duodecimo! —*(Opens it, takes out a bank-note, and unfolds it.)* — It is for the sum of fifty pounds — Prodigious! Is it your pleasure that I should hie me forth to procure little notes in exchange for the same?

Miss B. No, Mr. Sampson; but in my present circumstances — alone, almost without fortune, it is im-

possible — I have not, indeed, the means to support a household, and that note is your own, till some other situation ——

Samp. (Slow at first to comprehend, becomes agitated, and speaks with great feeling.) No! Miss Lucy, never! If your father, whom I served and loved in prosperity and adversity, should rise from the dead, and bid me leave you, it were impossible! impossible! and that note, that note befits not me, young lady. *(Returning it.)*

Miss B. I know it is inadequate; yet, trifling as the recompense is, take it, oh! take it, I beseech you.

Samp. (Pushing back her hand gently.) Peradventure, Miss Lucy, you are too proud to share my pittance, and I grow wearisome unto you.

Miss B. (Greatly distressed.) Oh no! — you are my father's old, his only faithful friend. I am not proud, — Heaven knows, I have no reason to be so, — but what, what can we do?

Samp. I can teach! I can write! I can cypher! I can labour! Heaven will protect! Heaven will provide always, if our wills and endeavours be not wanting. — *(Solemnly)* — But I cannot be severed from the child of my affections, the daughter of my dear, dear master. I will be no burden, Miss Lucy; I will be, Heaven willing, an aid; I ——

(Miss Bertram turns away much affected.)

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, *and* MRS. M'CANDLISH, *unperceived, at the back of the scene.*

Flora. (Interposing) Dear Mr. Sampson! you only distress yourself, and Miss Bertram; you had better take the ——

Samp. Woman! — No. It is not the lucre, it is not the lucre! but I have eaten of her father's loaf, and drank of his cup, for thirty years and upwards, and to think that I would leave his daughter, and leave her now in her distress and dolour! — No, Lucy Bertram — I crave pardon, Miss Bertram I would say, — you need never opine it. You would not have put a favourite dog of your father's from your door, and will you use me worse

than a hound? Entreat me not to leave thee, I beseech thee; for, while Abel Sampson liveth, he will never, never be separated from thee.

(Rests upon the table, covering his face with his hands.) [*Exit Flora.*

Mrs. M'Can. (Aside to Col. Man.) Good Lord! was ever any thing like that, from one who scarcely speaks three words on an ordinary occasion? The man's inspired!

Miss B. Well, then, Mr. Sampson, we will not separate; no, even though our joint labours should procure our daily bread!

Samp. Gratias! Beatissime! *(Rising.)*

Miss B. Alas for the pride of birth! Of all the rich and noble who claimed kindred with me as heiress of that house, which was the source of their nobility,—of all who shared my father's favour and hospitality,—this being alone remains attached to me, who was the too frequent object of mockery and derision.—*(A burst of loud and boisterous mirth is heard.)*—What noise of revelry is this?

Mrs. M'Can. Lord preserve us! they're breaking up, and perhaps some of 'em will be coming through here!

Miss B. Gracious heaven! I thought I heard the voice of Glossin among them. *(Noise again.)*

Samp. Mrs. M'Candlish, this vicinity to hilarious drunkards beseemeth not the chamber of Miss Lucy Bertram.

(Noise and laughter again.—The doors fly open.)

Enter GLOSSIN, *as leaving a drunken party, flushed with wine, and singing.*

Miss B. Glossin himself! What am I doomed to suffer!

Mrs. M'Can. (Runs up and opposes Glossin's entrance.) You really can't come this way, sir; it's impossible! There's a lady here, Mr. Glossin—a lady who would not wish to see you, sir.

Glos. Egad! I shall indulge no such caprice, Mrs. M'Candlish. I have settled my bill, ma'am, and I have

a right to walk into any public room in your house, ma'am! A lady not wish to see me! Egad! perhaps that's a civil hint, that I should come to see her. — *(To Miss Bertram.)* — I beg pardon, madam, if I intrude; but my name is Glossin, madam — Gilbert Glossin of Ellangowan, at your service.

Miss B. (Raising her veil with dignity.) I know it too well, sir, and how you became so. I remember my father's deathbed, and who imbittered his last moments, by pressing alleged rights — how acquired, I leave between Heaven and your conscience.

Glos. (Disconcerted.) Stand by me, good claret! — *(Aside.)* — Why, Miss Bertram, there are things which may have seemed harsh to you, doubtless, or to any lady; but they flow from the law, madam — from the law!

Miss B. (Calmly.) No, Sir, not from the law, but from such as pervert it to their own sinister purposes.

Glos. You are severe, Miss Bertram; — *(Assuming an air of confident familiarity)* — but I trust you will see this matter otherwise. It is yet in your power to be mistress of Ellangowan castle, and your paternal estate. Had you listened to my ——

Miss B. Sir, I understand your meaning, and will save you the pain of speaking it more explicitly. When you formerly addressed the daughter of your patron, then, with all the advantages of high birth and supposed fortune, I rejected your intrusion, but it was without reproving your audacity; but, sir, when you insult the poverty of the daughter of Ellangowan, by inviting her to share the spoils of her own house, so dishonestly acquired, she turns from you with loathing and contempt.

Samp. (In centre.) Prodigious!

Glos. (Fiercely.) Come, come, madam, you may repent this!

Samp. (Who has by degrees become agitated, comes fiercely up.) Avoid thee, thou evil one! — thou hast slain, and taken possession ——

Glos. Come, Mr. Dominie Sampson, we'll have no preaching here.

Miss B. Mrs. M'Candlish, is this intrusion on an unprotected female ——

Col Man. (Coming suddenly up between Glossin and Miss B.) Not unprotected, Miss Bertram, while the obliged and grateful friend of Sir Godfrey, your father, can defend you!—Sir, your company is unpleasant—your absence desired. There's the door, and you will oblige me particularly by leaving the room this instant.

Gloss. (In a bullying tone) I don't know who you are, sir; but I know the law; and I know I can split a pistol bullet against a pen-knife; and I shall suffer no man to use such d——d freedom with me.

Col. Man. (Coming close up to him) Look you, Mr. Glossin, it will avail you nothing here, to act either the rogue, or the ruffian—the bully, or the attorney. That you do not know me, matters not—I know you; and if you do not instantly descend those stairs, by the Heaven above us! you shall take but one step from the top to the bottom.

Samp. Prodigious!

Glos. I—I—I don't choose to brawl here, sir, before a lady; but you shall hear more of me, sir. *(Retiring.)*

Col. Man. When I do, sir, I shall treat the information as it deserves.

Mrs. M'Can. This way, Mr. Glossin, if you please; I'll attend you, sir. I never showed any one down stairs with greater pleasure in all my life.

[*Exeunt Mrs. M'Can. and Glossin.*

Col. Man. I beg pardon, Miss Bertram; my temper is naturally impetuous, and I have alarmed you. Hear my apology at once: though personally unknown to you, you perhaps have heard the name of Mannering—Guy Mannering?

Miss B. I think I have heard my father mention it, sir; but at this moment——

Col. Man. Hear me, then, briefly:—The son of an ancient family, I came, at fourteen years old, with my widowed mother, to your northern capital. We were distressed then, as you are now: a circumstance drew on me the notice of your father—he became our friend and comforter, and his interest procured me a military

appointment to India, where I have been successful beyond my wishes. Paternal estates, also, have since opened to me in England, but my attachment was here. I wrote to a friend to purchase property in this neighbourhood, and learned, on my landing in Britain, I was proprietor of Woodbourne. Surmises of distress in Sir Godfrey's family also reached me, and I hurried down to pay my debt of gratitude. I came, alas! too late to offer it to my generous benefactor — let me have the satisfaction of finding I may be useful to his daughter!

Samp. I have scanned him well, and believe him to be the very Guy Mannering who was the inmate of your father's house some sixteen years ago. And for his military propensities I will avouch; inasmuch as he was wont to put gunpowder into my tobacco pipe and amuse himself with the explosion thereof.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering, your generosity, and, still more, your affection for my dear father, entitle you to my kindest thanks — I will add, my confidence. But distress must excuse caution, and ——

Col. Man. I will presume no farther: my sister, whose carriage I have outrode by nearly an hour, will soon be here, and to her intercession I shall leave my suit.

Samp. I do myself prefer the equestrian to the vehicular mode of conveyance; but, to say sooth, I am most accustomed unto the pedestrian.

Miss B. Colonel Mannering, then, will excuse me for the present, nor think that my hesitation arises from any thing but a wish that the acceptance of his friendship should be as proper as the offer is kind. [*Exit.*

Col. Man. Mr. Sampson, you must forgive me my boyish tricks: I did not know the worth I teased. I was then a spoilt urchin — spoilt by your patron and mine; but fortune has cured me.

Samp. And Fortune, sir, (as the heathens called her — I should rather say Providence) has been kinder to me; since, for thirty years, I have never had to seek a home or a table, until this present moment of time.

Col. Man. And you never shall have to seek either, Mr. Sampson, if you will accept the shelter of my roof. Your learning and patience will bring a blessing with them.

Samp. Of learning, sir, it doth not become me to speak; albeit, I know most ancient and modern tongues. And of patience I have had but little exercise, since five-and-thirty years ago, when I was boarded for twenty-pence a-week at Luckie Sourkail's, in the High Street of St. Andrew's. And there, though I hungered somewhat, I was nothing a-thirst, being near the principal fountain or pump of that town; so that I might drink daily, and no one say, Sampson, thou exceedest in thy potations. But hath your honour no son, whom I might train up in polite letters, and elegant accomplishments, as a requital for my daily bread?

Col. Man. I have only a sister, Mr. Sampson, about ten years younger than myself; how far she may profit by your instructions——

Samp. She may — she will — she shall! —*(Assuming great consequence)*— I will teach her the Hebrew language, or I should rather say the Chaldaic, since your honour is aware that the generic Hebrew hath been lost from the time the Ten Tribes were led into captivity by Tigleth Peleazer.

Col. Man. I believe, sir, you will have an instant opportunity of consulting her own taste upon the matter, for here she comes!

Enter Miss Mannering, *dressed in a fashionable travelling habit.*

Miss Man. (Running immediately up to Col. Man.) My dear brother, how fast you must have ridden!

Col. Man. Rather, how slowly you must have followed, my dear sister! But I am glad you are here, for I need your assistance most particularly and immediately.

Miss Man. Well, well, you shall have it; but don't be impatient: I must attend to my own affairs first.— Where's the landlady?

Enter Mrs. M'Candlish *and* Flora.

Mrs. M'Can. Here, my lady, at your service.
(Curtsying low.)

Miss Man. Oh, do me the favour to tell me if there be a young woman here, who has inquired after Miss Mannering.

Mrs. M'Can. This is the person, I believe, my lady. *(Presenting Flora.)*

Col. Man. Landlady, let me speak a word with you.

Mrs. M'Can. Directly, your honour.

(Goes to Colonel Mannering, and, after seeming to receive his directions, goes off. The Dominie, during the conversation of Miss Mannering with Flora, circles round Miss Mannering, as if about to address her, with characteristic formality and awkwardness, starting back when she looks at him, which she does, with some surprise, as if amused at his strange figure.)

Miss Man. (To Flora.) You served a young lady in this country, I am told?

Flora. Yes, ma'am. *(Curtsies.)*

Miss Man. A Miss — Miss — Miss Bertram, I think? I never heard the name before.

Samp. Prodigious!

Miss Man. However, I understand she's an excellent young lady, and her character of you is quite satisfactory. — *(Sampson seems pleased.)* — I believe Miss Bertram dressed her own hair? That won't quite suit me. I shall wish you to study a little under my brother's valet-de-chambre, that you may be able to arrange my hair *a-la-Chinoise*, to dispose my aigrette, and Circassian turban, so as to throw *l'air imposant* over my figure. *[Flora curtsies and goes off.*

Samp. (Shaking his head.) This is harder than Chaldaic — yea, than Hebrew. Tigleth Peleazer himself would have been puzzled at it. I dubitate whether this damsel will fructify by my learned endeavours.

MRS. M'CANDLISH *shows in* MISS BERTRAM, *whom the* COLONEL *instantly presents to his sister.*

Col. Man. Julia, let me solicit your sisterly intercession with this young lady, the daughter of Sir Godfrey Bertram, the friend by whom your brother's fortunes

were entirely promoted, and for whose recent loss, I grieve to say, she now suffers. It is my wish she should honour Woodbourne with her presence, and find in it a retreat suited to her present feelings.—Miss Bertram, let me introduce to your friendship a soldier's sister—rather a hair-brained girl, but well deserving the kindest regard, I assure you.

(They retire, and converse.—The Dominie listens to their discourse.)

Mrs. M'Can. (Coming forward.) I'm as glad as if any one had ordered a rump and dozen, or the commissioners had bespoke a county dinner. I hope they may persuade Miss Bertram. Who knows what may happen if they do?—The great Colonel Mannering, with sacks full of diamonds, from the India wars, and who was loved by her father too!—If a marriage should happen, there'll be fine doings in the Gordon Arms that day, I'll warrant.

Samp. (Jumping forward from the party.) She will consent to go to the mansion of the great man of battle! Exultemus! venite! exultemus! I will rejoice! I will uplift a stave of joy, yea, I will sing!—I do remember me of a catch, which I was wont to sing twice a-year, when a bursar of St. Leonard's college, St. Andrew's, with good appro-ba-tion.

(He makes many contortions and efforts, like one who first forgets words, then tune; at length breaks out with absurd bashfulness—)

"The fox jumpt over the parson's gate.
Fal lal loo! fo lero, lero loo!"

(They laugh.)

Bear with me, my friends! it is but seldom I am thus jocose. I will again essay, and with more audacity, for my own voice did somewhat abash me!

"The fox jumpt over—"

Verily, I need support.—Worthy Mrs. M'Candlish, sing with me.

Mrs M'Can. I!

Samp. Yea, cantate with me.

Mrs M'Can. Heaven help you!—I never sung in all

my life! but there's two of our honest neighbours in the next room, who hate Glossin, and all such oppressors, will be glad to cantitate with you, I warrant.

Samp. Then announce the gladsome tidings unto them, and bid them hither.—[*Exit Mrs. M'Can.*]—In the mean time I will preludize.

FINALE.

Enter two Neighbours to the Symphony.

SAMPSON.

The fox jumpt over the parson's gate,
And stole his poultry from under his nose;
"Aha!" quoth the parson, who popt out his pate,
"A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

MISS MANNERING (*Leading* LUCY *forwards.*)

Calm, lady! calm your troubled breast!
Beneath our roof of friendship rest;
There say what most may soothe your woes—

Samp. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!"

MISS BERTRAM.

Friendship, thou canst balm impart
To the wounded suffering heart!
A mourner, to thy generous roof I fly,
And then, should silent tears intrude,
The gleam of glistening gratitude
Shall light the pendent drops in sorrow's eye.

TRIO.—MISS MANNERING, &c.

Away with old care! let the dullard go drown!
Mirth and pleasure life's short rosy moments should crown;
For what gain or what good e'er from sorrow arose?

Samp. "A good fat hen, and away she goes!
Chorus. Let's rejoice!
Samp. It doth beseem us.
Chorus. Let's be jovial!
Samp. Exultemus!
Chorus. Hence, ye sordid and litigious!
Hence oppression, hence!
Samp. Prodigious!

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. — *Miss Mannering's Boudoir in the House at Woodbourne. — One of the doors supposed to lead into Miss Mannering's Apartment. — Large folding doors, through which is seen the Library. — Venetian Windows, opening on a Balcony, with steps to the Lake beneath. — The moonlight gleaming upon it with strong, clear, and distinct illumination. — The Apartment is decorated with Indian curiosities — Horns — Skins of Tigers, &c. — Dresses of Indian Tribes — Book-stands — Dressing and Work Tables — a Harp, &c.*

MISS MANNERING, MISS BERTRAM, *and the* COLONEL, *discovered, as after Supper.*

Miss Man. Upon my word, brother, it is quite time to send you about your business. Formerly, I had to beg for your society. I admit there was little temptation in those days.

Col. Man. Pardon me, Julia — But now you will allow it is doubled.

Miss Man. Ay, as you double a cypher, by placing a figure before it, and render its value tenfold — *(Pointing to Miss Bertram. — They rise from the table.)*

Col. Man. Julia, pray prevail upon Miss Bertram to sing that lovely air she was beginning when the servant interrupted us — It was a beautiful thing; wild — yet so pathetic!

Miss B. It has borrowed its tone of feeling, Colonel Mannering, from the situation of the singer. It is said, from a very ancient period, to have been sung in our family to soothe the slumbers of the infant heir!

Miss Man. Oh, pray sing it!

Miss B. It is not worth refusing.

AIR. — MISS BERTRAM.

Oh slumber, my darling!
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright;

The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear infant, to thee!

Oh rest thee, babe! rest thee, babe!
Sleep on till day!
Oh rest thee, babe! rest thee, babe!
Sleep while you may.

Oh rest thee, my darling!
The time it shall come,
When thy sleep shall be broken
By trumpet and drum!
Then rest thee, my darling!
Oh sleep while you may!
For war comes with manhood,
As light comes with day.

Oh! rest thee, babe, &c.

Miss Man. And was this really made for your own family?

Miss B. Oh, yes; and a hundred more such ditties! While my only brother, little Harry, was spared to my parents, it was sung to him every night by an old gypsey nurse; and I have heard, though so young, he could sing it quite well. — There is not a milkmaid on the estate, once ours, but can chant it, and knows its history; and I have heard, — though it hardly deserves mentioning, — that the person now in possession — this Glossin — has, as far as he can, forbidden them to sing it, which makes it doubly a favourite with me.

Col. Man. That's not surprising: music and poetry were never made for so base-born and wretched a chicaner.

Miss Man. Neither, brother, are they made for you, high-born and chivalrous as you are, after twelve o'clock at night, in a quiet house in the country.

Col. Man. I obey your hint. Good night, Julia. — *(Salutes her with kindness and familiarity, then turns to Miss Bertram very respectfully)* — That every morning may bring Miss Bertram nearer to the restoration of all her heart can hope, is my most earnest prayer, and shall be the object of my most zealous exertion. [*Exit.*

Miss Man. A lion in the toils! Oh Lucy! dear Lucy! if you knew what meshes have been spread for that proud Colonel in vain!

Miss B. Good night, Miss Mannering! and if I do not chide you for these speeches, it is because your kindness always atones for your — your ——

Miss Man. For my folly, eh? Well, well, sleep and dream of gallant knights vanquishing wicked robbers, and restoring forlorn damsels to their rightful homes.

Miss B. Good night! good night! — *(Boat crosses over the Lake.)* [*Exit.*

Enter FLORA.

Miss Man. She is a charming girl! But how she can remember all the names of her ancestors, — these Rolands, and M'Dingawaies, and Donagilds —— *(Seeing Flora)* — Oh Flora! did my old servant Grace, whom my brother sent back to the house in London, say nothing to you before she went away?

Flora. Oh yes, ma'am! *(Significantly.)* She told me your ladyship might have some occasion for my services in a very confidential way — *(Boat appears again)* — that there was a gentleman, of whose addresses Colonel Mannering disapproved rather, ma'am.

Miss Man. But she should have added also, that my brother could find no possible objections to him, but in his own prejudices against a man of unknown birth, who could bring no M'Dingawaies nor Donagilds to back his suit. Now, though I cannot sympathize in such prejudices, I have, since the unhappy duel between them, in which my lover was wounded, endeavoured to avoid all communication with him; yet, I fear, he is at this moment perhaps too near me.

Flora. What! here, madam?

Miss Man. Twice have I heard, about this hour, on the lake, a flute playing an Indian air, which in happier hours we used to sing together.

Flora. Ay, madam, it's he, I warrant! No one but a lover, or a madman, would come fluting on a lake at moonlight, in a cold winter night.—*(Flute plays outside)* — *Hark, madam! as I live,* I think I hear it now!

Miss Man. Hush! — *(A flute is heard to play the symphony of an Indian air under the window.)* — Is it earthly music? I'm in the land of superstition, and begin to share its influence, I think.

Flora. Wait a little, ma'am; you'll find the fluting gentleman no ghost, I warrant.

Miss Man. It is indeed the very air he taught me: I'll sing it; if it be he, he will answer it.

AIR. — MISS MANNERING.

Oh tell me, love, the dearest hour
The parted anxious lover knows,
When passion, with enchanter's pow'r,
Across his faithful memory throws
Its softest, brightest flame!

BERTRAM. — *(Without.)*

'Tis when he sings on some lone shore,
Where Echo's vocal spirits throng;
Whose airy voices, o'er and o'er,
On still and moonlight lake prolong
One dear-lov'd, thrilling name!

(At the end of the verse, Bertram rushes up the Balcony-steps from the Lake.)

Ber. Julia! beloved Julia!

Miss Man. 'Tis he himself — Begone! begone! What will this end in? *(Turns away from him.)*

Flora. A ring, a parson, and a cradle, I warrant, ma'am.

Ber. Will you refuse me even the privilege of a friend, Julia?

Miss Man. You deserve not the name! — Thus to seek a stolen interview, which I am forced to endure, because my giving any alarm would again involve you in a quarrel with my brother, and bring your life once more in danger!

Ber. Do you then blame me, Julia, for what was forced upon me by his caprice, his injustice? Oh! let me now entreat you to fulfil the hopes you once gave me, and trust to time to reconcile your proud brother!

SONG. — BERTRAM.

Be mine, dear maid! My faithful heart
Can never prove untrue:
'Twere easier far from life to part,
Than cease to live for you!
My soul, gone forth from this lone breast,
Lives only, love, in thine:
There is its holy home of rest,
Its dear, its chosen shrine!

Then turn thee not away, my dear,
Oh! turn thee not away, love!
For, by the light of truth, I swear
To love thee night and day, love!

'Tis not mine eye thy beauty loves —
Mine fear thy tuneful voice;
But 'tis my heart thy heart approves —
A life-enduring choice:
The lark shall first forget to sing,
When morn unfolds the east,
Ere I, by change or coldness, wring
Thy fond confiding breast!

Then turn thee not away, &c. &c.

(A heavy lumbering noise heard without in the Library.)

Miss Man. (Alarmed.) What noise is that?

Flora (Looking out.) Only Mr. Sampson, madam, stumbling up and down the library. Never mind the good soul: — with him, even seeing is not believing.

Miss Man. For Heaven's sake, sir, begone the way you came!

Flora. Ay, do — Here, here sir!

Ber. (Runs to the Balcony.) I cannot: my boat is in possession of your brother's servants.

Miss Man. To what difficulty has your folly reduced me!

Flora (Watching.) Mr. Sampson has blundered this way, sure enough.

(Sampson is seen through the Library, with a long candlestick in his hand, in his night-gown and cap.)

Miss Man. What's to be done?

Flora. I have it, I have it, ma'am:—let the gentleman put on one of those outlandish Indian dresses, and squat down behind the harp: Mr. Sampson won't notice him; and if he does, let me alone.

Ber. Nay, if I cannot play a Bramin, after being so many years in India, it's very hard.

(They assist to dress him, and conceal him behind the instrument.)

Miss Man. But how shall we account for his being here, if he is discovered?

Flora. We must take our cue from circumstances, ma'am.

Enter SAMPSON, *from the Library.*

Samp. Of a verity, this is not the way to mine own apartment neither! Nay, it doth seem that of a lady.

Flora (Whispering.) There, ma'am; did I not say he would not see us?

Samp. I would I had the clue of Ariadne, for this dwelling is a Cretan labyrinth: I will again essay to extricate myself.—*(He walks towards the women.—Flora advances, whom he does not see till close to her.)*—Prodigious!

Flora. Why, who would have thought this of you, Mr Sampson? to be prying about so very near my young lady's dressing-room at this time of night! I assure you, I take it very strange of you!

Samp. I was erratic, Mistress Flora.

Flora. Never mistress me, man, but get away as fast as you can. Lord only knows what Colonel Mannering will say, if he should know of it.

Samp. And that might perchance prejudice my young mistress, Miss Bertram, in his opinion: Woful man that I am, who shall deliver me?

Flora. Pray go immediately, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. I obey—I will begone swiftly. I am beset with fears and trepidations.

(Goes towards the door of Miss Mannering's bed-room.)

Flora (Running after him and pulling him back.)

Worse and worse, Mr. Sampson! that's not your way. Would you burst into my young lady's bed-room? Indeed, Mr. Dominie, I begin to suspect you. Is that the way you propose to teach her Hebrew? Oh, fie! fie! fie!

Samp. Prodigious! I am confounded.—*(Peeping in.)*—Assuredly, there is a four-posted bed, with crimson furniture. I will gird up my loins and flee.

(He struggles out of Flora's grasp, stumbles forward, and overturns the harp — He sees Bertram, and stares at him with great surprise. — Bertram retains his cross-legged position of an Indian Priest, and stares at him again with great composure.)

Mirifice! whom have we here?

Flora. Why, Mr. Sampson, what mischief will you do next? That you should disturb that learned Indian gentleman, just as he was occupied in teaching my young mistress the — the — the what shall I say? Dear, dear, where shall I find a word? *(Aside.)*

Samp. Is he a teacher? Then I reverence him. In what is he profound?

Flora. Astrology.

Samp. Prodigious! Nay then I will uplift my voice against him.—*(Very loud)*—The occult sciences are a snare of the enemy! — delusions of darkness! — works of the wicked one!

Miss Man. (Aside) I must stop his clamours. — Nay, Mr. Sampson, I see no more harm in the learned gentleman teaching me the Sanscrit, than in your proposal to teach me Hebrew.

Samp. Pardon me, most honourable! I knew not, when I proffered my poor endeavours, that there was a learned Pundit, who, doubtless, is better provided; nevertheless, I will accost him in the Eastern tongue. — *(To Bertram)—Salum alicum!—(Bertram rises and salams, which salutation is returned ridiculously by Sampson.)*— Expound unto me, most learned Pundit, whether we shall confer in the Sanscrit of Bengali, in the Telinga, or in the Malaya language? Praise to the blessing of heaven on my poor endeavours, I am indifferently skilled in these three tongues.

Ber. Confound your skill! I am aground: I know only a few words of Moorish gibberish.

(Knocking without.)

Miss Man. Flora! there's my brother knocking.

Flora. (To Bertram) Follow me down the back stairs, most learned Pundit. [*Exit with Bertram.*

Samp. Where has the damsel conveyed the learned Pundit? I would converse with him.

Miss Man. Come in, brother!

Enter COLONEL MANNERING.

Col. Man. What has been the matter? My servants heard music just now upon the lake, and have discovered a strange boat beneath these apartments. I heard, too, a heavy fall in your room. No accident, I hope?

Miss Man. You heard Mr. Sampson, brother, who has chosen this strange time of night to rummage out the Indian manuscripts in these cabinets, and has stumbled over my harp.

Col. Man. How's this, Mr. Sampson? You should take other time and place for your oriental studies, than so close to my sister's room at midnight.

Samp. Honoured sir, I crave your forgiveness! I wandered unwittingly, and was detained by my thirst for learning: that erudite Moonshee, whom I sought to converse withal —

Miss Man. (Alarmed, fetches a book from table.) This is the book you sought, I believe, sir?

Samp. (Opens a fine illuminated manuscript.) Prodigious! I profess it is an exemplar of the Shah-Nameh of the illustrious Ferdusi! — *(Puts it under his arm.)* — But touching that Sanscrit Interpreter, whom ——

Re-enter FLORA.

Miss Man. Indian Interpreter, sir! Here it is, in three volumes folio. *(Pushes them to Sampson.)*

Flora. (Aside to her Mistress, while Sampson examines the books) I have sent your Pundit safe off, and told him to wait at the village till further advice.

Miss Man. Thank Heaven for that! But how shall we get safe from the Dominie? he'll talk of nothing else. *(Aside.)*

Samp. I profess this is the most erudite work, and of great scarcity! — I have observed it, honoured Colonel, noted in catalogues with four R's, which denoteth "*rarissimus.*" But, worthy sir, as concerning this learned Pundit——

Flora. Is this the book, sir?

Samp. It is rare; but the Ulemat——

Miss Man. Or this, sir?

Samp. It is precious! but the aforesaid Bramin——

Flora. Oh, 'tis this, I'm sure?

Samp. It is of the last rarity! but the Moonshee——

Miss Man. Or this?

Samp. It is curious: but the Moonshee — the Pundit — the——

(They thrust books upon him, which he cannot refuse himself the pleasure of opening, until his hands and arms become embarrassed, and he begins to let them fall, one or two always escaping as he picks up the others.)

Col. Man. Come, Mr. Sampson, I fancy you had better retire, and what books you wish for shall be brought you. — Barnes! *(Calls.)*

Enter BARNES.

Light Mr. Sampson to his room. — *(Sampson gathers up what books he can carry.)* — And hark! when you have showed him in, lock the door. I must take precautions against this extravagant thirst for information.

Barnes. This way, Mr. Sampson, if you please to follow.

Samp. I præ, sequar! — Prodigious!

[*Exit, loaded with books, following Barnes.*

Col. Man. All now seems quiet: so the mystery of the music and boat must remain till opportunity shall lead to discovery — *(Aside.)* — Once more, Julia, good night! [*Exit.*

Miss Man. Good night, and thanks for this narrow escape! — Go to my chamber, Flora; I'll follow directly.

Flora. Yes, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Miss Man. I declare I am frightened at my own imprudence! — Should my brother discover this business, what will be the consequence? Oh dear! I wish he would but sympathize a little more with love, and a little less with honour: but alas! —

AIR. — MISS MANNERING.

In ancient times, in Britain's Isle,
Lord Henry well was known;
No knight in all the land more famed,
Or more deserv'd renown.
His heart was all on honour bent,
He ne'er could stoop to love:
No lady in the land had power
His frozen heart to move.

Yet in that bosom, deemed so stern,
The kindest feelings dwelt;
Her tender tale, when pity told,
It never failed to melt.
But for no idle passion formed,
His high heroic mood;
Glory's sublimer charms alone
With lover's ardour wooed. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. — *A desolate Heath between Woodbourne and Kippletringan. — The Moon declining.*

Enter BERTRAM, *bewildered and uncertain of his way.*

Ber. Now the devil take all the glib-tongued ladies' maids! Would any one have thought, to hear that chattering monkey, that I'd more to do than just to follow my nose straight across the heath, to this Kip-Kap-Kapple — what the devil did she call the place? And here I am, fairly thrown out! The moon's going down, too, and I may stray further out of my way. — Holloa! I wish some one was within hail, friend or foe, I care not.

Enter DANDIE DINMONT. — *He comes forward a little, tipsey and staggering.*

Din. Fair and softly, fair and softly, Dandie, lad!

Who was that hollooing, I wonder? I should like to fall in with a companion, for it's growing confounded dark—I'll be hanged if I can see my way—I wish I had got Dumpling — Many people pretend to guide their horse, now I always let my horse guide me: he'd have carried me to the next alehouse right enough, dark or light. — Steady! my head's a little queerish — To think that five poor bottles of rum should have done this now, among four — *(Bertram advances)* — Who goes there? — *(Raises his Whip.)*

Ber. A friend!

Din. Stand fast a bit, though; parley a little, Dandie — few friends on a moor at midnight — What do you want?

Ber. I am a stranger. My name is Brown, Captain of Fusileers.

Din. And I am Dandie Dinmont, reckoned the best bruiser in this country. I'll eat, drink, or fight wi' any man — so, stand off!

Ber. I don't mean to dispute it, I assure you, my friend. I am an Englishman: I have lost my way, and am really in want of a guide to the next town.

Din. Eh! no! are you really? Ye shall have one, then. If I had but my little horse now, you might have rode on his crupper; he always finds the way when I lose it; and his back's main strong — he'd carry six, if 'twere long enough. But, come away—*(Crosses.)*—Steady! Are ye big or little?

Ber. Why, middling.

Din. That will do; for this moor, ye must know, is not in great reputation. There's thieves and gypsies haunt it.

Ber. Gypsies! Pooh! nonsense!

Din. Oh, man, we hae great faith in 'em in our country! They prophesy, and knock down, like nobody knows what; so every body believes in' em: and there's an old woman, Meg Merrilies, the queen of 'em, that deals wi' the devil, they say, and can make 'em do any thing, if she but lifts up her finger — She's known for a witch all over these parts.

Ber. Well, my friend, I'll stand by you.

Din. Will ye? Then gie me a rough shake of the hand.

Ber. With all my heart.

(Bertram gives him a hearty shake, which Dinmont returns.)

Din. Gad! and if your heart be like your hand, it be a plaguy hard one. — But, look yonder's a couple of lights dancing bonnily before us.

Ber. A couple! I see but one, friend, and that seems pretty steady.

Din. Does it? Then I've a notion you don't see with both your eyes, as I do. But, come on! let us make our way to it border fashion, side by side.

Ber. *(Aside)* The fellow gripes like a smith's vice. — Come along, friend, then, side by side.

Din. Ay, like true men; and if we meet with rogues we'll show 'em another border fashion, hand to hand. — I say you were bawling lustily just now; I can bawl a bit myself. Suppose we try if we cant have a kind of a — what d'ye call it? — a double song together, just to cheer the way over the heath?

Ber. With all my heart.

DUET. — BERTRAM *and* DINMONT.

DINMONT.

Without a companion, what's life but a heath,
  That's wearisome, murky and long?
But Dandie defies dulness, danger, and death,
  With his friend, and his glass, and his song.

BERTRAM.

You're right! with a friend, man, you heighten your zest,
  And march o'er life's road brisk and brightly;
With double delight on its green-swards you rest,
  And trip o'er its rough places lightly.

Both.

Then come on, side by side, and as long as I've b'eath,
  Here's an arm that's both willing and strong;
Jolly hearts bid defiance to danger and death,
  Make light of the dark roads, and short of the long.

[*Exeunt*

SCENE III.—*A wilder and more romantic part of the Chase, or Forest.—A sort of scattered Copse Wood, with branches of one or two decayed Oaks.—A Cliff or two rising behind them.—Hills in the distance.—A Gypsey Hut in the centre, with a fire within it.—* GABRIEL, SEBASTIAN, *and other Gypsies, Men and Women, occupied in cooking, and various other employments, expressive of their habits—Children mingling in the group.*

Gab. Sebastian, where's the old gun with the Spanish barrel?

Seb. Why, will you need her to-night?

Gab. Ay; Dirk Hatteraick, the Dutchman, is on the watch.

Seb. What, another shark to be harpooned by us gypsies?—I'll have nought to do with it; I hav'n't forgotten how he cried and groaned.

Gab. What *he?*

Seb. *(In a low voice.) He* of the wood of Ellangowan, sixteen years ago, when they stole the child. No, no, I'll have no more of that. Let Dirk Hatteraick do his own bloody business.

Gab. But it is business that concerns us all. The child, that very child, is now a man, and escaped from Batavia—has served in the army, and is come home again.

Seb. How do you know this?

Gab. I saw him myself at Carlisle two days since, and you know that I knew him in India.

Seb. Well, well, let him alone; he'll never remember any thing of this country.

Gab. Dirk doesn't think so, and is determined at least to ship him over the herring pond again. Besides, he has other plans about it. We have had him close watched: he has been seen twice to take boat on the lake, and was in the house at Woodbourne this very night; that Franco knew, and watched him out of it. He must cross this way to Kippletringan—and then——

Seb. I say again, I'll not meddle. What does Meg Merrilies say—she whom we all must obey?

Gab. She say! Why, she doats—she's no more what she was, or ought to be—she's turned tender-hearted, and swears she'll hinder us from lifting a finger against the lad of Ellangowan—and that if we attempt to keep him from his own, we but fight against fate!

Seb. Well, and we dare not dispute her bidding, not even her very signs.

Gab. Pooh! thou art as bad as she: let us only be secret, and do the business before she knows any thing about it. Do you go and tell Dirk Hatteraick I'll be at Mirkwood path shortly, with a party to help him. Tell him to keep his ground, and not begin till I come.—[*Exit Sebastian.*]—Come, fellows, to our several stations.

GYPSEY GLEE AND CHORUS.

FRANCO.

The chough and crow to roost are gone,
  The owl sits on the tree;
The hushed wind wails with feeble moan,
  Like infant charity.
The wild-fire dances on the fen,
  The red star sheds its ray;
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
  It is our opening day.

Chorus.—Up-rouse ye, &c.

GYPSEY WOMAN.

Both child and nurse are fast asleep,
  And closed is every flower,
And winking tapers faintly peep
  High from my lady's bower;
Bewildered hinds, with shortened ken,
  Shrink on their murky way;
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
  It is our opening day.

Chorus.—Up-rouse ye, &c.

GABRIEL.

Nor board, nor garner, own we now,
  Nor roof, nor latched door;
Nor kind mate, bound by holy vow,
  To bless a good man's store:

Noon lulls us in a gloomy den,
And night is grown our day;
Up-rouse ye, then, my merry men,
And use it as ye may.

Chorus. — Up-rouse ye, &c.

[*Exeunt all but Gabriel, France the Boy, and Gypsey girl.*

(*Voices Without.*) — Holloa! holloa!

Gab. What voices are those? — Holloa! who's there?

Enter BERTRAM *and* DINMONT.

'Tis he himself, by all that's lucky! Then all's safe! (*Aside.*)

Din. (*Aside to Ber.*) They are the gypsies, but there's only one man with them; the rest are not far off, I reckon. Well, never fear! we are two; and for me, fair play, and I'll face any three of them! Bless ye, they're not fed like the like of us!

Ber. I fear them not; and with you at my side, friend, there's not many things ought to alarm me.

Gab. What seek ye here?

Din. We have lost our way, man, and are seeking that. Know ye which way Kippletringan lies?

Gab. Right over the hill, through the ford, cross the bog, through the thicket, and you have it.

Din. Hill, ford, bog, thicket? The gypsey knave is making fun, I think. — Hark ye, friend! have you a head on your shoulders?

Gab. Ay, sir; and what of that?

Din. Why, how think you it would sort with the but end of a Liddesdale whip? (*Shakes it at him.*)

Gyp. Girl. (*Aside to Gabriel*) Take care, give good words. That's fighting Dinmont of Liddesdale; I know him well. I've seen him clear Stane-shaw-bank fair from end to end, driving fifty men before him.

Ber. (*In centre.*) Come, sirs, there's no occasion for quarrelling. This gentleman and I want a guide to the town he mentioned, and I will willingly pay him handsomely.

Din. It's more than he deserves; to refuse two poor bewildered young creatures help, at such a time of night!

Gyp. Girl. I'm sure, gentlemen, you'll excuse us; we are not accustomed to see the like of you; but if there's any thing that you would take ——

Din. (In centre.) Can there be any thing we won't take, my dear? For I have not taken meat or drink this four or five hours; and the cold blast on the hills has given me such an appetite, that, as the Yorkshireman says, —" I could eat a horse behind the saddle."

Gyp. Girl. Well, sir, such as we have ——

Din. That's a good lass! Come, stir! — Come, my sulky lad, lend a hand here.

(They draw forward a rude table, and place meat and drink upon it. — Gabriel and Franco retire, and whisper together.)

Din. (To Ber.) Try a leg of her, man; she's a moor-fowl — *(Helping him)* — Did you ever see a moor-fowl in your part of the world?

Ber. Never, unless stuffed, upon the shelves of a museum.

(Meg Merrilies darts from behind the tent when Bertram speaks; advances softly a step or two, and gazes intently on him.)

Din. Lord, the ignorance of you southern gentlefolks! Stuff it in your own stomach, man! — *(Drinks.)* — This is capital brandy too! It will be moonshine brandy, I reckon. The smugglers and gypsies are all one man's children. But, lord! Captain (since you say you are a captain), did you ever in your life see a woman stand staring, as that old gypsey woman has been staring at you? That's she, I take it, I told you of: she they call Meg Merrilies, the ruler and terror of them all.

Ber. (Turning round and observing Meg.) My good woman, do you know me, that you look at me so hard? *(Rises.)*

Meg. Better than you know yourself.

Ber. Ay, ay; that is, you'll tell my future fortune?

Meg. Yes, because I know your past.

Ber. Indeed! then you have read a perplexed page.

Meg. It will be clearer soon.

Ber. Never less likely.

Meg. Never more so.

Ber. *(Offering money)* Your manner is wild and oracular enough; come, give me a proof of your art.

Meg. Offer it not. If, with a simple spell, I cannot recall times which you have long forgotten, hold me the miserablest impostor. — Hear me, hear me, Henry — Henry Bertram!

Ber. Henry Bertram! Sure, I have heard that name; but when and where ——

Meg. Hark! hark to the sound of other days! Listen, and let your heart awake! — Girl, come hither: sing me the song I used to sing to Bertram's babe.

(The Gypsey Girl sings the Air which Miss Bertram sung, but much more wildly.)

AIR. — GYPSEY GIRL.

Oh hark thee, young Henry!
Thy sire is a knight,
Thy mother a lady,
So lovely and bright:
The hills and the dales,
From the towers which we see,
They all shall belong,
My dear Henry, to thee.

Oh rest thee, babe! rest thee, babe!
Sleep on till day!
Oh rest thee, babe! rest thee, babe!
Sleep while you may!

Ber. These words do indeed thrill my bosom with strange emotions. Woman, speak more plainly, and tell me why those sounds thus agitate my inmost soul — and what ideas they are, that thus darkly throng upon my mind at hearing them.

MEG, *Speaks.*

Listen, youth, to words of power! —
Swiftly comes the rightful hour:
They, who did thee scathe and wrong,
Shall pay their deeds by death ere long.

The dark shall be light,
And the wrong made right,
When Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Shall meet on Ellangowan's height.

[*Exit Gabriel suddenly up the rocks, after appearing to give Franco some directions.*

Ber. (*Stands gazing on her, thoughtful and surprised.*) Bertram! Bertram! Why does that name sound so familiar to me?

Din. He is bewitched, for certain. There was always witchcraft and devilry among them gypsey clan, I have heard.

Meg. (*Who has watched Gabriel up.*) And now begone! — Franco, guide these strangers on their way to Kippletringan. — Yet, stay; let me see your hand. — (*Leads him forward.*) — What say these lines of the fortunes past? Wandering and wo, and danger, and crosses in love and in friendship! — What of the future? Honour, wealth, prosperity, love rewarded, and friendship re-united! — But what of the present? Ay, there's a trace, which speaks of danger, —of captivity, perchance, — but not of death! — (*Looks cautiously round, then beckons Dinmont, and speaks in a very low deep voice.*) — If you are attacked, be men; and let your hands defend your heads! I will not be far distant from you in the moment of need. And now begone! Fate calls you! Away, away, away! (*She retires into the Tent.*)

Din. Lord, Captain, I wish she may be all right, and not familiar with other things than live in this world.

Ber. Don't be afraid, my friend.

Din. Feared! damned a whistle fear I! Be she witch or devil, it's all one to Dandie; and yet I felt but queer-like just now, when she was conjuring. If I could hae mustered a bit of a prayer, I don't know but I'd have given it her: — but, as I said, devil take me if I baulk you, Captain. — So forward, my little fellow, and we'll follow.

Franco. This way, gentlefolks.

[*Exit Franco up the rocks, Dandie and Bertram following.*

SCENE IV. — *A Wild Landscape.*

Enter GABRIEL, *cautiously, and looking back.*

Gab. Franco has observed my track, I see! That's a promising chick in our craft, and loves his profession. He has as quick an eye to mischief as the oldest of our gang.

Enter FRANCO, *quickly.*

Well, my little decoy duck, are they far behind?

Franco. Not far: I watched you, and sported on before, to get a word with you, now we are free from old Meg.

Gab. Well, then, lead 'em down the pass in the rocks, to Hatteraick's Point, and contrive to loiter there till I come up the glen with the party; but be sure not to give Dirk the signal till you see us.

Franco. Trust to me, Gabriel — Hush! they are here.

Enter DINMONT *and* BERTRAM.

Din. Holloa! you sir! — You here too! What are you saying to the boy?

Gab. I only came to give him directions; I feared he might mistake the road.

Din. Look you, friend! your people sometimes come up our waterside: now, they have always had a barn and clean straw, and a bellyful, at Charlie's Hope; but if you play us any trick now, the devil take me, if you or they shall ever have any thing, but your shirts full of broken bones. — Damn it, I could find the way myself; for the brandy has cleared my eyes the rum had blinded.

Gab. There's no cause for your suspicion, sir; you'll be taken care of, depend on it.

SONG. — GABRIEL.

Follow him, nor fearful deem
  Danger lurks in gypsey-guile;
Rude and lawless though we seem,
  Simple hearts we bear the while.

Robber fierce, nor thief is here,
  Who shroud by night in savage den;
Fearless, then, o'er mosses drear,
  Gloomy thicket, darksome glen,
    Safely follow, follow him.

From rustic swains the petty bribe,
  Petty spoil from cot or farm,
Content the wandering gypsey tribe,
  Who the traveller never harm.
Then, nor thief nor robber fear,
  Who shroud by night in savage den;
But through mosses dank and drear,
  Barren wilds, and darksome glen,
    Safely follow, follow him.

[*Exeunt Gabriel — Dinmont and Bertram following Franco.*

SCENE V. — *A sort of Dell or Pass, with Cliffs rugged and broken; shaggy Underwood growing on each side. — In the Offing the Sea, or rather an Inlet from it, and a Smuggler's Lugger riding in the distance. — Two Smugglers lurking on the Rocks. — The grey dawn of Morning, with the Sun faintly seen to light the extreme horizon.*

Enter HATTERAICK *and* SEBASTIAN, *down the Rocks.*

Hatt. By the elements, your fire's out — your spirit's gone, Sebastian! You're turned cowards and cravens, every man of you! Oh, the pretty lads I have seen you gypsey tribe turn out, to land a cargo, or to fight the land sharks! And to wince at such a trifle as this!

Seb. But I tell you, Dirk Hatteraick, that Meg will not consent that there should be a hair of his head hurt! and thou know'st well the weight she has with all our tribe, and why she has it. We dare not disobey even her signs and looks.

Hatt. Ay, ay; because your people think she is hand and glove with old Satan.

Seb. And what is your purpose, Captain Hatterick? I think I have a good right to know it.

Hatt. What right?

Seb. Why, before a man slips his neck within the
nnpass of a halter, I think he may be allowed to ask a
vil question — Why?

Hatt. Well, then, you suspicious hound, if thou wert
t the top of that cliff, what large house would you see?

Seb. Ellangowan castle, to be sure. What of that?

Hatt. And to whom does Ellangowan castle belong?

Seb. Why, they say it belongs to your old acquaint-
ance, Gilbert Glossin!

Hatt. It does: but if this lad — this Brown, as they
call him — this heir-male, were safe under hatches yonder
in my lugger, ready to be produced with the documents
which I can give him, whose would the estate be then?
Eh?

Seb. I begin to see your drift, Captain.

Hatt. Why, mine, man, and thine, and all who hold
the secret, to threaten Glossin with. He shall be our
factor only, and draw the rents for us: the castle's our
own to revel in, and he shall not dare to say us nay!
So set your foot to mine, lads, and we secure the youn-
ker in a moment, and keep him like a bagged fox, to
be turned out as we see cause.

Seb. But you had better wait for Gabriel and his fel-
lows. Young Bertram's a powerful man; if he resists,
and ——

Hatt. And is killed, you mean? why, then, we must
keep the secret, and make that scoundrel, Glossin,
believe him still alive. — But zounds! have done with
your *but's* and *and's*. Here they come. — Stand back,
lads, behind the cliff. *(They conceal themselves.)*

Enter BERTRAM *and* DANDIE, *preceded by* FRANCO,
down the winding path of an opposite Cliff.

Din. *(On the cliff.)* I tell you, my cock-sparrow, I
have had a special notion this some time past that you
are leading us out of the road to Kippletringan; and if
you are, my chicken, I'll think no more of wringing your
neck round than that of a moor-fowl pout! — *(Dinmon*
by this time is down in front, and Franco anxiously lookin
— What ails ye now, you devil's bird, that y

stand staring down the glen? I will have the truth out of you! *(Shakes him.)*

Franco. I only thought, perhaps, the gentleman might like to see the rocks; many southern gentlemen come to see this glen — it's famous.

Din. Rocks and glens, when we want to get to a town and our beds! Come, where's the way next?

Franco (Affecting great fear.) You terrify me so, I don't know.

Din. If I take you in hand, young one ——

Ber. Oh, let him alone; you frighten him; he is but a boy!

Din. A boy! there's as much mischief in the devil's little finger, they say, as there is in all his body:—he's hatching a lie at this moment!

Franco. (Aside) I see 'em! — Dear sir, if you heard the curious echo that is here, you would not be angry.

Ber. Echo! What echo, my little lad?

Franco. You shall hear. *(Seems pleased, blows a whistle, and runs off.)*

HATTERAICK *and his Sailors rush forward.*—GABRIEL *enters with two or three Gypsey Men.—Just as they are going to fall on,* MEG MERRILIES *suddenly appears upon an eminence between the parties, and waves off the Gypsies, who shrink back at her signal.*

Meg. Gypsies, strike not, at your peril! Children, obey me, and depart!

Hatt. Witch! fiend! hag! — Cowards, will ye desert me at a woman's bidding? Then we must do it ourselves: — at 'em, lads!

(A violent scuffle, in which the Sailors are worsted and driven off. — Hatteraick is knocked down, and made prisoner. — Meg disappears.)

Din. Well, the devil such sport as this, Captain, I never saw. How that fellow fought!

Ber. But what shall we do with our prisoner? he seems resolved not to walk.

Din. I cannot blame him — it's a rough road to the gallows! — *(To Hatteraick)* — Come, lad, will ye get

up and walk, or shall I carry you on my shoulders, as if you were a sheep?

(Bertram assists Dandie to lift up Hatteraick, whose arms they bind.—He looks dogged and stern, but makes no resistance.)

Ber. Now, sir, be pleased to use your legs.—No? motionless and silent? We'll find a way to make you march. *(Bagpipes play.—A March heard without.)*

Din. And as good luck would have it, yonder comes the Highland party I saw at the fair yesterday, and a troop of the village lads and lasses following the merry bagpipes. Gad, we'll have enough to carry you now, lad, gaily and lightly;—and it's my old acquaintance, Serjeant M'Crae, with them too!

The Party march on the Stage.

How's a' with you, serjeant? and how came you in this queer out-o'-the-way place?

Serj. Why, we're ordered here, to look out for some smugglers and banditti.

Din. We have been before-hand with you, man;—fought them, beat them, and made a prisoner! And you must help us to take him to the next justice's, Gibbie Glossin's, at Ellangowan.

Serj. With all my heart.—Take him away, lads.—[*Exeunt two soldiers, carrying Dirk.*]—But I must first refresh my party.

Din. And what will refresh them?

Serj. A dram.

Din. And what more?

Serj. A song.

Din. And what more?

Serj. A dance.

Din. Bravo, serjeant! you keep a right Highland heart still.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Now fill the glass, and let it pass
From hand to hand wi' glee, man;
The faint are bold, and young the old,
When whisky fires their e'e, man.

The kilted lads, frae Scottish hills,
When taking off their native gills,
Find every nerve wi' courage fills;
A dauntless band,
Like rocks they stand,
And wield the brand,
Wi' deadly hand,
Till foes all fall or flee, man.

Let pipers chant a rattling rant,
And lasses join and dance, man;
Wi' music craft, and whisky, daft,
Our pulses wildly prance, man.
Then lads gae mad from head to heel,
Strike hands, and then strike up a reel,
And in the air they glance and wheel,
They set and shout,
And in and out,
They cross about,
Till all the rout
Are lost in pleasure's trance, man.

(They dance a Scotch Dance.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. — *Ellangowan. — The Sea-Shore, with the Castle on the Rocks.*

Enter MEG.

Meg. From one peril I have preserved young Bertram: his greatest and his last is still to come. From that, too, will I protect him; for I was born to raise the house of Ellangowan from its ruins.

Enter SEBASTIAN.

Now, Sebastian, thy tidings?

Seb. Dirk Hatteraick has sent his order by me, for our crew to meet him instantly at the old tower of Dernecleugh.

Meg. Hatteraick! Why, was he not secured, and taken by Dinmont and the youth to Glossin's? Is he not in the hands of justice?

Seb. He was; but he has slipt through its fingers, and without much difficulty, for they were opened to him on purpose.

Meg. What meanest thou?

Seb. Why, that his old friend, Justice Glossin, contrived that he should effect his escape from the Castle-Keep, where he was confined; and the friendly smuggler and lawyer meet to-night in the cavern by Dernecleugh Tower, where we are to assist them in making sure (as they call it) of that younker of Ellangowan, whom Glossin is to separate from his sturdy companion, and send over the heath alone.

Meg. I understand it — his death is purposed; and they have chosen the scene of one murder to commit another. — Right! The blood spilt on that spot has long cried for vengeance, and it shall fall upon them! — Sebastian, speed to Dinmont and the youth; tell them not to separate for their lives: guide them to the glen near the tower; there let them wait till Glossin and Hatteraick meet in the cavern, and I will join them. Away, and do my bidding! — [*Exit Sebastian.*]—Now, to send to Mannering: — I must remain on the watch myself: — Gabriel I dare not trust. — Ha! who comes now? The girl herself, and Abel Sampson, Henry Bertram's ancient tutor. It shall be so! *(Retires.)*

Enter JULIA *and* LUCY.

Julia. Upon my word, my dear Lucy, this Scotland of your's is the most gallant country in the world. There's even Mr. Sampson, yonder, turned as arrant a coxcomb as my brother in our service. How delightful the old gentleman does look in his new suit! What wonders will you work next? — An old, abstracted philosopher, dangling after us, a beau-companion! — and a

proud, stern, stoical soldier, melted down into your forlorn true lover!

Lucy. Why will you thus continue to persecute me with speeches, which gratitude and delicacy, and, above all, the remembrance of my deep and recent afflictions, should forbid me listening to?

Julia. By no means, my dear; gratitude and delicacy, and every thing in the world, should bid you listen to a man, who (I can tell you from good authority) is over head and ears in love with you. What say you, dearest Lucy? — will you be my sister?

Lucy. Oh, Julia! what can—what ought I to say? Spare me, I entreat you! My heart is too full: let your's speak for me.

AIR. — Miss Bertram.

Oh! blame me not, that such high worth
Hath raised of love the gentle flame;
Yet, as I own it, quicker throbs
The timid, trembling pulse of shame,
When pity dries the falling tear,
Love, unperceived, will venture in;
And kindness to a wounded heart
Is sure that wounded heart to win.

My faltering tongue, my downcast eyes,
Reveal my bosom's thoughts too plain;
But where love wore a form so good,
Ah! tell me, could it plead in vain?
This heart, without a resting place,
Was like the wand'ring weary dove,
Returned from sorrow's storms, to seek
A shelter in the ark of love!

Julia. Oh, here comes Mr. Sampson!

Lucy. Pray endeavour to divert the poor man's attention, for his change of dress quite confuses him. How could you play such a trick upon the good absent soul, as to make the servant put new clothes in his room, in the place of the old ones?

Enter Sampson, *looking at his Clothes.*

Samp. Truly, my outward man doth somewhat em-

barrass my sensations of identity. My vestments are renovated miraculously!

Julia. Mr. Sampson, will you favour us with your arm?

Samp. (Looks at her a moment, then returns to his clothes.) Of a verity, these sleeves are regenerated; so are the knees of my breeches, or subligaculi, as the ancients denominated them.

Lucy. Come, Mr. Sampson we wait for you.

Samp. Honoured young lady, I — Where can the patch and darning be removed unto?

Lucy. What's the matter, sir?

Samp. I know not; I am nubilous. Doubtless the air of Woodbourne is favourable unto wearing apparel; for the surface of my garments is as fresh as when I first put them on, ten years ago! Miraculous! *Idem et alter!* Prodigious! — But I crave forgiveness, young ladies — we will proceed. *(As they are going, Meg stops them.)*

Meg. Stop! I command thee!

Samp. Avoid thee! *(Starts and runs back.)*

Julia. What a frightful creature! — Here! here, sir! — *(Holding her purse to Sampson)* — give her something, and bid her go!

Meg. I want not your trash.

Lucy. She's mad!

Meg. No, I'm not mad! I've been imprisoned for mad — scourged for mad — banished for mad — but mad I am not!

Lucy. For mercy's sake, good woman, what is it you want?

Meg. Go hence, Lucy Bertram, and Julia Mannering! There's no harm meant you, and maybe much good at hand — hence! 'Tis Abel Sampson I want.

Samp. (Aside.) 'Tis Meg Merrilies, renowned for her sorceries! I hav'n't seen her for many a year. My blood curdles to hear her! — Young ladies, depart and fear not. I am somewhat tremulous, but I am vigorous. Lo! I will resist!

(Edges round between the Ladies and Meg, to cover their retreat. — They go off. — Points his long Cane at her.)

I am perturbed at thy words!—Woman, I conjure thee!—*(She advances.)*—Nay, then, will I flee incontinently!

Meg. Halt! and stand fast! or ye shall rue the day, while a limb of you hangs together!

Samp. Conjuro te, nequissima et sceleratissima!

Meg. What gibberish is that? Go from me to Colonel Mannering——

Samp. I am fugacious. *(He attempts to fly—she makes at him.)*

Meg. Stay, thou tremblest! drink of this!

(Offers a flask.)

Samp. I am not athirst, most execrable—I mean, excellent!

Meg. Drink, and put some heart in you, or I will——

Samp. Lo! I obey. *(Drinks.)*

Meg. Can your learning tell you what that is?

Samp. Praised be thy bounty! brandy.

Meg. Will you remember my errand no

Samp. I will, most pernicious—that is, pertinaciously!

Meg. Then tell Colonel Mannering, if ever he owed a debt to the house of Ellangowan, and hopes to see it prosper, he must come instantly, armed and well attended, to the glen below the tower of Derncleugh, and fail not on his life! You know the spot?

Samp. I do; where you once dwelt, most accursed—that is, most accurate!

Meg. Ay, Abel Sampson, there blazed my hearth for many a day! and there, beneath the willow that hung its garlands over the brook, I've sat and sung to Harry Bertram songs of the old time. *(Crosses.)*

Samp. *(Aside)* Witch rhymes and incantations! I would I could abscond!

Meg. That tree is withered now, never to be green again; and old Meg Merrilies will never sing blythe songs more!—But I charge you, Abel Sampson, when the heir shall have his own, as soon he shall——

Samp. Woman! what say'st thou?

Meg. That you tell him not to forget Meg Merrilies, but to build up the old walls in the glen for her sake! And let those that live there be too good to fear the

beings of another world; for, if ever the dead come back among the living, I'll be seen in that glen many a night after these crazed bones are whitened in the mouldering grave!

Samp. Fears and perturbations creep upon me! but I will speak soothingly unto her—*(Aside.)*—Assuredly, Mistress Margaret Merrilies, I will go whither thou biddest me, and remember your behest; but, touching the return of little Harry, I opine ——

Meg. I have said it, old man! ye shall see him again, and the best lord he shall be that Ellangowan has seen these hundred years.—But you are too long here. To Mannering! Away! and bid him come to that spot instantly, or the heir of Ellangowan may perish for ever!

Samp. I will hie me nimbly, most fascinous—I would say, fascinating.—Prodigious! prodigious! prodigious!

(This he repeats as Meg motions him off. She looks after him, pointing her arm in the direction he is going.)

Meg. Now, then, to complete the work of fate! The moment is at hand, when all shall behold

Bertram's right and Bertram's might
Meet on Ellangowan's height!

[*Exit*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Woodbourne House.—Swords, Guns, Pistols, &c. over the Mantel-piece.*

Enter COLONEL MANNERING, *followed by* LUCY *and* JULIA.

Miss Man. Oh, my dear brother! you cannot think how frightened we were! she desired us to go away. It was Mr. Sampson, she said, she wanted to speak with.

Miss B. I wish he were returned.

(Sampson is heard without, speaking to Flora.)

Samp. Avoid thee!—that is, where is Colonel Mannering?

Flora. This way, Mr. Sampson—follow me.

Samp. *Conjuro te*—I mean, show me to him.

Col. Man. Here is Mr. Sampson; and now, perhaps, we shall know how to act.

Enter SAMPSON, *preceded by* FLORA.

Flora. Gracious me, Mr. Sampson, what's the matter with you?

Samp. Exorcizo te!

Flora. Exercise me! What is it you mean, sir? Are you out of your wits?

Samp. Conjuro te!

Flora. Conjure some tea! You're bewitched yourself, for a certain.

Samp. Of a surety, it is my belief; *deprecor* — that is, I would confer with the Colonel Mannering.

Flora. Well, there is the Colonel, and the young ladies with him, Mr. Sampson. [*Exit.*

Col. Man. Now, Mr. Sampson, what is the meaning of all this alarm?

Samp. Exorciso ——

Col. Man. How, sir?

Samp. I crave pardon, honoured sir; but my wits ——

Col. Man. Seem rather disordered, I think; but I beg you will arrange them, and explain your business.

Samp. I will — *sed conjuro te!* — I mean, I will deliver my message.

Col. Man. Your message! from whom?

Samp. From Beelzebub, I believe.

Col. Man. This is an ill-timed jest, Mr. Sampson.

Samp. She of whom I spake is no jesting person.

Col. Man. Whom — whom did you speak of?

Samp. Beelzebub's mistress, Meg Merrilies.

Lucy. Good Heaven! was it she whom I saw? Oh, sir! what said she?

Samp. Prodigious! I am oblivious.

Col. Man. Mr. Sampson, how can you trifle thus?

Samp. Honoured Colonel, bear with me a moment — the witch hath terrified me! — It was touching little Harry Bertram ——

Lucy. How! My long-lost brother?

attend her summons, with armed men, at her
domicile, in the glen, by Dernecleugh tower.

Col. Man. With armed men?

Samp. Yea, and speedily; lest, as she said, t
of Ellangowan perisheth for ever.

Col. Man. It shall be attended to this mom
Mr. Sampson, protect the ladies; arm yourself, a
low. Your presence may be important.

Samp. (*Takes down a gun and sword from the*
Young ladies, follow me, and fear not. Lo!
armed myself, and will smite lustily in the cause
Harry.—(*The gun goes off.*)—Pro-o-o-di-gi-o
(*The ladies run off, he after them, dragging*
and shouldering the sword awkwardly.)

SCENE III.—*The Cavern near the Tower of Der*
—*The broken and lofty Entrance at the summ*
Stage, from which descends a rugged path.—
dark and narrow Passage hewn in the Rock l
HATTERAICK *is discovered walking up and*
the Vault, over the embers of a fire, with the g
one who finds it difficult to keep himself warm.

Enter GLOSSIN *cautiously, with a dark lant*

Glos. Hist! hist!

Hatt. Is it you?

Glos. Are you in the dark, my dear Dirk?

down this infernal hole, and thinking on the merry rouses we have had in it.

Glos. And shall again, boy! —*(Produces a flask)* — See, here's something to warm your heart, as well as your limbs.

Hatt. Give it me, give it me. Ah! this lights the fire within. I have dreamt of nothing but that d——d dead fellow, Kennedy, ever since I've been here.

Glos. Come, come, the cold's at your heart still; take another pull. I left that bull-headed brute of a farmer, refreshing, as he calls it, with the soldiers, and the youngster crosses the heath alone; so there's an easy trick to be won.

Hatt. No, I'd rather fight for it. A few good blows put a colour upon such a business: besides, I should like my revenge on that Liddesdale bully, for the hard knock on the head he gave me.

MEG MERRILIES *appears through the narrow Entrance, attended by* BERTRAM *and* DINMONT.

Meg. (In a deep whisper to Bertram) Will you believe me now? You shall hear them attest all I have said; but do not stir till I give the sign. *(They retire.)*

Hatt. (Who has been warming himself.) Is Sebastian true, think you?

Glos. True as steel! I fear none of them but old Meg

Meg. (Steps forward to them.) And what d'ye fear. from her?

Glos. (Aside.) What fury has brought this hag hither?—*(To Meg.)*—Nay, nothing, nothing, my good mother; I was only fearing you might not come here, to see our old friend, Dirk Hatterick, before he left us.

Meg. What brings him back with the blood of the Kennedy upon his hands?

Hatt. It has dried up, you hag — it has dried up, twenty years ago.

Meg. It has not! It cries night and day, from the bottom of this dungeon, to the blue arch of heaven, and never so loudly as at this moment; and yet you proceed as if your hands were whiter than the lily!

Hatt. Peace, you foul witch! or I'll make you quiet.

Glos. No violence, no violence against honest Meg! I will show her such reasons for what we have further to do — You know our purpose, I suppose?

Meg. Yes! to murder an unoffending youth, the heir of Ellangowan. And you, you treacherous cur, that bit the charitable hand that fed you! will you again be helping to kidnap your master's son? Beware! I always told ye evil would come on ye, and in this very cave.

Glos. Hark ye, Meg, we must speak plain to you. My friend, Dirk Hatterick, and I, have made up our minds about this youngster, and it signifies nothing talking, unless you have a mind to share his fate. You were as deep as we in the whole business.

Meg. 'Tis false! you forced me to consent that you should hurry him away, kidnap him, plunder him; but to murder him was your own device — yours! and it has thriven with you well.

Hatt. The old hag has croaked nothing but evil bodings these twenty years; she has been a rock-a-head to me all my life.

Meg. I a rock-a-head! The gallows is your rock-a-head.

Hatt. Gallows! ye hag of Satan! — the hemp is not sown that shall hang me.

Meg. It is sown, and it is grown, and hackled, and twisted. Did I not tell you that the boy would return in spite of you? Did I not say, the old fire would burn down to a spark, and then blaze up again?

(Here the party appear on the watch.)

Hatt. You did; but all is lost, unless he's now made sure: ask Glossin else.

Meg. I do, and in the name of heaven demand if he will yet forego his foul design against his master's son?

Glos. What! and give up all to this Brown, or Bertram — this infernal heir-male, that's come back? Never!

Meg. Bear witness, heaven and earth! they have confessed the past deed, and proclaimed their present purpose.

(She throws a little Flax, dipt in spirits of wine, on

the fire, which blazes up to the roof. — *At this signal,* BERTRAM *closes with* GLOSSIN, *and masters his sword, and* DINMONT *rushes upon* HATTERAICK, *who suddenly fires a pistol at* MEG. *She falls with a loud scream, and he rushes up to the entrance of the Cavern, where he is met by* MANNERING *and Soldiers, who instantly secure him and Glossin.* — *Servants follow with lights.)*

Col. Man. Carry off these villains! We have heard their own tongues seal their guilt — justice shall do the rest. — [*Exeunt Soldiers with Prisoners.*] — And look to this unfortunate woman — Hasten some one for proper assistance.

Meg. Heed me not: I knew it would be this way, and it has ended as it ought. Bear me up — let me but see my master's son — let me but behold Henry Bertram, and bear witness to him, and the gypsey vagrant has nothing more to do with life!

Samp. (*Without.*) This way, Miss Lucy, this way! Where, where is little Harry Bertram? I must behold the infant, the dear child.

He rushes on impatiently, followed by LUCY *and* JULIA, *and stands opposite to* BERTRAM, *gazing on him.* — *A parcel of country people follow him.*

Samp. Beatissime! It is his father alive! It is indeed Harry, little Harry Bertram! — Look at me, my child! Do you not remember me — Abel Sampson?

Ber. A light breaks in upon me! — Yes, that was indeed my name, and that — that is the voice and figure of my kind old master!

Samp. Miss Lucy Bertram, look! lo! behold! Is he not your father's living image? — Embrace him, and let fall your tears upon a brother's cheek.

Lucy. My brother! my long-lost brother, restored to his rights! Welcome! oh welcome to a sister's love!

Meg. (*Suddenly raising herself.*) Hear ye that? he's own'd! he's own'd! — There's a living witness, and here, here is one, who will soon speak no more. Hear

her last words! There stands Harry Bertram! Shout! shout! and acknowledge him Lord of Ellangowan! — *(The People shout.)* —— My ears grow dull. Stand from the light, and let me gaze upon him. — No! the darkness is in mine own eyes.

(Sinks into the arms of Bertram and Colonel Mannering.)

Col. Man. Bear her to Woodbourne House. Let all care be taken of her. Support and bear her gently away: she may yet recover. — *(Meg is borne away by Dinmont.)* — And now, Mr. Bertram, I hope no misunderstanding will prevent your accepting what I most sincerely offer, my friendship and congratulations upon your restoration to birth and fortune.

Ber. Colonel Mannering, I accept them most gladly; and, if I am not deceived, the wishes of both our hearts may make us not only friends, but brothers. —What say you, sister? am I right?

Julia. Oh! she can't speak, so I will. — Give Miss Bertram your arm, brother; and here, Henry, is mine.

Re-enter DINMONT.

Ber. My hearty friend, and brave defender! Come, we cannot part with you yet.

Din. I beg pardon of your honour, and these young ladies; but I hav'n't got my Sunday's suit on, and this coat is rather the worse for the two or three tussels we have had to-day.

Ber. And can that be an objection to him in whose cause it suffered? —You may thank Mr. Dinmont's courage, ladies, for my life and safety.

Lucy. Thank him! ay, that we do, and bless him for it!

Din. Eh! and Heaven bless you, my bonny lass, wi' a' my heart! —— *(Crosses to Miss Bertram, and kisses her; who, alarmed at his boldness, runs back confused.)*

Samp. Prodigious! *(Laying his Cane on Dinmont's shoulder.)*

Din. Lord's sake, forgive me! I ask your pardon, I am sure. I forgot but you had been a bairn of my own:

the Captain here's so homely, he just makes one forget one's self — and I'm so overjoyed like, at his good fortune ——

Col. Man. So are we all: and if the heir of Ellangowan be welcomed here too, our joy will be ——

Samp. Prodigious!

FINALE AND CHORUS.

MISS MANNERING.

Oh! let your hands assure the youth
There's nothing now to fear;
For his return is little worth,
Unless he's welcomed here.
For there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck ava',
There's little pleasure in this house
When your smiles are awa'.

Chorus. — For there's nae luck, &c.

BERTRAM.

The Heir of Ellangowan's fate
Depends upon this night;
If you deny him your support,
He 's neither right nor might.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. — For there's nae luck, &c.

MISS BERTRAM.

Then welcome home the rightful Heir,
To native halls and lands;
There's right, and might, and music too,
In your approving hands.
For there's nae luck, &c.

Chorus. — For there's nae luck, &c.

FINIS.

Mr. MACKAY,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH,

— AS —

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

ROB ROY;

A

NATIONAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

For why? Because the good old rule
Sufficeth them; the simple plan,
That they should take, who have the pow'r,
And they should keep who can.

Wordsworth.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

MR MACKAY,

AS

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

Sir Frederick Vernon,.....Mr Anderso
Rashleigh Osbaldistone,.....Mr Alexand
Francis Osbaldistone,.....Mr Benson.
Mr Owen,..... .....Mr Chippen
Captain Thornton, ...Mr W. Mur
Major Galbraith,.....Mr Dobbs.
Rob Roy, ...Mr Hamert
Bailie Nicol Jarvie,.....Mr Mackay
Dougal,.....Mr Duff.
MacStuart,.....Mr Shaw.
Jobson,. .....Mr J. Farre
Saunders Wylie,.. .....Mr M'Greg
Andrew Fairservice,.....Mr Stewart
Lancie Wingfield,.....Mr Dougla
Willie,.....Master Gor
Serjeant, ...Mr Collyer.

Highlanders, Travellers, Lennox Troopers, E Soldiers, &c.

Diana Vernon,.....Miss M'Al
Martha,.....Miss Nicol.
Mattie.....Miss Stanfi

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

AS PERFORMED BEFORE HIS MAJESTY.
TUESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1822.

Sir Frederick Vernon,.....Mr Munro.
Rashleigh Osbaldistone,.....Mr Denham.
Francis Osbaldistone,.....Mr Huckel.
Mr Owen,... .....Mr Roberts.
Captain Thornton,.....Mr Murray.
Major Galbraith,.....Mr Weekes.
Rob Roy,.. .....Mr Calcraft.
Bailie Nicol Jarvie,.....Mr Mackay.
Dougal,.....Mr Duff.
MacStuart,.....Mr Lee.
Jobson,.....Mr Hillyard.
Saunders Wylie,.....Mr Simpson.
Andrew Fairservice,.....Mr Aikin.
Lancie Wingfield,.....Mr Stanley.
Willie,.....Master Ronaldson.
Serjeant,.....Mr Douglas.

Highlanders, Travellers, Lennox Troopers, English Soldiers, &c.

Diana Vernon,.....Mrs H. Siddons.
Martha,.....Miss J. Nicol.
Mattie,..... .....Miss Nicol.
Jean M'Alpine,.....Mrs Nicol.
Hostess,..... .....Mrs Mackay.
Helen M'Gregor,.....Mrs Renaud.

ROB ROY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of a Village Inn.—Travellers preparing to set forward on their journey; Host and Hostess attending them.*

GLEE.

Soon the sun will gae to rest,
  Let's awa' thegither;
Company is aye the best,
  Crossing o'er the heather.

Tak each lad his stirrup cup,
  His heart will feel the lighter;
Tak each lass a wee bit sup,
  Her e'e will sparkle brighter.

Solo.

Bold Rob Roy, the Southrons say,
  Is now upon the border;
Should he meet wi' us the day,
  'Twad breed a sad disorder.

Chorus.—Soon the sun, &c.

Host. Brawly sung, my maisters, brawly sung! wish ye a' safe hame, for ye're ain sakes, an' a quie return for mine. Here, wife, gi'e our friens their sti

rup-cup, while I rub down the table.—I wish you a' gude e'en, friens.— [*Exeunt Travellers.*
—Odd! there are twa mair travellers just alighting.—Wha'd hae thought o' mair company at the Thistle an' Bagpipes sae late i' the day? But what wi' Whigs, an' Tories, Jacobites, an' Rob Roy, we in the North here drive a bonny trade o't.

Enter CAMPBELL, *dressed like a north-country grazier; and* MR OWEN, *in a plain brown suit, boots, a whip, &c shown in by* WILLIE.

Willie. Travellers to Glasco', maister.—

Camp. Landlord, let us have your best, and quickly too.

Host. Troth will I, Sir; ye'll be for a dram, nae doubt, till we can toss ye up something het for your late denner. *Exit.*]

(Owen places a small saddle-bag on the table, and sinks into a chair, evidently greatly fatigued.)

Owen. Oh, my poor bones! the firm of my constitution has been worse shaken than the great house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane Alley, London. *(Willie places liquor and glasses on the table.)* Young man, have you sent my message to the Hall, hard by? *(Campbell pours out, and Owen drinks.)*

Willie. Aye, Sir; an' the lassie will sune be back wi' the answer. *Exit.*]

Camp. Weel, fellow-traveller, how does our Scotch whisky agree with your English stomach?

Owen. Thank you, Sir; thank you:—It cheers the body, but it cannot raise the spirit.—I'm quite below par, as we say in the city.

Camp. Try it again, man.

Owen. I hope Mr Francis Osbaldistone will make haste;—yet, I have a sad tale to tell him.

Camp. Osbaldistone! I know something of that family, Sir; and, if there's any thing I can serve you in, you may command me.

Owen. You are very kind, Sir;—but it is far beyond your help.

Camp. Perhaps not.—Will you trust me with the matter?

Owen. Surely I will, Sir.—The affairs of the great commercial and banking-house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane Alley, London, are no secret by this time.—All public as the Gazette.—That I should live to see it and to say it! Oh dear!

Camp. Come, come; there's nought so bad but what it may be mended.—Let's hear the business that brings you to the Hall.

Owen. It's a long account, Sir; but I'll sum it up by the shortest rules.—You must know, Sir, my name is Owen.—I am head clerk, and junior partner of the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane Alley, London; and I am now on my way to Glasgow, to recover certain papers which have been taken—stolen I'm afraid—in the absence of the head of the firm.

Camp. Stolen! By whom?

Owen. By his nephew—Mr Rashleigh.

Camp. Rashleigh!—I know—I remember—the son of Sir Hildebrand, late of the Hall here.

Owen. The same, Sir.—Sir Hildebrand and the rest of his sons are taken up on suspicion of treasonable practices.—It's an awful balance they have to strike!

Camp. But how happened it that this son—this Mr Francis you talk of—was not left in charge of his father's affairs, rather than the nephew, Rashleigh?

Owen. Ah! Sir, there lies all the mischief.—Mr Francis loathed the counting-house worse than I loathe a bankruptcy. While his father was making money, he was making poetry; and so his father, Sir, being a stern man, said that his nephew Rashleigh should take Mr Frank's place; for he never would ask his only child, a second time, to be the partner of his fortunes and affections.—Oh dear!

Camp. Well, Sir;—but what motive could induce this Rashleigh to betray a trust, which, for his own interest, one would naturally suppose he would be most faithful to?

Owen. I suspect, to aid some political purpose; whereby, at the expense of honour and conscience, he ex-

Mr. MACKAY,

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH,

— AS —

BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

news! *(Wiping his eyes.)* But why did you never answer our letters,—mine and your good father's?

Fran. Letters! I have never yet received one. I have written repeatedly, and have been astonished at receiving no reply.

Owen. O Lord! no letters! O my stars! no letters! —then they have been intercepted.—How has your poor father been deceived! O, Mr Francis, what have you not to answer for? But that's past now—it's all over!

Fran. Good Heaven!—my father! he is ill—dead?

Owen. No, no; not so bad as that; thank heaven, his day-book is still open,—but his affairs are in worse confusion than my poor brain.—O dear!

Fran. Explain yourself, I beseech you, and in terms less technical.

Owen. Well, well, the sum total is,—that your cousin Rashleigh, taking advantage of my good master's absence in Holland, has absconded with papers of such consequence to ourselves and the government, that unless we can recover them, or get help from our agents by a certain day, the house of Osbaldistone and Co. Crane-Alley, London, is in the bankrupt list as sure as the Gazette!

Fran. Gracious Heaven! my folly and disobedience then have ruined my father! Tell me how shall I redeem the consequence of my error?

Owen. Oh, Mr Frank, you raise my heart ten per cent. to hear you talk in that way. Repair to Glasgow, and assist my poor endeavours. Though you understand little, I grieve to say it, of Debtor and Creditor, you thoroughly understand, I rejoice to tell it, the great fundamental principle of all moral accounting—the great Ethic Rule of Three: let A do to B as he would have B do to him, and the product will give the rule of conduct required.

Fran. It shall, it must be so;—this very hour I'll bid adieu to the enchantress, who still must rule my destiny, and seek this destroyer, this traitor, Rashleigh! Set forward, Owen, instantly:—by the time you have made the necessary inquiries at Glasgow, I shall be with you. Oh, Diana! must we then part?

Owen. Diana! Ah love,—love! I thought so;—never knew a man open an account with him, but his affairs got into confusion. I never had any dealings with him in all my life. It's more dangerous, Mr Francis, than meddling with contraband goods. But I've heard of the consignment—to Miss Diana Vernon, best affections!—Item, heart!—Item, honour!—Item—Oh, Mr Francis, look at the per contra.—Blank!—ruin! Oh dear! [*Exit.*

Fran. Yes, for a while we must separate; yet I cannot cease to love—cannot live without her.

SONG.

(Words by Burns.)

AIR,—"*Low down in the broom.*"

O my love's like the red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my love's like the melody,
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonny lass,
So deep in love am I;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
Tho' a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will love thee still, my dear,
While the sands of life shall run.
But fare thee weel, my only love,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my love,
Tho' 'twere ten thousand mile.

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The Library of Osbaldistone-Hall.*

SIR FREDERICK *and* DIANA VERNON *seated at a Table.* MARTHA *attending.—They rise, and come forward.*

Sir F. It is now time we separate. Remember, Diana, my instructions;—We are surrounded by dan-

gers, which will require all your prudence to avert: 'Tis evident, your cousin Francis suspects the visits of a stranger to these apartments; and though this dress, resembling that of your ancestor's portrait, has hitherto enabled me to impose on the weak minds of the domestics, his penetration may discover who and what I am, before the plans are matured on which my hopes of future happiness now entirely rest.

Diana. Rely on my discretion, Sir;—you may with safety. *(Martha takes a cloak from the back of a chair, resembling that of a Catholic Priest, and gives it to Sir Frederick.)*

Martha. Indeed, Sir Frederick,—I beg pardon,—Father Vaughan, I mean, your reverence has nothing to fear, though you are a Catholic and a Jacobite. There is not a soul in the place, myself excepted, that dare stir a foot towards this part of the house after nightfall!

Sir F. I repeat, it is not from them I fear detection; the character I openly bear, of Confessor to Miss Vernon, is a sufficient security;—But remember, Diana, Francis Osbaldistone and his father are firm adherents of the present government; and should he discover me, or the purpose which renders my concealment in this part of the country necessary, it might be fatal to the cause of Scotland and ourselves.

Diana. But my cousin is a man of honourable and affectionate feelings; he would never betray you, Sir.

Sir F. You mean he would never sacrifice his love in the person of Diana Vernon. Subdue those reflections, my child, for the sake of your future peace of mind,—annihilate them, while it is yet in your power;—think that you are devoted to a cloister, or the betrothed bride of Rashleigh Osbaldistone.

[*Exit, at a Tapestry Pannel.*

Diana. You may leave me now, Martha. When my cousin Francis returns, say I wish to speak with him here.—*(Exit Martha.)* The bride of Rashleigh! never, never! any lot rather than that—the convent, the jail, the grave!—I must act as becomes the descendant of a noble ancestry! Yet how preferable is the lot of those,

whose birth and situation neither renders them meanly dependent, nor raises them to the difficulties and dangers which too often accompany wealth and grandeur.

SONG.

AIR,—" *Corn Rigs.*"

Ah! would it were my humble lot
To share with thee some lowly cot,
Where Fame and Fortune ne'er intrude
To mar the lover's solitude.
Then I'd sing nonny, nonny, O!
And merry be
With love and thee,
From morn till e'en so bonny, O!

If far away from lordly pride
The stream of life would calmly glide,
And I content, if thou wert nigh,
In joy could live, in peace could die.
And I'd sing nonny, O! &c. &c.

Enter MARTHA, *introducing* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, *and exit.*

Fran. Diana, you sent for me.

Diana. Yes, Frank:—It was to bid you farewell. Suppress your amazement, while I tell you that I am acquainted with the distresses which the treachery of Rashleigh has brought upon your father.

Fran. How, in the name of Heaven! since but within these few minutes I myself was informed?

Diana. Ask me no questions. I have it not in my power to reply to them. Fate has involved me in such a series of nets and entanglements, that I dare hardly speak a word, for fear of consequences. You must meet, and obviate the difficulties this blow has occasioned.

Fran. And how is that possible?

Diana. Every thing is possible to him who possesses courage and activity.

Fran. What do you advise?

Diana. Quit this place instantly, and for ever!

Fran. Diana!

Diana. You have only one friend to regret; and she has long been accustomed to sacrifice her friendships and comforts to the welfare of others. *(Turning round, sees Sir Frederick at the Panneel, who motions to her angrily. She faulters—he disappears.)*

Fran. What alarms you? Ha! I thought—

Diana. It is nothing, nothing.—Take Andrew the gardener for your guide, and repair instantly to Glasgow.

Fran. Such was my intention; but if Rashleigh has really formed the scheme of plundering his benefactor and disturbing the state, what prospect is there that I can find means of frustrating a plan so deeply laid?

Diana. Stay—(Yes, I will insist upon it.) Do not leave this room till I return. [*Exit.*

Fran. She has then a confederate, a friend—perhaps a lover! Every thing confirms it;—the light from these windows, which I have seen at unusual times;—the footsteps which I have traced in the morning's dew, from the private entrance to the apartment beneath this library;—the report too of apparitions;—a thousand circumstances tend to confirm my suspicions. But she comes.

Re-enter DIANA VERNON, *with a Packet.*

Diana. Frank, I trust you with this proof of my friendship, because I have the most perfect confidence in your honour. If I understand the nature of this business rightly, the funds in Rashleigh's possession must be recovered by a certain day;—take this packet, but do not open it till all other means fail. Ten days before the bills are due, you are at liberty to break the seal.

Fran. It has no superscription.

Diana. If you are compelled to open it, you will find directions inclosed.

Fran. And now, Diana, after the mysterious, but kind interest you have shown to my wordly cares, relieve my heart, by explaining—

Diana. I can explain nothing. Oh, Frank! we are now to part, perhaps never to meet more; do not then make my mysterious miseries embitter the last moments we may pass together. In the world, away from me, you may find a being less encumbered by unhappy appearances, less influenced by evil fortunes, and evil times.

Fran. Never, never! the world can afford me nothing to repay the loss of her I must leave behind me

DUET.

AIR,—"*Roy's Wife of Aldivalloch.*"

Diana. / *Fran.* } Tho' { you / I } leave { me / thee } now in sorrow,
Smiles may light our loves to-morrow.
Doom'd to part! my faithful heart,
A gleam of joy from Hope shall borrow.

Ah! ne'er forget when friends are near,
This heart alone is thine, { for ever, / Diana.
Thou may'st find those will love thee dear,
But not a love like mine, { O never, / Diana.
Tho' you leave, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Room in Bailie Nicol Jarvie's House at Glasgow.*

Enter BAILIE NICOL JARVIE *and* SAUNDERS WYLIE.

Bailie. My conscience! I tell ye, Saunders, ye're daft,—ye're mad! Osbaldistone and Co. in danger! It's no possible.

Wylie. It's very true, Bailie; and I thought it but right to let you, my auld maister, ken o't.

Bailie. Troth, Saunders, ye've stunned me wi' the evil communication.—Osbaldistone and Co. fail!—Stop!—My conscience!—Mattie! *(Calling off.)*

Wylie. Maister Owen, the head clerk, and junior

partner, has been at our house wi' the news, an' begging for time to tak up the bills.

Bailie. Owen! I remember—he's a man o' figures—a man o' calculation; an' if he talks o' ruin, by my saul, it's no far aff!—But what for did he no ca' upon Nicol Jarvie? I'm a merchant, an' a magistrate, as weel as MacVittie; but he thinks nae mair o' me, I reckon, than o' an auld Scotch pedlar.—Mattie! Mattie! Mattie!

Enter MATTIE.

Tell the clerk to bring the ledger.

Mattie. The clerk! Lord, Bailie! he's safe in his bed these twa hours.

Bailie. A-bed, the lazy blackguard! Then fetch it yoursel, Mattie.

Mattie. I'se do your bidding, Bailie. [*Exit.*

Bailie. My conscience! I havena had sican a shock since my worthy faither the Deacon, (peace be wi' him!) left me to fecht my way alane in this wicked warld.—But what says MacVittie? Will he grant the time?

Wylie. No a day, Mr Jarvie;—no an hour. Things look sae bad, I fear my employers mean to resort to the severest measures. I heard them talk o' arresting Maister Owen; so you had best look to yoursel.

Enter MATTIE *with the Ledger.*

Bailie. Look to mysel! let me look at the ledger first. *(Putting on his spectacles, and opening it eagerly.)* L—M—N—O—Os—Osbal—as I'm a Bailie, the balance maun be enormous—but I havena the heart to run it up now. *(Returning the Ledger to Mattie.)* How muckle is MacVittie in wi' him, Saunders?

Wylie. I canna justly say, Bailie; but some hundreds

Bailie. Hundreds! only hundreds! Damn their supple snouts! And would they press a fa'ing man for the sake o' hundreds,—they that hae made thousands by him?—Your maisters, Saunders Wylie, hae ta'en mony a gude fat job frae between my teeth; but I'll snap them this turn—I'll snap them this turn!

Wylie. I wish you could, Bailie—I wish you could. Ah! I made a sair change when I left you to serve twa sic infernal——

Bailie. Whisht! Saunders, whisht! while you eat their bread, dinna abuse the damn'd scoundrels ahint their backs.

Wylie. Ye've a kind heart, Mr Jarvie, and an honest ane too.

Bailie. My conscience! so had my worthy faither the Deacon, Saunders;—rest and bless him!

Wylie. Wad ye be pleased to consult on this business wi' our partners, Sir?

Bailie. No; I'll see them baith damn'd first!—My conscience!—that is, a man that meddles wi' pitch is sure to be defiled.—I'd sooner haud a parley wi' Auld Clootie!—Na, na; Nicol Jarvie has a way o' his ain to manage this matter.—Gang your ways, Mattie, wi' that huge memorial o' misfortunes, and bring my walking gear, an' the lantern. *(Exit Mattie.)*—As for you, Saunders, speed ye hame again, an' no a word that ye hae seen me! *(Exit Wylie.)*—Osbaldistone and Co. stop!—My conscience!—I'd sooner hae dreamed o' the dounfa' o' the Bank o' Lunnon!—Why it's eneugh to gar the very hairs o' my wig rise, an' stand on end!—But the distress cannot be permanent. At ony rate I'se prove mysel a friend; and if the house regains its credit, I shall recover my loss,—and if no, why I hae done as I would be done by, like my worthy faither the Deacon, gude man!—blessings on his memory, say I, that taught me gude-will towards my fellow-creatures!

Enter MATTIE, *decked out for walking—her Apron pinned up, &c. and bearing the Bailie's Tartan Cloak, Hat, Lantern, &c.*

Mattie. I've brought your gear, Sir; but, gude safe us! whar wad ye be ganging to, at such a time o' night? *(She helps him on with his dress.)*

Bailie. Ye'll sune ken that, Mattie, for ye maun e'en tramp alang wi' me.—I wadna like to be breaking my

shins in the dark just now; for, truth to speak, I had never mair occasion to stand firm on my legs, baith at hame and abroad.—Now, gie us the beaver, lassie.

Mattie. Weel! to think o' putting on claithes when ye suld be taking 'em aff, an' scampering abroad, when ye suld be ganging to your bed!

Bailie. Time and tide wait for nae man, Mattie.

Mattie. But whar are ye ganging to, Bailie?

Bailie. To mony places that I'd as lief bide awa frae.

Mattie. Now wrap this 'kerchief about your thrapple.
(Ties a handerchief round his neck.)

Bailie. Ye're a kind-hearted lassie, Mattie.

Mattie. There—leave a wee bit room for your mou'.

Bailie. *(Aside.)* I wonder what she's gaun to dae wi' my mou'.—*(Stroking his chin.)*

Mattie. *(Giving him a flask.)* Ye maun needs hae a drap o' the cordial your faither, the Deacon, was sae fond o';—he aye liked to sip the cordial.

Bailie. Rest and bless him! sae he did; and sae do I too, Mattie.—*(Drinks.)* You're a gude-tempered soul, Mattie, and a bonnie lass too. Ye're come o' gude kith and kin, Mattie—the Laird o' Limmerfield's cousin—only seven times removed.—*(Mattie is moving away the bottle.)*—Stay—you may bring the bottle wi' you, Mattie, and tuck yoursel' under my arm—there's nae disgrace in a Bailie walking hand in arm wi' ane o' gentle bluid—Sae, come your ways, Mattie.—Osbaldistone and Co.—Stop!—My conscience! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Old Bridge of Glasgow.*

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE *and* ANDREW FAIRSERVICE.

And. *(Drunk.)* Weel, Sir, thanks to the gude guidance o' Andrew, here ye are in Glasgow, spite o' the bogles and bad ways.

Fran. Was it the bogles, or the brandy, that made you ride at such an infernal pace? You are half drunk, you scoundrel—But get you gone;—see the horses taken care of, and order something for my supper;

while it's preparing I shall walk here upon the bridge. *(Campbell, muffled in a cloak, appears at the back, but seeing Andrew, retires.)*

And. A walk by moonlight after a lang ride, is but cauld comfort for aching banes; but your honour kens best.—He's crack-brained, and cockle-headed, wi' his poetry nonsense; he'd sooner by half chatter to Miss Vernon, than hear a word o' sense from a sober steady chield like mysel'.—*(Aside.)* [*Exit.*

Fran. 'Tis now too late to learn tidings of poor Owen, or inquire the residence of my father's agents. Bitter reflection!—All this I might have prevented by a trifling sacrifice of the foolish pride and indolence which recoiled from sharing the labours of his honourable profession.

Enter CAMPBELL.

Camp. Mr Osbaldistone, you are in danger.

Fran. From whom?—*(Starting.)*

Camp. Follow me, and you shall know.

Fran. I must first know your name and purpose.

Camp. I am a man, and my purpose is friendly.

Fran. That is too brief a description.

Camp. It will serve for him who has no other to give. He that is without name, without friends, without coin, and without country, is at least a man; and he that has all these, is no more.—Follow me, or remain without the information which I wish to afford you.

Fran. Can you not give it me here?

Camp. No;—you must receive it from your own eyes, not from my mouth.—What is it you fear?

Fran. I fear nothing;—walk on, I attend you.

Camp. Yet if you knew who was by your side, you might feel a tremor.

Fran. The spirit of Rashleigh seems to hover round me;—yet 'tis neither his form nor voice.—*(Aside.)*

Camp. Would you not fear the consequence of being found with him whose very name, whispered in this lonely street, would make the stones themselves rise up to apprehend him?—on whose head the men of Glasgow would build their fortunes, as on a found trea-

sure!—the sound of whose downfall were as welcome at the Cross of Edinburgh, as the news of a battle fought and won!

Fran. Who are you then, whose name should create such terror?

Camp. No enemy of yours, since I am conveying you to a place, where, if I myself were recognised and identified, iron to the heels, and hemp to the throat, would be my brief dooming.

Fran. You have said either too much or too little, to induce me to confide in you. *(Campbell makes a step towards him; he draws back and lays his hand on his sword.)*

Camp. What! on an unarmed man, and your friend?

Fran. I am yet ignorant if you are either one or the other.

Camp. Well, I respect him whose hand can keep his head—I love a free young blood, that knows no protection but the cross of his sword! I am taking you to see one, whom you will be right glad to see, and from whose lips you will learn the secret of the danger in which you now stand. Come on! [*Exit Campbell; Francis following cautiously.*

SCENE V.—*Hall in the Tolbooth of Glasgow.*

(Knocking without.)

Enter DOUGAL.—*He has a shock head of red hair, and an extraordinary personal appearance; a huge bundle of keys at his belt, and a lamp in his hand; listens and speaks.*

Doug. Fat's tat?

Camp. *(Without.)* Gregarach! *Dougal) runs out in haste, and re-enters joyfully, bringing on Campbell and Francis Osbaldistone.)* Dougal, you have not forgotten me?

Doug. Och, te'il a pit! te'il a pit! whar'll she gang? fat will she do for you? Oigh, it's lang sin she wudna saa't ye.

Fran. She! *she* seen him! Is it then a female to

whom I am conducted? or is it merely the dialect of his country, in which that animal expresses himself? *(As he says this apart, Campbell speaks to Dougal and points to him.)*

Doug. To be sure she wull; wi' aw her heart, wi' aw her soul! But fat wull cum o' ye, if the Bailies should cum, or the captain should wakens?

Camp. Fear nothing, Dougal; your hands shall never draw a bolt upon me.

Doug. Och, te'il a pit! te'il a pit! She would hack um baith aff at te elbuck first.

Camp. Then, dispatch.

Doug. Wi' aw my heart, wi' aw my soul! *(He trims his lamp, and beckons Francis, who perceiving Campbell does not follow, pauses.)*

Fran. Do you not go with us?

Camp. It is unnecessary; my company might be inconvenient. I had better remain, and secure our retreat.—Lose no time. [*Exit.*

(Francis seems at a loss what to do—Dougal impatient.)

Doug. Fuith! fuith! come awa, man. Droch-coil ortsa! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Cell in the Tolbooth. A pallet-bed, with Owen reposing on it. A small table and chair.* DOUGAL *opens the door and advances, followed by* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Fran. I cannot suppose he means to betray me; yet 'tis strange—

Doug. *(Having looked towards the bed.)* She's sleepin'.

Fran. She!—who?

Doug. Shentleman's to spoken wi' her. *(Shaking Owen.)*

Owen. Ey, what! Oh dear! *(Pops his head, adorned with a red night-cap, from beneath the clothes, just as Francis has eagerly advanced.)*

Fran. Owen! *(Pausing in surprise.)*

Owen. I'll tell you what, Mr Dugwell, or Hugwell, or whatever your name may be, if my natural rest is to be broken in upon in this manner, the sum-total of the amount is this, I'll complain to the Lord Mayor.

Doug. Ugh!—cha neil Sassenach. [*Exit.*

Fran. Owen!

Owen. Ey!—Oh dear! have they caught you too? then our last hope fails, and the account is closed.

Fran. Do not be so much alarmed; all may not be so bad as you expect. *(Owen rises.)*

Owen. O, Mr Frank, we are gone! Osbaldistone and Co. Crane Alley, London, is no longer a firm! I think nothing of myself—I am a mere cypher; but you that were your father's sum-total, as I may say,—his omnium—that might have been the first man in the first house in the first city, to be shut up in a nasty Scotch jail—a Holbooth I think they call it—Oh dear!

Fran. I am no prisoner, my good friend, though I can scarcely account for my being in such a place at such a time.

Owen. No prisoner! Heaven be praised!—But what news this will be upon 'Change!

Fran. Cease these lamentations, and let me know the cause of your being here.

Owen. It's soon told, Mr Frank.—When I disclosed my business to Messrs MacVittie and MacFin, instead of instant assistance, they demanded instant security and as I am liable, being a small partner in our House, they made oath that I meditated departing this realm, and had recourse to a summary process of arrest and imprisonment, which it seems the law here allows, and —here I am—Oh dear!

Fran. Why did you not apply to our other correspondent, Mr Nicol Jarvie?

Owen. What! the cross-grained crabstick in the Saltmarket? 'Twould have been of no use. You might as well ask a broker to give up his per centage, as expect a favour from him without the per contra. O, Mr Frank! this is all your doing!—But I beg pardon for saying so to you in your distress.

Enter CAMPBELL *and* DOUGAL, *hastily.*

Doug. Och hone a rie—Och hone a rie!—what'll she do now? It's my Lord Provost, an' Bailies, an' Town

Guard! Hide yourse' ahint te bed. *(To Camp.)*—Fuiths, fuiths, man, ye maun gang, for te Captain has opened the wicket.

Camp. Lend me your pistols:—yet it's no matter, I can do without them; whatever you see, take no heed—do not mix your hand in another man's quarrel. *(To Fran.)*—I must manage as I can. *(Seats himself on the table.)* [*Exit Dougal.*

Enter MATTIE, *followed by* BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

Bailie. *(Looking back)* I'll ca' when I want ye, Stanchells.—Dougal shall mak a' fast, or I'll mak him fast, the scoundrel! A bonnie thing, and beseeming, that I should be kept at the door half an hour, knocking as hard to get into jail, as ony body else would be to get out o'nt!—How's this?—Strangers in the Tolbooth after lock-up hours! Keep the door lockit, you Dougal Creature;—I'll sune talk to these gentlemen; but I maun first hae a crack wi' an auld acqnaintance.—Ah! Mr Owen! how's a' wi' ye, Mr Owen?

Owen. Pretty well in body, Mr Jarvie, I thank you, but sore afflicted in spirit.

Bailie. Ay, ay, we're a' subject to downfa's, Mr Owen, as my worthy faither, the Deacon—rest and bless him!—used to say,—"Nick," said he (ye maun ken his name was Nicol, as weel as mine; so the folks in their daffin used to ca' us Young Nick and Auld Nick!)—"Young Nick," said he, "never put out your arm ony farther than you can draw it easily back again."

Owen. You need not have called these things to my memory in such a situation, Mr Nicol Jarvie.

Bailie. What! do you think I cam out at sic a time o' night, to tell a fa'ing man o' his backslidings?—My conscience!—No, no—that's no Bailie Jarvie's way, nor his worthy faither's the Deacon—rest and bless him!—afore him. I sune discovered what lodgings your *friends* had provided you, Mr Owen;—but gi'e us your list, man, and let us see how things stand between us, while I rest my shanks. Mattie, haud the lantern. *(Taking papers from Owen, and sitting at the corner of the bed.*

Dougal enters cautiously at the door—beckons Campbell, and expresses anxiety to get him off.)

Bailie. Eh! what's that ye're about, Sir?

Doug. Oich! dit ye mak a spok for me?

Camp. Say nothing. *(In a low tone.)*

Bailie. Eh! look to the door there, you Dougal Creature:—let me hear you lock it, and keep watch on the outside.—*(Exit Dougal, who bars the door, but instantly undoes it again; and peeps on, expressing to Campbell that he is safe.—Campbell observing this, swaggers round the stage, and then seats himself on the table.)*—That's a deevilish queer chiel', he seems unco near his ain fireside. Sit still, Sir, and I'll talk to you by and bye.

Owen. There, Sir; you'll find the balance in the wrong column—for us—but you'll please to consider—

Bailie. There's nae time to consider, Mr Owen—It's plain you owe me siller;—but I canna, for the saul o' me, see how you'll clear it aff by snoring here in the Tolbooth! Now, Sir, if you'll promise no to flee the country, you shall be at liberty in the morning.

Owen. O, Sir! O, Mr Jarvie!

Bailie. I'm a carefu' man as ony in the Sautmarket, and I'm a prudent man, as my worthy faither the Deacon, good soul! was before me; but rather than that double-faced dog, MacVittie, shall keep an honest civil gentleman by the heels, I'se be your bail mysel'—*(Owen goes up to him in raptures, but fails in his attempt to speak.)*—There, you've said eneugh. But, in the name o' misrule, how got ye companions?—Gie me the light, Mattie. *(He catches it from her, and holding it towards Campbell, who is seated calmly on the table and whistles in his face, starts back.)* Ey! My conscience!—It's impossible!—and yet I'm clean bambaized,—Why, you robber!—you cateran!—you cheat-the-gallows rogue!

Owen. Bless me! It's my good friend, Mr Campbell; a very honest man, Mr Jarv——

Bailie. Honest! My conscience! You in the Glasgow Tolbooth!—What d'ye think's the value o' your head?

Camp. Umph! why, fairly weighed, and Dutch weight—one Provost, four Bailies, a Town-clerk, and sax Deacons.

Bailie. Sax Deacons! Was there ever sic a born deevil? But tell owre your sins, Sir; for if I but say the word——

Camp. True, Bailie; but you never will say that word.

Bailie. And what for no, Sir? What for no?

Camp. For three sufficient reasons, Bailie Jarvie:—First, for auld langsyne:

Bailie. *(Softening.)* Ay, Rab! *(Shakes his hand.)*

Camp. Secondly, for the good wife ayont the fire, that made some mixture of our bloods——

Bailie. Weel, Rab?

Camp. And third and lastly, Bailie Nicol Jarvie—

Bailie. Ay, Rab?

Camp. Because, if I saw any sign of your betraying me, I'd plaister that wall with your brains, ere the hand of man could rescue you. *(Owen in great consternation runs to the bed.)*

Bailie. My conscience! Weel, weel, Rab! it would be quite as unpleasant for me to hae my head knocked about, as it would be discreditable to string up a kinsman in a hempen cravat; but if it hadna been yoursel', Rab, I'd hae gripped the best man in the Highlands

Camp. You'd have tried, Bailie Jarvie—you'd have tried, Bailie.

Bailie. Ay, I wad hae *tried*, Bailie;—but wha the deevil's this? *(To Francis.)* Anither honest man, I reckon.

Owen. This, good Sir, is Mr Francis Osbaldistone.

Bailie. O, I've heard o' this spark:—run away frae his faither, in pure dislike to the labour an honest man should live by.—Weel. Sir. what do you say to your handywork?

Fran. My dislike to the commercial profession, Mr Jarvie, is a feeling of which I am the best, and sole judge.

Owen. Oh dear!

Camp. It's manfully spoken; and I honour the lad for his contempt of weavers and spinners, and all such mechanical persons.—*(Owen goes to bed again.)*

Bailie. Weavers and spinners, indeed! I'm a weaver and spinner, and wha's better? Will a' your ancestry

tell whar Rashleigh is, or a' your deep oaths and drawn dirks procure Mr Frank five thousand pounds to answer the bills, which fa' due in ten days!

Fran. Ten days! Is the time so near? I may then have recourse—*(Draws out the letter, opens it, and an enclosure falls from the envelope;—the Bailie catches it up.)*

Bailie. My conscience!—For Rob Roy!

Fran. Rob Roy! *(Campbell instantly snatches the letter.)*

Bailie. Weel, here's a wind blawn a letter to its right owner; but, as I'm a Bailie, there were ten thousand chances to ane against its coming to hand.

Fran. You are too hasty, Sir; I was not, in this instance, desirous of your interference.

Camp. Make yourself easy, Sir; Diana Vernon has more friends than you are aware of. *(Reads to himself.)*

Fran. Is it possible? Is the fate of a being so amiable involved in that of a man of such desperate fortunes and character?

Camp. So, Rashleigh has sent these papers to the Highlands. It's a hazardous game she has given me to play, but I'll not baulk her. Mr Osbaldistone, you must visit me in the glens; and, cousin, if you dare venture to shew him the way——

Bailie. Catch me!

Camp. And eat a leg of red-deer venison with me——

Bailie. *(Coolly.)* Na, thank ye, Rab.

Camp. I'll pay you the two hundred pounds I owe you; and you can leave Mr Owen the while, to do the best he can in Glasgow.

Bailie. Say nae mair, Rab,—say nae mair. I'll gang wi' you; but you maun guarantee me safe hame again to the Sautmarket.

Camp. There's my thumb, I'll ne'er beguile you.—But I must be going.—The air of Glasgow Tolbooth is not over wholesome for a Highlander's constitution.

Bailie. Noo, to think that I should be aiding and abetting an escape frae justice! It'll be a disgrace to me and mine, and the memory o' my worthy faither the Deacon,—rest and bless him!—for ever.

Camp. Hout, tout, man! when the dirt's dry it will

rub out again. Your faither could look over a friend's faults, and why not your faither's son?

Bailie. So he could, Robin; so he could;—he was a gude man the Deacon. Ye mind me, Rab, dinna ye?

Camp. Troth, do I—he was a weaver, and wrought my first pair of hose.

Bailie. Tak care his son doesna weave your last cravat. Ye've a lang craig for a gibbet, Rab.—But whar's that Dougal creature?

Camp. If he is the lad I think him, he has not waited your thanks for his share of this night's work.

Bailie. What! gane! and left me and Mattie locked up in jail for a' night!—I'll hang the Hieland deevil as high as Haman.

Camp. When you catch him, Bailie Jarvie—when you catch him. But see—he knew an open door would serve me at a pinch. Come, Bailie, speak the pass-word.

Bailie. Stanchells, let this stranger out—he—he's—

Camp. What?——

Bailie. He's a friend o' mine. My conscience! and a bonny friend he is. *(Aside.)*

Camp. Fare-ye-weel! Be early with me at Aberfoil.

> "Now, open your gates, and let me go free,
> "I darena stay longer in bonny Dundee."

[*Exit.*

Bailie. So that Dougal creature was an agent o' Rab's! I shouldna wonder if he has ane in ilka jail in Scotland. —*(Whistling without.)* Do ye hear the Hieland deevils whistling, without ony regard for Sunday or Saturday. I fancy they think themsel's on the tap o' Ben Lomond already. Weel, I hae done things this blessed night, that my worthy faither the Deacon, rest and bless him! wadna hae believed.—But there's balm in Gilead.—*(Going to the bed-side.)* Mr Owen, I hope to see you at breakfast in the morning.—*(Owen snores.)* Eh! why the man's fast.

Fran. And the sooner we depart, and follow his example, Sir, the better; for it must be near midnight.—

Bailie. Midnight! Weel, Mattie shall light ye hame. *(Francis takes Mattie under his arm; the Bailie gently disengages her from him.)*—Nane o' your Lunnon tricks

here, my man! Mattie's a decent lassie, and come gude kith and kin—the Laird o' Limmerfield's cousin-only seven times removed.—Now that I look at ye again, my fine spark, I'se see ye hame mysel'. *(St Mungo's Clock strikes Twelve.)*

FINALE.

Fran. Hark! hark! now from St Mungo's tower
The bell proclaims the midnight hour,
Bome!

Mattie. And thro' the city, far and near,
From spire and turret now I hear,
Bome!

Both. Ere yet the first vibration dies,
Each iron tongue of time replies,
Bome!

Owen. Augh!

Bailie. Hark! hark! from Mister Owen's nose,
A cadence deep! a dying close,
Bome!

Owen. Augh!

Fran., *Matt.* & *Bail.* { Ere yet, &c.
Ere yet the first vibration dies,
His nasal organ quick replies,
Bome!

Owen. Augh!
Bless me! ev'ry way I am úndone,
I did not dream of being here;
But snug in sweet Crane Alley, London,
And Stocks were up, and I—Oh dear!

ALL.

Fran., *Bail.* & *Matt.* } Home, home, { we / you } must no longer stay;
For soon will peep the morning light.

Owen & *Stanch.* } Now { let us / pray make } haste { come, come, / go, go, } away!
Farewell at once—at once good-night.

[*Exeunt*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The College Gardens of Glasgow, and View of the Spire of St Mungo.*

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE, *and* JOBSON *rather behind him, waiting his instructions;—he walks rapidly, turns and pauses.*

Rash. Galbraith and MacStuart are in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil. Good!—When did Captain Thornton march?

Job. Yesterday morning, Sir.

Rash. Umph! You are certain that order for the arrest of those two persons I described was given to him?

Job. I delivered it myself into his own hands, Sir.

Rash. You committed Mr Owen to prison, you say;—is he there now?

Job. He is.

Rash. If my cousin, Mr Francis Osbaldistone, follows him to Glasgow, instantly enforce the warrant, of which you have a duplicate.

Job. It shall be done, you may depend on it, Sir.

Rash. 'Tis of importance to keep him out of the way;—that man is a basilisk in my sight, and has been an insurmountable barrier to my dearest hopes. Now, Sir, a word:—if you breathe a syllable to any human being of the business which the government has entrusted to my direction, before the blow is struck which must counteract the intended rising in the Highlands, you share the destiny of the rankest rebel among them. As to the papers which I forwarded to MacGregor, ere long they shall be again in my possession, and himself in your custody.—What hour is it?

Job. Not yet five, Sir.

Rash. 'Tis well: we have time before us. Make yourself ready, and be well armed.—Leave me. *(Exit Jobson.)*—MacGregor is by this time in the Highlands.

He still believes me faithful to the cause I have hitherto so ardently encouraged and assisted; and those papers (which I now regret having committed to his care) will at least serve to aid the delusion. Cursed infatuation! —yet I repine not, for I have the power to check the gaze of cunning, probe all hearts, and watch the varying check; linked with success, it moulds each other's weakness to my will;—such it hath been, and such it shall be now!—Rejected by her I loved, scorned by him I would have served,—they shall at least find the false friend, and the renegade knows how to resent such insults.—Ah!

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Fran. You are well met, Sir.

Rash. I am glad to hear it.—*(Aside.)* He's earlier than I expected; but Jobson is prepared.

Fran. I was about to take a long and doubtful journey in quest of you.

Rash. You know little of him you sought then. I'm easily found by my friends, and still more easily by my foes;—in which am I to class Mr Francis Osbaldistone?

Fran. In that of your foes, Sir—your mortal foes, unless you instantly do justice to my father, by accounting for his property.

Rash. And to whom am I, a member of your father's commercial establishment, to be compelled to give an account of my proceedings? Surely, not to a young gentleman, whose exquisite taste for literature would render such discussions disgusting and unintelligible.

Fran. Your, sneer, Sir, is no answer; you must accompany me to a magistrate.

Rash. Be it so;—yet—no,—were I inclined to do as you would have me, you should soon feel which of us had most reason to dread the presence of a magistrate; but I have no wish to accelerate your fate. Go, young man; amuse yourself in your world of poetical imagination, and leave the business of life to those who understand, and can conduct it.

Fran. This tone of calm insolence shall not avail you,

Sir!—the name we both bear never yet submitted to insult.

Rash. Right, right!—you remind me that it was dishonoured in my person—you remind me also by whom. —Think you I have forgotten that blow,—never to be washed out, but by blood? For the various times you have crossed my path, and always to my prejudice—for the persevering folly with which you seek to traverse schemes, the importance of which you neither know, nor are capable of estimating,—you owe me a long account; and fear not, there shall come an early day of reckoning.

Fran. Why not the present? Do your schemes or your safety require delay?

Rash. You may trample on the harmless worm, but pause ere you rouse the slumbering venom of the folded snake.

Fran. I will not be trifled with.

Rash. I had other views respecting you; but enough. —Receive now the chastisement of your boyish insolence. *(They draw, and at the moment their swords cross, Campbell rushes forward, and beats down their guard.)*

Camp. Hold! stand off!

Rash. MacGregor!

Camp. By the hand of my father! the first man that strikes, I'll cleave him to the brisket.—*(To Fran.)*—Think you to establish your father's credit by cutting your kinsman's throat?—Or do you, Sir—*(To Rash.)* imagine men will trust their lives, their fortunes, and a great political interest, with one that brawls about like a drunken Gillie? Nay, nay, never look grim, or gash at me, man!—If you're angry, turn the buckle of your belt behind you.

Rash. You presume, Sir, on my present situation, or you would hardly dare to interfere where my honour is concerned.

Camp. Presume!—And what for should it be presuming? Ye may be the richer man, Mr Osbaldistone, as is most likely, and ye may be the more learned man, which I dispute not; but you are neither a better nor a braver man than myself;—and it will be news to me

indeed, when I bear you are half so good.—And *dar* too? dare!—Hout, tout!—much daring there is about it

Rash. *(Aside.)* What devil brought him here to ma a plan so well devised? I must lure him to the toils.

Camp. What say you?

Rash. My kinsman will acknowledge he forced thi on me. I'm glad we were interrupted before I chastise his insolence too severely.—The quarrel was none of m seeking.

Camp. Well, then, walk with me—I have news for you

Fran. Pardon me, Sir; I will not lose sight of him till he has done justice to my father.

Camp. Would you bring two on your head instea of one?

Fran. Twenty—rather than again neglect my duty.

Rash. You hear him, MacGregor!—Is it my faul that he rushes on his fate?—The warrants are out.

Camp. Warrants!—curses on all such instruments they have been the plague of poor old Scotland for thi hundred years—but, come on't what will, I'll never con sent to his being hurt that stands up for the father tha begot him.

Rash. Indeed!

Camp. My conscience will not let me.

Rash. *Your conscience*, MacGregor!

Camp. Yes, *my conscience*, Sir; I have such a thin about me;—that, at least, is one advantage which yo cannot boast of.

Rash. You forget how long you and I have know each other.

Camp. If you know what I am, you know likewis what usage made me what I am; and whatever yo may think, I would not change with the proudest o the oppressors that have driven me to take the heathe bush for shelter. What *you* are, and what excuse yo have for being *what* you are, lies between your ow heart and the long day.

Rash. *(Aside.)* Can MacGregor suspect?—Has Mac-Vittie betrayed me?

Camp. Leave him, I say!—you are more in danger from a magistrate than he is; and were your cause as

straight as an arrow, he'd find a way to warp it. *(Francis persists in not leaving Rashleigh, but is withheld by Campbell.)*—Take your way, Rashleigh—make one pair of legs worth two pair of hands.—You have done that before now.

Rash. Cousin, you may thank this gentleman, if I leave any part of my debt to you unpaid; but I quit you now, in the hope that we shall soon meet again, without the possibility of interruption. [*Exit.*

Camp. (As Francis struggles to follow.)—As I live by bread, you are as mad as he! Would you follow the wolf to his den? *(Pushes him back.)*—Come, come, be cool—'tis to me you must look for that you seek.—Keep aloof from Rashleigh, and that pettifogging justice-clerk, Jobson; above all, from MacVittie.—Make the best of your way to Aberfoil,—and, by the word of a MacGregor, I will not see you wronged!—Remember the Clachan of Aberfoil. *(Campbell shakes his hand with great cordiality; then exeunt severally)*

SCENE II.—*The Library at Osbaldistone Hall. A knocking heard without.*

Enter SIR FREDERICK VERNON *from the Pannel, with haste and agitation.*

Sir F. I was not mistaken;—it is at the private door. *(Knocking again.)*—Martha! Martha!—I dread the purport of this unexpected visit;—yet what should I fear?—Martha!

Enter MARTHA.

Martha. I come, I come.—Bless me, I'm a' in a tremble.

Sir F. Is Diana in the next apartment?

Martha. Yes, truly, and full o' wonder and apprehension.

Sir F. Haste and observe the appearance of this person. Question, but do not admit him till I know his errand. *(Exit Martha.)*—Can it be Campbell?—Rashleigh?—No—perhaps a courier from the Earl of Mar.

SCENE III.—*Interior of Jean MacAlpine's Change House, in the Clachan of Aberfoil.*

At the Table sit Major GALBRAITH *and* MACSTUART.—*In one corner lies a Highlander asleep, his sword and target near him.*

MacStuart. Eneugh, eneugh, Galbraith—I can teuk my pint of usquebach, or pranty either, wi' ony man: but we have wark in hand just noo, and had better look to it.

Galb. Hout tout, man—meat and mass never yet hindered wark; had it been my directing, instead of this Rish—Rash—what the deevil is the Saxon's name?

MacStuart. Haud your whisht, Major, man—haud your whisht;—don't let the pranty be owre strong for your prains—Do you no see?—*(Pointing to the sleeper.)*

Galb. I say that the garrison and our troopers, with Captain Thornton's party, could have taken Rob Roy, without bringing you all the way from the Glens to Aberfoil here. There's the hand that would lay him flat upon the green, and never ask a Hielander for help.

MacStuart. Come, come—'tis time we were going.

Galb. Going!—why, 'tis here Thornton was appointed to meet us; besides, mind the auld saw,—"It's a bauld moon, quo' Bennygask—anither pint quo' Lesslie;" and we'll no steer a stap till we've drucken it neither. —*(Rises.)*

SONG.

(Words altered from Wordsworth's Poem of "Rob Roy's Grave.")

AIR,—"*My love she's but a lassie yet.*"

A famous man was Robin Hood,
The English ballad singer's joy;
But Scotland has a thief as good,—
She has—she has her bold Rob Roy!

A dauntless heart MacGregor shows,
And wond'rous length and strength of arm;
He long has quell'd his Highland foes,
And kept—and kept his friends from harm.
Chorus.—A famous man, &c.

His daring mood protects him still,
For this—the robber's simple plan,
That they should take who have the will,
And they should keep—should keep who can.
And while Rob Roy is free to rove,
In summer's heat and winter's snow,
The eagle he is lord above,
And bold Rob Roy is lord below.
Chorus.—A famous man, &c.

JEAN MACALPINE *is heard without in loud expostulation with* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE *and* BAILIE NICOL JARVIE. *Galbraith and MacStuart look round angrily. The Sleeper raises his head, and discovers himself to be* DOUGAL. *He secures his sword and target, and resumes his position as the new comers enter.*

Jean. Indeed, gentlemen, my house is taen up wi them that winna like to be intruded on.

Fran. But, my good woman, we are dying with hunger.

Bailie. Starving! Sax hours since I tasted a morsel, except the rough, tough legs o' an auld moor-cock.

Jean. You had better gang far'er than fare waur.

Bailie. I've ither eggs upon the spit.—I'll no steer a stap, woman.

Jean. Weel, weel; a wilfu' man maun hae his ain way.—But I wash my hands on't.

Fran. I must make the best apology I can to your guests; but as they are so few, I hope little will be required for adding two more to their company. *(Exit Jean MacAlpine.—The Bailie turns up a meal-tub, and seats himself very composedly near the fire. Francis goes to seat himself near Galbraith, who instantly throws his legs upon the seat.)*

Galb You make yourself perfectly at hame, Sir

—My hopes, my existence, hang upon a thread—either Scotland has her rights restored, or I have nothing more to do with life.

Re-enter MARTHA, *with a Letter.*

Well!

Martha. A gentleman,—a cavalier,—a—I ken na what to ca' him;—this, he said, would speak for him. —*(Gives the letter, which Sir Frederick opens, and reads with agitation.)*—And weel it ought, for he had scarcely breath to say, "Deliver that," when he pat spurs to his panting steed, and dashed frae the wicket as if he had seen a warlock or a witch, instead o' a decent-looking lassie.

Sir F. Betrayed—ruined—lost!—Desire my daughter to attend me. *(Exit Martha.)*—O, villain—villain! I had suspicions, but little did I expect so sudden, so fatal a confirmation! This ill-advised confidence in Rashleigh has ruined all. To yield, or to be taken now, were but to lay our heads upon the block. But 'tis yet too strong a cause to be abandoned for the breath of a traitor's tale. Promptness and decision often restore to health and vigour that which despair would leave hopelessly to perish.—I must hasten instantly to the Highlands,—if our friends there are as weak as some are false:—but one course remains—an immediate escape to France.

Enter DIANA VERNON.

Diana. Dear Sir, what means this unusual summons?

Sir F. Diana, our perils are now at the utmost;—you must accompany and share them with me.

Diana. Willingly.

Sir F. Contemplate the dangers which surround us with firmness and resolution;—rely on the justice of heaven, and the unshaken constancy of your own mind.

Diana. I have been taught endurance, Sir, and will not shrink from it now. What I have borne for your sake, I can bear again.—But the cause?—Some political secret?

Sir F. Yes;—which your late rejection of Rashleigh for a husband has induced him to betray,—contrary to the oath by which he bound himself. But prepare instantly for your departure.

Diana. Whither to go?

Sir F. First to the Highlands:—I must endeavour to see MacGregor:—you shall know more when I have made my own arrangements.—I will relieve the distresses of your cousin, Francis, if possible; but the solemn contract that has bound me to Rashleigh leaves the convent your whole and sole resource, unless, indeed, you renounce the creed in which you have been educated.

Diana. Forsake the faith of my gallant fathers! Never—I would as soon, were I a man, forsake their banners when the tide of war pressed hardest, and turn, like a hireling recreant, to join its enemies!—*(Sir Frederick clasps her with transport to his bosom, and exit.)*—Yes, when the gathering cry is heard upon the hills, there's not a lassie but will share her hero's danger; and thus sing the praise of her gallant Highlandman.

SONG.

(Words by Burns.)

AIR,—"*White Cockade.*"

A Highland lad my love was born,
The Lowland laws he held in scorn,
But he still was faithful to his clan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.

Sing hey my braw John Highlandman,
Sing ho my braw John Highlandman,
There's not a lad in a' the clan
Can match wi' my braw Highlandman.

With his bonnet blue, and tartan plaid,
And good claymore down by his side,
The ladies' hearts he did trepan,
My gallant braw John Highlandman.
Sing hey, &c.

[*Exit.*

Fran. Wait without—One way or other I will determine speedily.

And. I dinna gie a damn how ye determine, Sir, but I winna do't—I'm no sic a born idiwut—I'll no do't.

[*Exit.*

Bailie. Let Glasgow flourish!—I'll bear nae language offensive to the Duke o' Argyle, or the name o' Campbell.—My conscience!—Remember the het poker!—I say, he's a credit to the country, and a gude friend to our town and trade.

Galb. Ah! there'll be a new warld soon—we shall have no Campbells cocking their bonnets so high, and protecting thieves and murderers, to harry and spoil better men, and mair loyal clans.

Bailie. Sir, ye gie your tongue owre great a lieshence: ye may be mair loyal clans, but, by my soul, ye're no better men!

Galb. No?

Bailie. No!—(*Fight again.*)

Fran. Pray, gentlemen, do not renew your quarrel; in a few moments we must part company.

MacStuart. Weel, weel, there's nae occasion for ony mair het blude. But you must know, Sir, that we are harried out o' all patience here wi' meetings to put down Rob Roy. I hae chased the *MacGregor myself*,—have had him at pay like a red-deer; but still the Duke o' Argyle gi'es him shelter. Oh! it's eneugh to make a man mad. I wad gi'e something to be as near him as I hae been.

Bailie. Wud ye? (*Ironically.*)

MacStuart. Aye.

Bailie. Ye'll forgi'e me, frien', for speaking my mind;—but it's my thought, you'd hae gi'en the best button on your coat to hae been as far awa' frae Rab Roy then as you are now.—My conscience! my het poker wad hae been naething to his claymore.

MacStuart. You tamn'd weaver! One word mair about that whilthy poker, by my saul, I'll mak you ait it, and sax inches o' cauld steel into the bargain.—

Bailie. (*Seizing the poker.*) Wull you, Sir?

Fran. Come, come, gentlemen, let us be all friends here; and drink to all friends far away.

SONG.

(Words by Burns.)

Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' never brought to mind?
Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
An' days o' langsyne?
For auld langsyne, my friends,
For auld langsyne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld langsyne.
Chorus.—For auld langsyne, &c.

An' here's a hand, my trusty friend,
An' gie's a hand o' thine,
An' we'll toom the stowp to friendship's growth,
An' days o' langsyne.
Chorus.—For auld langsyne, &c.

An' surely you'll be your pint-stowp,
An' surely I'll be mine,
An' we'll tak' a right gude willy-wacht,
For auld langsyne.
Chorus.—For auld langsyne, &c.

(A drum heard without.)

Enter JEAN MACALPINE, *in alarm.*

Jean. The red-coats! the red-coats! [*Exit.*

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON.

Capt. T. You, Sir, I suppose, are Major Galbraith, of the squadron of Lennox Militia?—and these are the Highland gentlemen whom I was appointed to meet in this place?

Galb. You are right, Sir; Captain Thornton, I presume.—Will you take any refreshment?

Capt. T. I thank you, none; I am late, and desirous to make up time.—I have orders to search for and arrest two persons guilty of treasonable practices.—Do these gentlemen belong to your party?

Bailie. No, Sir;—we're travellers, Sir—lawfu' travellers by land and sea.

Fran. We usually do so, Sir, when we enter a house of public entertainment.

Bailie. Pray, gentlemen, dinna be angry; we are only bits o' Glasgow bodies, travelling to get in some siller that's awing us.

MacStuart. Did you no saw by the white wan' at the door, that the public-hoose was occupied?

Fran. The white wand!—I do not pretend to understand the customs of this country, but I am yet to learn how three persons should be entitled to exclude all other travellers from the only place of shelter and refreshment for miles round.

Bailie. There's nae reason for't, gentlemen,—we mean nae offence; and if a stoup o' brandy will heal the quarrel——

Galb. Damn your brandy!

Bailie. That's civil. It's my opinion ye've gotten owre muckle o' that already, if ane may judge by ye're manners.

MacStuart. We want naither your company nor your pranty.

Galb. *(Mimicking MacStuart.)* No—we want naither your company nor your pranty; and if ye be pretty men, draw.—*(Unsheaths his sword; MacStuart and Francis do the same.)*

MacStuart. Aye, traw.—

Bailie. *(Starts up.)* Draw!—I'm neither a pretty man, nor hae I ony thing to draw; but by the soul o' my faither, the Deacon, I'se no tak a blow without gieing a thrust. *(Runs to the fire, and seizes a red-hot poker.)* So that he that likes it, has it.—*(As they make a tilt at each other, Dougal starts up, and darts between the Bailie and MacStuart.)*

Doug. Her nainsel' has eaten the town-pread o' Glasco', an' she'll feught for Nicol Bailie Sharvie at Aberfoil—troth will she! Och, neish! [*Exit.*

MacStuart. Haud, haud—the quarrel's no mortal, and the gentlemens hae given raisonable satiswhaction.

Bailie. I'm glad to hear't.

Galb. Weel, weel, as the gentlemen have shown themselves men o' honour——

MacStuart. Men o' honour! Wha ta teevil ever saw men o' honour feught wi' a fire-prand before?—Figh! my braw new plaidie smells like a singit sheep's head.

Bailie. Let that be nae hindrance to gude fallowship; there's aye a plaister for a broken head:—If I've brunt ye're plaidie, I can mend it wi' a new ane.—I'm a weaver.

Galb. A weaver!—Pah!—*(Retires up the stage, snapping his fingers at him with great contempt.)*

MacStuart. Weel, Sir, the neist time that ye'll fecht, lat it be wi' a soord, like a christian, and no wi' a red-het poker, like a wild Indian sawage.

Bailie. My conscience! a man maun dae his best. I was obliged to grip at the first thing that came in my way; and, as I'm a Bailie, I wadna desire a better.

Galb. Come, come, let's drink and agree like honest fallows.—*(Sheathes his sword.—Francis and MacStuart do the same, and the Bailie replaces the poker.)*

Bailie. Weel, noo I find there's nae hole in my wame, I'll no be the waur for putting something in till't.

(Seats himself.—He and Galbraith converse apart. ANDREW FAIRSERVICE, *with a letter in his hand, appears at the door, terrified for fear of intruding. Francis beckons him forward.—Dougal appears at the door watching.)*

And. I'm an honest lad, Sir,—I wadna part wi' your honour lightly;—but, the—the—the—read that!

Fran. 'Tis from Campbell!—*(Reads.)*

"There are hawks abroad, and I cannot meet you at Aberfoil, as intended. The bearer is faithful, and may be trusted; he will guide you to a place where we will be safe, and free to look after certain affairs, in which I hope to be your guidance.

"ROBERT MACGREGOR CAMPBELL."

Hawks!—he means the government forces.—From whom did you receive this?

And. Frae a Hieland deevil wi' a red head—that—that—*(Perceives Dougal's head at the door.)*

Fran. Have the horses saddled, and be ready at a minute's notice.—*(Dougal, satisfied that the letter has been read, disappears.)*

And. De'il be in my feet if I stir a tae's length far'er;—to gang into Rab Roy's country is a mere tempting o' Providence.

Capt. T. My instructions are, to place under arrest an elderly and a young person;—you answer the description.

Bailie. Me!—Tak care what ye say, Sir—tak care what ye say!—It'll no be your red coat, nor your laced hat, that'll protect you, gin you put an affront on me.—I'll convene you in an action o' scandal and fause imprisonment.—I'm a free burgess, and a magistrate.—Nicol Jarvie is my name—so was my faither's afore me. I'm a Bailie,—be praised for the honour!—and my faither was a Deacon—yes, Sir, he was Deacon o' the weavers.

Galb. True enough; his faither was a prick-ear'd cur, and fought against the King at Bothwell-Brig.

Bailie. My faither paid what he ought, and what he bought, Major Galbraith, since I ken you are Major Galbraith; and was an honester man than ever stood upon your clumsy shanks,—Major Galbraith.

Galb. Clumsy shanks! *(Looking at his legs.)*

Capt. T. I have no time to attend to all this. And you, Sir, what may your name be?—*(To Fran.)*

Fran. Francis Osbaldistone.

Capt. T. What! a son of Sir Hildebrand?

Bailie. No, Sir; a son till a better man:—the great William Osbaldistone, Crane Alley, London, as Mr Owen has it.

Capt. T. I am afraid, Sir, your name only increases the suspicions against you, and lays me under the necessity of demanding your papers.

Bailie. *(Aside.)* That's a very modest request.

Fran. I have none to surrender.

Capt. T. What is that now in your breast?

Fran. Oh! to this you are welcome;—*(Giving it.)*—yet it may endanger—I have done wrong.—*(Aside.)*

Bailie. What for did ye dae it then, ye gouk?

Capt. T. 'Tis confirmed.—Here I find you in written communication with the outlawed robber MacGregor Campbell.

Galb. Spies of Rob!

MacStuart. Strap 'em up to the next tree.

Bailie. Gently, gently, kind gentlemen, if you please;—there's nae hurry.

Capt. T. How came you possessed of this?

Fran. You will excuse my answering.

Capt. T. Do you, Sir, know any thing of this?

Bailie. By the soul o' my faither the Deacon, no!

Capt. T. Gentlemen, you are waited for.—*(Significantly to Galbraith.)*—I'll thank you to order two sentinels to the door. [*Exeunt Galbraith and MacStuart.*

Bailie. Sentinels! sentinels!—What——

Capt. T. I can bear no remonstrance:—the service I am on gives me no time for idle discussions.—Come, Sir——

Bailie. O, vera weel, Sir, vera weel.—Ye're welcome to a tune on your ain fiddle; but if I dinna mak ye dance till't before I've done, my name's no Nicol Jarvie!—Gude save us!—arrest a Bailie,—a free burgess,—a magistrate!—My conscience!

[*Exit, following Capt. Thornton and Francis.*

SCENE IV.—*The Clachan of Aberfoil.—A few miserable looking, low roofed hovels in various parts under the craigs, which rise immediately behind them, interspersed with brush-wood, &c. The back of the Scene exhibits the distant Highland Country.—Part of a house conspicuous near the front.—MacStuart crosses at the top of the stage, followed by Major Galbraith, who beckons on the Serjeant, and after giving him directions to place Sentinels before the Inn door, exits with MacStuart.—The Serjeant brings on the Soldiers, who range themselves in the back-ground: two Sentinels are placed at the front of the Inn.*

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, *from the Inn.*

Capt. T. Serjeant, make the men fall in.—*(Exit Serjeant.)*—Come, my lads, get under arms.—I cannot be mistaken:—these strangers must be the persons described by Rashleigh Osbaldistone. Yet his own relative, one would think, might have been overlooked. No, no—he is one that makes no exceptions. The self-interested wretch, that would have first betrayed his country, and now his dearest friends, respects no tie of

[illegible] [illegible], or affection. Sentinels, bring out yon prisoner.

The Sentinels enter the Inn—At the same instant, [illegible] a loud outcry; the Sergeant and two men enter dragging towards Dougal, followed by the inhabitants of the village, consisting of women and children; they are upon the spring of Dougal, and with difficulty suppress their rancor to the Soldiers.

Dougal. Chirk, chirk!

Serg. Bring him along.

Women. Chirk, chirk, poor Dougal!

Capt. F. Cease this howling, and let the man be heard.

Dougal. Chirk, chirk!

Serg. We caught this fellow lurking behind the inn.

Captain. He confesses to have seen Rob Roy within this half hour.

Capt. F. How many men had he with him, fellow when you parted?

Dougal. She cannot just tell be sure about tat.

Capt. F. Your life depends upon your answer.—How many rogues had that outlawed scoundrel with him?

Dougal. Ne absent half so many as there wud pe here the morn.

Capt. F. And what thieves' errand were you dispatched upon?—*Dougal looks about him, as least will down and dismayed.*—Speak, rascal, instantly! I'll not give you time to hatch a lie;—what errand?

Dougal. Just to see what your honour and the redcoats wud pe want at Aberfoil.

Enter the Sentinels from the Inn, conducting Francis Osbaldistone *and* Bailie Nicol Jarvie, *who come down to the front.*

Nicol. Mercy on us! they've grippet the puir Dougal creature. Captain, I'll put in bail, sufficient bail, for that Dougal creature.

Capt. F. You know him then—are interested for his safety?

Bailie. Yes, Sir; he did me a good turn ance when I was sair beset, and I——

Capt. T. Mr Jarvie, you will please to recollect, that for the present you likewise are a prisoner?

Bailie. Me! My conscience! Sir, I tak you to witness the Captain refuses sufficient bail.—*(Taking one of the Sentinels by the breast.)*—The Dougal creature has a gude action o' wrangous imprisonment, and I'se see him righted—I'se see him righted.

Capt. T. Mr Jarvie——

Bailie. Mr Bailie Jarvie, gin ye please, Sir.

Capt. T. Well, then, Mr *Bailie* Jarvie, unless you keep your opinions to yourself, I shall resort to unpleasant measures.

Bailie. My conscience!—wull ye really?

(Rob Roy, in his Highland dress, unarmed, appears in the back-ground, and listens.)

Capt. T. Now, my friend, let us understand each other.—You have confessed yourself a spy, and should string up to the next tree;—but, come,—if you will lead me and a small party to the place where you left your master, you shall then go about your business; and I'll give you five guineas earnest to boot.

Doug. Oigh, Oigh! she canna do tat,—she'd rather be hanged!

Capt. T. Hanged then you shall be.

Bailie. Hanged!—My conscience!

Capt. T. Serjeant, away with him!

People. O hone! O hone!—*(Serjeant seizes Dougal.)*

Doug. (Perceiving Rob.)—Hooly, hooly—she'll do her honour's bidding.

Bailie. Wull ye?—Then ye deserve to be hanged, ye Hieland deevil!—Awa' wi' him—awa' wi' him! he's owre lang leeving.

Capt. T. Mr Jarvie—Mr *Bailie* Jarvie, it's my belief, Sir, when your own turn arrives, you will not be in such a devil of a hurry.

Bailie. Me? Mine?—I'm a Bailie—my faither was a Deacon!—My conscience! wad ye hang a magistrate?

Dougal. Shall no mock her to gang any far'er than just to let you see whar the red Gregarach is?

Capt. T. Not a step.

Dougal. And ye five guineas?

Capt. T. Here they are.—*(Takes out his purse, and counts the money into Dougal's hand.)*—One.

Dougal. Ann.

Capt. T. Two.

Dougal. Da.

Capt. T. Three.

Dougal. Tra.

Capt. T. Four.

Dougal. Cethar. *(A pause. Captain T. feeling in his purse.—Dougal suspicious.)*—Caig!

Capt. T. Caig!—what the devil does the fellow mean?

Bailie. *(Bailie shakes his head.)*

Dougal. *(Recollecting.)* Hoot, teevil, five, five.

Capt. T. Oh!—*(Gives him the fifth guinea.)*

Bailie. The Dougal creature's waur than I thought him—a warlike and perfidious creature!—My worthy father, the Deacon—rest be wi' him, honest man!—used to say that good stew mair souls than the sword did Moses—and it's true—it's true.—Oh, Dougal! Dougal! I'm done wi' ye now.

Dougal. Hand your whisht, Bailie—hand your whisht.

Capt. T. Mr Oldmelstone, and you Mr *Bailie* Jarvie, loyal and honourable subjects, will not regret being detained a few hours, when it is essential to the king's service—if otherwise, I need no excuse for acting according to my duty.—*(To Dougal.)* Now observe, if you attempt to deceive me, you die by my hand!

Bailie. My conscience!

Dougal. *(Aside.)*—She's no just sure about tat.

(The Sentinels are placed on each side of the Bailie, who looks at them with anger and dismay;—the same is done with Francis.—Dougal leads the march, taking an opportunity to exchange a glance of recognition and understanding with Rob Roy.)

Capt. T. March!

(Military Music, which dies away as they disappear.)

Enter ROB ROY, *and* RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE *advances from behind the Hut.*

Rob. Who'd have thought Dougal had so much sense under that ragged red pow of his?

Rash. Did he act then by your direction?

Rob. Troth did he;—and well acted it was!—he'll lead the Saxon Captain up the loch; but not a red-coat of them will come back to tell what they landed in.

Rash. And their prisoners—my cousin, and the Bailie?

Rob. They'll be safe enough while Dougal's with them.

Rash. Perhaps not.—*(Aside.)*

Rob. Fetch my dirk and claymore, some of you. I must away.

Rash. *(Aside.)* If Thornton has been fool enough to be led into an ambuscade:—this opportunity shall not be lost.

Rob. My dirk and claymore! I must attack these buzzards in the rear. *(A boy runs into the inn.)*

Rash. A word, MacGregor. You told me your whole force was disposed to watch the different parties sent to surprise you.

Rob. I did.

Rash. How then have you been able to provide so suddenly for this unexpected party of Thornton's?

Rob. Look around you.

Rash. Well?

Rob. Think you that any but old men, women, and bairns, would stand idle when King James's cause or MacGregor's safety needed them? Ten determined men might keep the pass of Lochard against a hundred;—and I sent every man forward that had strength to wield a dirk or draw a trigger.

Rash. Indeed! Move on then!—Galbraith! MacStuart!—*(The People shout.—MacStuart and Soldiers rush on and bind Rob Roy.—Major Galbraith, with three or four dismounted troopers, enter at the opposite side, and point their sabres at him:—he pauses.)*

Rash. Now, MacGregor, we meet as befits us, for the first time.

Rob. But not the last.—Oh! villain! villain! villain!

Rash. I should better have deserved that reproach, when, under the direction of an able tutor, I sought to introduce civil war into the bosom of a peaceful country; but I have done my best to atone for my errors. Galbraith, let him be mounted on the same horse with the strongest trooper of your squadron, buckled in the same belt, and guarded on every side, 'till he's safe in the garrison.

Rob. There's a day of reckoning at hand!—think on't—dream on't—there's not a red MacGregor in the country, but from this time forward marks you for a traitor's doom. There's a day to come—you have not yet subdued Rob Roy!

Rash. Away with him!

[*Military Music.—Exeunt.*

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Pass of Lochard.—Military Music.*

Enter DOUGAL, CAPTAIN THORNTON, FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE, BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, *Serjeant and Soldiers.*

Capt. T. Halt! Front!—(*To Dougal.*)—Go to the front, Sir.—(*To the Bailie.*)—Now, Sir, you wish to speak with me.

Bailie. Yes, Captain, I crave that liberty; and for the sake o' a' concerned, I'm sorry you didna grant it a full half hour gane by; for it's my sincere advice, for the sake o' ye're friends in general, and mysel' in particular, that you mak the best o' your way back again to a place o' safety;—if you do not, by the hand o' my

body! there is no ane o' us will gang hame to tell the tale.

Capt. T. Make yourself easy, Sir.

Bailie. Easy! I canna mak mysel' easy, Sir.—My conscience!—he'll hae us a' butcher'd. *(Aside.)*

Capt. T. As you are friends of the government, gentlemen, you will be happy to learn that it is impossible this gang of ruffians can escape the measures now taken to suppress them. Various strong parties from the garrison secure the hills in different parts; three hundred Highlanders are in possession of the upper, while Major Galbraith and his troopers occupy the lower passes of this country.

Bailie. Ah! that sounds a' very weel; but, in the first place, there's mair brandy than brains in the head o' that Major Galbraith; in the next, I wadna hae you place owre muckle confidence in the Hielanders—Corbies winna pick out corbies' een. They may quarrel amang themsel's, and gie ilk ither a stab wi' a dirk, or a slash wi' a claymore now and then; but tak my word for't, they are sure to join in the lang run against a' fo'ks that wear breeks on their hinner ends, and hae got purses in their pockets.

Capt. T. (Suddenly turning to Dougal.) The route you have led us is dangerous, and therefore suspicious.

Doug. Weel, weel, Dougal didna mak the roads.

Bailie. That's very true.

Doug. If the shentlemans wad gang upon better gaits they should hae staid at hames at Glasco'.

Bailie. That they should indeed!

Doug. Besides, your honour can no tink to tak the red Gregarach without some tanger.

Bailie. The Dougal creature's right again.

Capt. T. You dog, if you have deceived me, I'll blow your brains out on the spot.—Your caution, Sir, shall not go unregarded—*(To the Bailie.)*—but we must proceed.

Bailie. Proceed!—My conscience! there's something deevilish hard in being obliged to risk ane's life in a quarrel with which we hae nae concern.

Fran. I sincerely grieve that your kindness for me has led you into perils, in a cause which is now so hopeless.

Bailie. We may shake hands on't. Your troubles will sune be owre, and I shall slumber wi' my worthy faither the Deacon,—rest and bless him!

Capt. T. Now, my lads, forward!

HELEN MACGREGOR *appears on the point of a projecting rock, with a claymore and target; a brace of pistols in her belt, and a man's bonnet and tartan plaid.*

Helen. Hold there!—Stand!—Tell me what seek you in the country of the MacGregor?

Bailie. By the soul o' my faither the Deacon! it's Rab's wife, Helen!—there'll be broken heads amang us in three minutes.

Helen. Answer me! what is it you seek?

Capt. T. The outlaw'd rebel MacGregor Campbell.—Offer no vain resistance, and assure yourself of kind treatment. We make no war on women.

Helen. Ay, I am no stranger to your tender mercies! Ye have left me neither name, nor fame;—my mother's bones will shrink in their grave when mine are laid beside them! Ye have left me neither house nor hold—blanket nor bedding—cattle to feed, or flocks to clothe us;—you have taken from us all—all!—the very name of our ancestors you have taken from us, and now you come to seek our lives!

Capt. T. I seek no man's life, nor would I rashly lose my own.

Bailie. Nor I mine!

Capt. T. You have therefore nothing to fear; but should there be any among you hardy enough to offer unavailing resistance, their own bloods be on their heads.—A hundred guineas for Rob Roy!

Helen. Fire!

Capt. T. Forward!

(The heads of the Highlanders appear above the rocks.—A volley is fired as Helen disappears.—The first party of soldiers, led on by the Serjeant, return it, and rush forward.—The Bailie at the first discharge starts forward in great alarm, and scrambles up a rock.—Dougal at the

same time rushes on with Highlanders, who drive the s diers up the Pass; then re-enters, and rushes off to a sist the Bailie.—The drums, bugles, and bagpipes, hea incessantly.—As the tumult subsides in the distance, Fra cis Osbaldistone re-enters.)

Fran. The contest has terminated, and, I fear, fatal for the assailants. But where is my poor friend? I s him in a situation of imminent danger, but I trust random shot has confirmed his melancholy prophecy.

Bailie. (Without.) My conscience!

Enter BAILIE NICOL JARVIE, *greatly disordered: shirts of his coat torn off, and ragged, and his wig o he seizes a cocked hat which is left on the Stage, and his confusion puts it on his head.*

Bailie. My conscience!

Fran. Somewhat damaged, I perceive; but I hearti rejoice the case is no worse.

Bailie. Thank ye, thank ye—the case is naething brag o':—they say a friend sticks as close as a blis —My conscience! I wish I had fand it sae.—*(Putti himself to rights.)*—When I cam' up to this cursed cou try,—forgie me for swearing!—on nae ane's errand b yours, Mr Osbaldistone, d'ye think it was fair, when m foot slipped, and I hung by the hurdies to the branch a ragged thorn, to leave me dangling, like the sign the Golden Fleece owre the door o' a mercer's shop Ludgate hill?—D'ye think it was kind, I say, Sir, to l me be shot at like a regimental target, set up for b practice, and never ance try to help me down, Sir?

Fran. My good Sir, recollect the impossibility of m affording you any relief, without assistance.—But h were you able to extricate yourself?

Bailie. Me extricate!—My conscience! I should h hung there, like Mahomet's coffin, till the day o' Pent cost, 'gin it hadna been for that Dougal creature. I cut aff the tails o' my coat, and clappit me on my le again, as clean as if I had never been aff them.

Fran. And where is Dougal now?

Bailie. Following your example, Sir.

Fran. My example!—What's that?

Bailie. Taking deevilish gude care o' himsel'. He warned me to keep clear o' that amiable leddy we saw the noo; and troth he's right there again; for Rab himsel's frightened for her, when her bluid's up.

Fran. Do you know her?

Bailie. A deevilish deal owre weel; but it's lang since we've met, and it's odds if she'll remember me.

(Two or three Highlanders rush forward—Dougal following.)

Highlanders. Mair Saxons!—whiz a brace o' ball through 'em.

Doug. Haud, haud!—they're friends to the MacGregor.

Bailie. Yes! I carena wha kens it—I'm a MacGregor!—We're baith MacGregors!

HELEN MACGREGOR, *followed by Highlanders, advances down the Pass to a March.*

Helen. Englishmen, and without arms!—that's strange, where there is a MacGregor to hunt and slay!

Bailie. (Hesitating.) I—I am very happy—exceeding happy—to hae this joyfu' opportunity—ahem!—this joyju' occasion o' wishing my kinsman Rab's wife,—a—a—*(She looks at him with great contempt.)*—a very good morning.

Helen. Is it so?

Bailie. Ye'll maybe hae forgotten me, Mrs Helen Campbell; but——

Helen. How! Campbell! My foot's upon my native heath, and my name is MacGregor.

Bailie. Very weel, Mrs Camp—Mrs Rob Roy—tuts—Mrs MacGregor, I beg pardon; I would just crave the liberty o' a kinsman, to salute you.

Helen. What fellow art thou, that dare claim kindred with our clan, yet neither wear our dress nor speak our language?—Who are you that have the tongue and habit of the hound, yet seek to shelter with the deer?

Bailie. Why, my mither, Elspeth Macfarlane, was the

wife o' my faither Nicol Jarvie;—she was the daughter o' Parlane Macfarlane, and Maggy Macfarlane married Duncan M'Nab, wha stood in the fourth degree——

Helen. And doth the stream of rushing water acknowledge any relationship with the portion that's withdrawn from it for the mean domestic use of those who dwell upon its banks?

Bailie. Maybe no; but when the summer's sun has dried up the brook, and left naething but the chucky-stanes, it wad fain hae that portion back again. I ken ye haud us Glasco' bodies unco cheap; but, Lord help ye, Mrs Ca———MacGregor, think what a figure I should cut wi' my puir auld hurdies in a kilt, and hose gartered below the knee.—My conscience! I wad be a bonny figure.—I hae been very serviceable to Rab as I am, and wad be mair sae, gin he wad leave aff his evil way, and no disturb the king's peace.

Helen. Yes—you, and such as you, would have us hewers of wood, and drawers of water—you'd have us find cattle for your banquets, and subjects for your laws to oppress and trample on: But we are free—free by the very act which has left us neither house nor hearth, food or covering,—which has bereaved us of all—all but vengeance!

Bailie. For Heaven's sake, dinna speak o' vengeance!

Helen. I will speak on't—I will perform it too;—I will carry on this day's work by a deed that shall break all bonds between MacGregor and the Lowlanders for ever.—Here! Allan, Dougal, bind these Sassenachs neck and heels, and throw them into the Highland Loch to seek for their Highland kinsfolk.

Bailie. My conscience!

Doug. Oigh! to be surely, her pleasure maun be done.

Bailie. Ah! but Dougal; ye ken——

Doug. Oh ay! they are friends o' te chief, as I can testify, and cam' here on his assurance o' welcome and safety.

Helen. Dog! were I to order you to tear out their hearts, and place them in each other's breasts, to see which there could best plot treason against the MacGregor,—would you dare to dispute my orders?—*(Dis-*

tant voices are heard, singing the burthen of the Lament.) —Hark! hark! what means that strain? *(An emotion of alarm in the Highlanders. Helen becomes more agitated as the sounds approach.)*—Why is this? Why a lament in the moment of victory?

Enter ROBERT, HAMISH, *and a party of Highlanders.*

Robert, Hamish, where's the MacGregor? Where's your father? *(They intimate his captivity.)*—Ah! a prisoner —taken prisoner! Then MacGregor dies!—Cowards, did I nurse you for this, that you should spare your blood on your father's enemies—that you should see him taken prisoner, and come back to tell it!—Ah! cowards—cowards!—*(Suddenly turning to Francis.)* Your name is Osbaldistone?

Fran. It is.

Helen. Rashleigh?—*(Presenting a Pistol.)*

Fran. No; Francis.

Helen. That word has saved you.

(Puts the Pistol in her belt.)

Fran. Rashleigh is my cousin; but, for what cause I am unable to divine, he is my bitterest enemy.

Helen. I'll tell you the cause. You have unconsciously thwarted him in love and in ambition. He robbed your father's house of government papers, to aid a cause which he has this day deserted, and by his treachery has my husband fallen. Dare you carry a message to these blood-hounds, from the wife of your friend?

Fran. I am ready to set out immediately——

Bailie. So am I.

Helen. No, you must remain; I have further occasion for you.—Bring forth the Saxon Captain! [*Exit Doug.*

Fran. You will be pleased to understand, that I came into this country on your husband's invitation, and his assurance of aid in the recovery of those papers you have just now mentioned; and my friend, Mr Jarvie, accompanied me on the same errand.

Bailie. And I wish your friend Mr Jarvie's boots had been fu' o' boiling water, when he put them on for sic a damnable purpose.

Helen. Sons, you may read your father in what this young man tells you;—wise only when the bonnet's on his head, and the claymore is in his hand. He never exchanges the tartan for the broad cloth, but he runs himself into the miserable intrigues of these Lowlanders, and becomes again their agent, their tool, their slave!

Enter CAPTAIN THORNTON, *led on by* DOUGAL, *&c.*

But enough of this. Now mark well my message.—If they injure a hair of the MacGregor's head,—if they do not set him at liberty within the space of twelve hours, I will send them back their Saxon Captain, and this Glasgow Bailie, each bundled in a plaid, and chopped into as many pieces as there are checks in the tartan.

Bailie. My conscience! For heaven's sake dinna send sican a message!

Capt. T. Give the commanding officer my compliments, Sir,—Captain Thornton's compliments of the Royals,—tell him to do his duty, and not to waste a thought on me.—I am only sorry for the poor fellows that have fallen into such butcherly hands. If I have been deceived by these artful savages, I know how to die for my error, without disgracing the king I serve, or the country that gave me birth!

Bailie. My conscience! whisht!—are you weary o' your life?—Oh! Mr Osbaldistone! gie my service,—Bailie Nicol Jarvie's service, a merchant and a magistrate in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow,—and tell them there are some folks here in great tribulation, and—(*Looking at Helen.*)—like to come to mair; and the best thing they can do for a' parties, is just to let Rab awa' and mak' nae mair about it.

Helen. Remember *my* injunctions; for as sure as that sun shall sink beneath the mountain, my words shall be fulfilled. If I wail, others shall wail with me;—there's not a lady in the Lennox, but shall cry the Coronach for those she will be loth to lose;—there's not a farmer but shall cry, "Weel awa'," over a burnt barn-yard, and an empty byre;—there's not a laird shall lay his head on the pillow at night, with the assurance of being a live

man in the morning.—Conduct him on his way—*(She signs to one of the Highlanders.—The Bailie, unwilling to leave Francis, is following him off, when a Highlander suddenly seizes him by the neck, and throws him round to his former situation. Exit Francis and guide. Captain Thornton retires guarded.)*—Now, Allaster, the Lament! the Lament!

LAMENT.

O hone a rie! O hone a rie!
Before the sun has sunk to rest,
The turf will lie upon his breast.
O hone a rie, &c.
The pride of all our line deplore,
Brave MacGregor is no more!
O hone a rie, &c.

(She sinks in grief upon the rock, in front, while the Lament is sung;—at the close),

Rob. *(Without.)* Gregarach!
Doug. Rob Roy! Rob Roy!

Rob Roy *rushes on, and is received in the arms of Helen, with a wild and exulting shout from the Clan.—The Bailie, exhilarated to the highest pitch of joy from the deepest despondency.*

Helen. MacGregor!—husband!—life!
Bailie. But how did you get out o' their clutches, Rab?
Rob. Passing the ford of Avandow, Ewan of Briglands cut the belt that bound us; and I duck'd and dived down the river, where not one trooper in a thousand would have dared to follow me.
Helen. And how fell you within their grasp?
Rob. By him who has placed a brand where he swore to plant the olive—Rashleigh Osbaldistone. But were he the last and best of his name, may the fiend keep me, when next we meet, if this good blade and his heart's blood are not well acquainted.

Bailie. Weel, there are as mony slips between t throat and the gallows, as there are between the c and the lip. I'm like a dead man restored to life!—(*boy advances with the Bailie's wig and cane, which he jo fully receives.)*—Eh! ye're a braw Hielander; ye'll be man afore your mither.—*(Turns to Rob jocularly.)*—O Rab, when ye're dividing the spoils o' the field, if find the tail o' my coat, I'll be muckle obliged to ye for

Rob. (Laughs.) Drink, lads, drink, and be blythe!

(Dougal passes about horn cups and cans; the mu strikes.—The Bailie shakes hands with Rob Roy, w pledges him with cordiality.)

CHORUS.

Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
Roy's wife of Aldivalloch,
We can be
As blythe as she,
Dancing now the Highland Walloch;
Drink and dance, and sing wi' glee,
Joy can never mak' us weary;
Rob is frae the sodgers free,
And Helen she has found her eeary!
Roy's wife, &c.

(A Highland Dance to the Bagpipes by Dougal, a Highland Lads and Lasses.—The Bailie, enraptured his escape from danger, joins the dancers.—Scene clo them in.)

SCENE II.—*Wild Scenery in the neighbourhood of Aberfoil.*

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Fran. I fear I have dismissed my guide too earl Every step I have taken since his departure renders m way to Aberfoil more intricate. The twilight darke rapidly, and each succeeding moment the surroundi objects wear a different feature, changeful as my fortune

SONG.

AIR,—"*Fee, him, father, fee him.*"

O! life is like a summer flower,
Blooming but to wither;
O love is like an April hour,
Tears and smiles together.
And hope is but a vapour light,
The lover's worst deceiver;
Before him now it dances bright,
And now, 'tis gone for ever!
O joy is but a passing ray,
Lovers' hearts beguiling!
A gleam that cheers a winter's day,
Just a moment smiling.
But though in hopeless dark despair,
The thread of life may sever,
Yet while it beats, dear maid, I swear,
My heart is thine for ever!

Enter SIR FREDERICK *and* DIANA VERNON, *muffled in horsemen's cloaks.*

Sir F. Soho, friend—whither go you?

Fran. To Aberfoil: can you direct me?

Sir F. Turn the projecting rock on your left, and the village lies before you.

Fran. I thank you: in return, let me advise, if you travel northward, to wait till the passes are open;—there has been some disturbance in this neighbourhood.

Sir F. We have heard so;—but the soldiers had the worst, had they not?

Fran. Yes; but in another quarter, the Outlaw called Rob Roy has been captured.

Sir F. Know you not Rob Roy has again escaped?

Fran. Escaped! I rejoice to hear it! That circumstance will at once secure a friend of mine from danger, and prevent my being detained by a commission with which I was entrusted in his behalf.

Sir F. Who are you? What is your name?

Fran. My name can be of little consequence to an utter stranger

Diana. Mr Francis Osbaldistone should not sing his favourite airs, when he wishes to remain concealed.

Fran. Miss Vernon! at such an hour, in such a lawless country!

Sir F. Now, Diana, give your cousin his property, and waste no further time.

Diana. But a moment, Sir; but one moment, to say farewell.

Sir F. Remember, 'tis your last. [*Exit.*

Fran. Our last!

Diana. Yes, dear Frank!—there is a gulph between us—a gulph of absolute perdition. Where we go, you must not follow. What we do, you must not share in. Take from my hand these eventful papers;—poor Scotland has lost her freedom, but your father's credit will at least be restored.

Fran. And is there no way in which I may be allowed to shew my gratitude?

Diana. Alas, none!—Adieu! be happy!

SONG.

AIR,—"*The Lass of Patie's Mill.*"

Forlorn and broken-hearted,
I weep my last adieu!
And sigh o'er joys departed,
That time can ne'er renew.

Farewell, my love! I leave thee,
For some far distant shore;
Let no fond hope deceive thee,—
We part, to meet no more!

Tho' grief may long oppress thee,
Your love I'll ne'er resign;
My latest sigh shall bless thee,
My last sad tear be thine!
Farewell, my love, &c.

[*Exeunt severally*

SCENE II.—*Interior of Jean MacAlpine's Change House.*

JEAN NEWTON, LAWYER *discovered at the table.*

Jean. Weel, after the fatigue it has been my lot to suffer the present day, a cup o' brandy does me hard. My cousin Lady is bringing my lot family to an ill end, and in my cousin Helen—My conscience! (*Drinks.* Thank Heaven, I shall soon leave this drearie country.

Enter LADY LIZ.—*He sits down opposite the Bailie.*

Lady. Why, the man's like a bogle, or a gheist.

Jean. Twas business that made me know you a minute. Bailie, and business waits for no man;—there is the two hundred pounds I promised you.—Never say a Highlandman belied his word.

Bailie. You're an honest man, Rob; that is, ye've sae a honesty—a kind o'—Lady, ye're an honest rogue.

Rob. Come, come, take your money, and your cup, and say no more about it.

Bailie. Weel, here's your health, and my cousin Helen's health, and your two bonnie sons, of whom mair anon.

Drinks. As to Helen, her reception o' me this blessed day was the worst sair o' hospitality, that I mean say.

Rob. Say nothing of her, but what is befitting a friend to say, and her husband to hear.

Bailie. Weel, weel, we'll let that dee stick to the wall, but I mean tell you, that your sons are as ignorant as the very cattle you used to drive to market.

Rob. And where was I to get them teachers? Would you have me put on the College-gate of Glasgow,—"Wanted, a Tutor for the Children of Rob Roy, the Outlaw?"

Bailie. No exactly; that cock wudna fecht;—but you might hae taught them something.

Rob. I have taught them something.—Hamish can bring down a black-cock on the wing, with a single bullet; and his brother drive a dirk through a two-inch deal board.

Bailie. Sae muckle the waur, Rab—sae muckle the waur. But I hae been thinking, Rab, to tak' them hame to the Sautmarket, and mak' them 'prentices; *(Rob starts angrily.)*—and I'll gie ye back your twa hundred pound for the satisfaction.

Rob. What! a hundred thousand devils!—the sons of MacGregor weavers! I'd sooner see every loom in Glasgow, beams, traddles, and shuttles, burnt in hell-fire!

Bailie. My conscience! that wad be a bleeze!—Weel, weel, you needna grip your dirk, as though you were gaun to drive it through me; I'm no a twa-inch deal board.

Rob. Give me your hand.—You mean well, but you press over hard on my temper. Consider what I have been, and what I am become; above all, consider the cause that has forced me to become what I am.

Enter FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Fran. Ah! MacGregor and Mr Jarvie,—both safe!

Rob. Ay, and like to keep so; the worst hour is past.

Bailie. My conscience! but it has left plenty o' sair banes ahint it; but a man mustna expect to carry the comforts o' the Sautmarket at his tail, when he gangs visiting his Hieland kinsfolk.

Rob. (Aside to Francis.) Your father is now in Glasgow; send the packet to him, by Mr Jarvie.

Fran. My father! How knew you this?

Rob. Dispatch your business, and follow me.—You shall see the moonlight on the mountain—you shall hear——

Bailie. What?

Rob. The night-bird scream!—will you listen to her bodings?—Now the mist is on the brae, and the spirit of the Gregarach walks!—but I forget!—You mean kindly.—Farewell, cousin—farewell. *(Shakes hands with the Bailie, who is much affected.—To Francis.)*—Follow me towards the Loch; I would speak with you in private. —*(As Rob is about to exit, the Bailie goes up to him, and offers him the purse, which he rejects.)*

Rob. Keep your trash, Bailie—keep your trash.

[*Exit.*

Bailie. What did Rab say to ye?

Fran. Something concerning these papers.

Bailie. Ey!—papers! Why, by the son o' my faither, Rab is an honest—Stay! *(Francis tears open the packet.)* —Here's Mr Owen's list,—"Catch'em and Whittington, 706," delightfu'!—"Pollock and Peelman, 2—8—7," —exact!—"Grubb and Grinder,"—right to a fraction! Lord save us! what's this? "Will o' Sir Hildebrand Osbaldistone, in favour o' his nephew, Francis!"—My conscience!

Fran. Is it possible?

Bailie. As fac as death!

Fran. This, then, was the cause of Rashleigh's unrelenting hatred.

Bailie. Nae matter—we've got the stuff, praise be blest! we've got the stuff!

Fran. Mr Jarvie, I entrust these documents to your care, as, henceforward, the sole agent of my father's concerns in Scotland. Take some repose, and set forward early.

Bailie. Sole agent!—Mr Osbaldistone, *(Bowing.)* I'll not affect to disclaim having done my best to deserve the favours o' my frien's in Crane Alley, London; or that the recompence will not be highly advantageous to Nicol Jarvie, merchant and magistrate, in the Sautmarket o' Glasgow:—But, Mr Osbaldistone, I trust you'll say as little as need be o' our pranks here amang the hills. If the members o' the Town Council were to ken that ane o' their body was seen feghting wi' a red-het poker, or dangling like an auld scarecraw o'er a potatoe-garden, —my conscience! they wudna be weel pleased. If Bailie Graham was to hear o't, it wad be a sair hair in my neck as lang as I leeve.

Fran. Fear nothing, Sir, on that score. Your kindness deserves, and shall receive every expression of the most grateful sentiments; but let me beg of you to lose no time in returning home.

Bailie. That you may swear; and the next time you catch me out o' hearing o' St Mungo's bells again, may Rab Roy sleep wi' his ancestors, and me wi' his widow! *Eh! My conscience!* [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE IV.—*Distant View of the Banks of the Loch.*

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE *and* JOBSON, *in great alarm, followed by* DOUGAL, *who conceals himself behind a rock, occasionally peeping out during the scene.*

Rash. Am I ever to be pestered with these coward fears?

Job. For Heaven's sake, Sir! if you kill me I must speak. Except our own people, we are entirely unsupported;—the government forces are all withdrawn.

Rash. Pho! for that very reason we shall not be suspected;—on that very circumstance alone, we might build our surest hope. This ruffian will not now suppose it possible he is watched, and least of all by me. Did you overhear their conference in the hut?

Job. Partly.

Rash. And are you sure my cousin is in possession of the packet?

Job. Certain.

Rash. Does he accompany that foolish magistrate to Glasgow?

Job. I think not: fearing to be surprised, I withdrew some paces from the hut, and crouched in the deepest shade; presently I saw—*(Looks round terrified.)*

Rash. Saw who?

Job. *(In a subdued tone.)* Rob Roy.—In a few minutes Mr Frank joined him, and they walked away hastily towards the Loch.

Rash. To meet Diana and her father in the cave. Well, let them meet;—I'll wait till MacGregor and his band depart, then spring upon, and crush them in the very nest where their venom was engendered. Did you place Wingfield in the tract, to prevent the retreat of Sir Frederick, and the proud dame his daughter?

Job. I did, Sir, exactly as you directed; and all the rest are within call.—Hush! hark!—*(Dougal has suddenly advanced from behind the rock; he instantly falls flat, throwing, at the same time, his plaid entirely over him.)*—As I live and breathe,—I heard a step!

Rash. The echo of your own foot-fall.

Job. No, no! as I'm an honest man,—that is, as I'm a sinner,—I beseech—I implore you to quit this place.

Rash. Never, till my purpose is accomplished. Death alone shall defeat it. Curses on the chance that brought him to Diana's presence—that ever brought him to my father's house!—But I will not suffer singly; the disappointment and misery they have inflicted upon me shall be shared by them in all its bitterness.—Who's there?

Enter LANCIE WINGFIELD.

Lancie. Word has passed, that the Highlanders are preparing to move.

Rash. Lose not a moment.—*(Exit Lancie.)* Remember, if there be lives sacrificed in the business we are upon, your evidence must justify the act, as necessary to the subjugation of treason. Now, be resolute, and, for your life, be silent.

(Exit Rashleigh, followed by Jobson;—Dougal looks after them from beneath his plaid, and rises cautiously.)

Doug. My faith, lads, ye'll get ye're haffits claw'd!

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Rob Roy's Cave, and View of Loch Lomond by Moonlight.*

Enter ROB ROY *and* FRANCIS OSBALDISTONE.

Rob. Let me now speak of my own concerns: my kinsman said something of my boys, that sticks in my heart, and maddens in my brain;—'twas truth he spoke, yet I dared not listen to it;—'twas fair he offered, yet I spurned that offer from very pride. My poor bairns! I'm vexed when I think they must lead their father's life.

Fran. Is there no way for amending such a life, and thereby affording them an honourable chance of——

Rob. You speak like a boy!—Think you that the

old gnarled oak can be twisted like the green sapling? Think you I can forget being branded as an outlaw,—stigmatised as a traitor,—a price set upon my head, and my wife and family treated as the dam and cubs of a wolf? The very name, which came to me from a long and noble line of martial ancestors, denounced, as if it were a spell to conjure up the devil!

Fran. Rely on it, the proscription of your name and family is considered by the English as a most cruel and arbitrary law.

Rob. Still it is proscribed;—and *they* shall hear of my vengeance, that would scorn to listen to the story of my wrongs;—they shall find the name of MacGregor *is* a spell to raise the wild devil withal.—Ah, God help me! I found desolation where I had left plenty—I looked east, west, north, and south, and saw neither hold nor hope, shed nor shelter; so I e'en pulled the bonnet o'er my brow, buckled the broad-sword to my side, took to the mountain and the glen,—and became a broken man! —But why do I speak of this? 'Tis of my children, of my poor bairns I have thought, and the thought will not leave me.

Fran. Might they not, with some assistance, find an honourable resource in foreign service? If such be your wish, depend on its being gratified.

Rob. *(Stretching one hand to him, and passing the other across his eyes.)*—I thank you—I thank you. I could not have believed that mortal man would again have seen a tear in MacGregor's eye. We'll speak of this hereafter;—we'll talk of it to Helen:—but I cannot well spare my boys yet:—the heather is on fire.

Fran. Heather on fire!—I do not understand you.

Rob. Rashleigh has set the torch;—let them that can prevent the blaze.—*(Bagpipes without.)* Ah! they come; —then all's well.

Fran. I comprehend.—*(Seeing the approach of the Highlanders, who enter, Hamish and Robert directing their movements.—Helen confers with Rob Roy.)*

Rob. Have you seen Diana and Sir Frederick on their way?

Helen. I have.—Stranger, you came to our unhappy

country when our bloods were chafed, and our hands were red;—excuse the rudeness that gave so rough a welcome, and lay it on the evil times, not upon us.

Rob. Helen, our friend has spoken kindly, and proffered nobly:—our boys—our children——

Helen. I understand;—but no, no; this is not the time; besides, I—no—no—I will not—cannot part from them.

Fran. Your separation is not required;—leave the country with them.

Helen. Quit the land of my sires!—never! Wild as we live, and hopeless, the world has not a scene that could console me for the loss of these rude rocks and glens, where the remembrance of our wrongs is ever sweetened by the recollection of our revenge.

Fran. MacGregor?

Rob. She says truly. 'Twas a vain project. We cannot follow them—we cannot part with the last ties that render life endurable. Were I to lose sight of my native hills, my heart would sink, and my arm would shrink like fern i' the winter's frost. No, Helen, no—the heather we have trode on while living, shall sweetly bloom over us when dead!—*(Helen throws herself into his arms.)*

Fran. I grieve that my opportunity of serving those who have so greatly befriended me is incompatible with their prospects and desires.

Rob. Farewell!—the best wish MacGregor can give his friend is, that he may see him no more.

Helen. A mother's blessing, for the only kindness shown for years to the blood of MacGregor, be upon you! Now farewell!—Forget me and mine, for ever!

Fran. Forget!—Impossible.

Helen. All may be forgotten, but the sense of dishonour, and the desire of vengeance.

Rob. No more:—strike! *(March.—The Highlanders file through the mouth of the cave.—Robert and Hamish stretch forth their hands to Francis, as they pass in the march.—Helen and Rob Roy each take leave of him with cordiality and regret, and exeunt through the cave.)*

Fran. What a wayward way is mine! My father's

peace of mind is happily restored, but mine, wi
is lost for ever.

*(Rashleigh Osbaldistone appears at the back of
and seeing Frank, conceals himself.)*

What noise? surely I heard—No, they have
*(The boats are seen passing the Loch with the
ers.)*—They are passing the Loch: I shall see
more.

Enter SIR FREDERICK *and* DIANA VERNON,
alarmed.

Diana. Gone! MacGregor—Helen—our frie
Sir F. Embarked already! Then my course
Fran. Amazement! Diana Vernon, and—
Diana. Her father—her unhappy, her wre
ther! Oh Frank! we are beset by enemies on e
the only path by which we could escape is gua
Fran. No danger shall befall you here.
Sir F. Do not involve yourself in my fate;-
my child, but leave me to suffer.—I am fami
danger, and prepared to meet it.

Enter RASHLEIGH OSBALDISTONE.

Rash. Meet it then, here.
All. Rashleigh! *(Diana turns from him, to h
arms.)*
Rash. Ay, I come to repay the various ob
conferred on me by my friends.—*(He beckons
diers.)*—Apprehend Sir Frederick Vernon, an
traitor; Diana Vernon, and Francis Osbaldiston
and abettors of treason.
Fran. Rashleigh, thou art too great a villain i
to speak thee.
Rash. I can forgive your spleen, my gentle c
it is hard to lose an estate and a mistress in o
Take charge of your prisoners.—If my con
pleases you, lady, you may thank your minion t
Fran. I never gave you cause.
Rash 'Tis false!—In love,—in ambition,-

paths of interest, you have crossed and blighted me at every turn. I was born to be the honour of my father's house—I have been its destruction and disgrace;—my very patrimony has become yours;—but if you ever live to possess it, the death-curse of him you have thus injured, shall stick to it!

Rob. (*Without.*) Gregarach!

Rash. (*Starts.*) Ah!

ROB ROY *darts in and confronts Rashleigh.—Highlanders, led by Dougal, appear at the mouth of the cave.*

Rob. Now, ask mercy for your soul's sake.

Rash. Never! (*Standing on his guard.*)

Rob. Claymore, then.—(*Short and rapid combat;—Rashleigh falls, and is caught by Dougal.*)—Die, traitor, in your treason!—(*Rashleigh is carried off by Dougal.—Highland march.*)

Enter HELEN MACGREGOR, *and the Clan, male and female.*—BAILIE NICOL JARVIE *runs on, confused.*

Bailie. My conscience! what's here to do! I fear I've lost my way.

Fran. Mr Jarvie! I thought you were on the road to Glasgow.

Bailie. I thought sae too; but, troth, the brandy has deceived me.—My conscience! to think o' a magistrate losing his head, and losing his horse too! A little man, ca'd Jobson, dismounted me just now in a trice, and gallop'd aff, as though my cousin Helen hersel' was at his—(*Sees Helen.*)—My conscience!

Sir F. Brave Highlander! you have saved more than my life—you have preserved my honour!—You, young man, (*To Fran.*) have proved yourself worthy of my child, and to you I give her. But whence this unexpected aid? I surely saw the boats depart.—(*To Rob.*)

Rob. With half my band—no more. Dougal overheard, and fortunately apprised me of Rashleigh's intentions, and I kept up the appearance which decoyed the villain to his own snare.

Helen. (To Fran.) By Sir Frederick Vernon's means, your father's house has been preserved; that consideration must induce his honourable mind to confirm the gift you prize, and endeavour to obtain from the government a remission of the law in favour of a noble enemy.

Rob. We shall rejoice in your happiness, though we may not share it. If, in such moments, you ever think upon MacGregor, think kindly of him; and when you cast a look towards poor old Scotland, do not forget Rob Roy.

FINALE.

AIR,—"*Duncan Gray cam' here to woo.*"

Pardon now the bold Outlaw,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Grant him mercy, gentles a',
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Let your hands and hearts agree,
Set the Highland Laddie free—
Mak us sing wi' muckle glee,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!

Fran. Long the State has doom'd his fa',
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Still he spurn'd the hateful' law,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Scots can for their country die,
Ne'er from Briton's foes they flee—
A' that's past forget—forgie,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Cho. Let your hands, &c.

Diana. Scotland's fear, and Scotland's pride,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Your award must now abide,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Long your favours hae been mine,
Favours I will ne'er resign—
Welcome then, for auld lang syne,
Rob Roy MacGregor, O!
Cho. Let your hands, &c.

FINIS.

DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

No. II.

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

Mr. JONES

ON THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH,

— AS THE —

DUKE of ARGYLE.

Drawn and Engraved for the National Dramas by E. Mitchell and Published by James Ballantyne & Co. 14 Infirmary Street Edinburgh 1822.

THE

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN;

A

ROMANTIC NATIONAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON

THE POPULAR TALE OF THE SAME NAME,

IN THE SECOND SERIES OF THE

"TALES OF MY LANDLORD:"

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

"Hear, land o' cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats,
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I redd ye tent it;
A chiel's amang ye taken notes,
An' faith he'll print it."
Burns.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

MR JONES,

AS

THE DUKE OF ARGYLE.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED IN 1820.

John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, Mr Jones.
George Staunton, assuming the name of Robertson, ... Mr Calcraft.
John Dumbie, Laird of Dumbiedikes, Mr Mackay.
David Deans, ... Mr Loveday.
Reuben Butler, ... Mr J. Farren.
Mr Bartholine Saddletree ..... Mr Duff.
Mr Sharpitlaw, ... Mr Welsh.
Mr Archibald, ... Mr Anderson.
Rasper, ... Mr Martin.
Donald, ... Mr M'Gregor.
James, ... Mr Nimrat.
James Ratcliffe, ... Mr Alexander.
Black Frank, ... Mr W. Murray.
Tyburn Tam, ... Mr Gray.
The Town Guard, Police Officers, Porteous Conspirators, &c. &c.

The Queen of England, ... Mrs Renaud.
The Lady Suffolk, ... Mrs Mackay.
Jeanie Deans, ... Mrs H. Siddons.
Effie Deans, ... Mrs W. Murray.
Mrs Glass, ... Mrs Nicol.
Mrs Janet Balchristie, ... Miss Stanfield.
Sally, ... Miss Nicol.
Margery Murdochson, ... Miss Penman.
Madge Wildfire, ... Miss Rock.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

1823.

John, Duke of Argyle and Greenwich, Mr Jones.
George Staunton, assuming the name of Robertson, ... Mr Pritchard.
John Dumbie, Laird of Dumbiedikes, Mr Mackay.
David Deans, ... Mr Faulkener.
Reuben Butler, ... Mr Denham.
Mr Bartholine Saddletree, ... Mr Boddie.
Mr Sharpitlaw, ... Mr Mason.
Mr Archibald, ... Mr Lee.
Rasper, ... Mr Miller.
Donald, ... Mr Power.
James, ... Mr Hillyard.
James Ratcliffe, ... Mr Duff.
Black Frank, ... Mr Murray.
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Jeanie Deans, ... Mrs H. Siddons.
Effie Deans, ... Miss Eyre.
Mrs Glass, ... Mrs Nicol.
Mrs Janet Balchristie, ... Miss J. Nicol.
Sally, ... Miss M. Nicoll.
Margery Murdochson, ... Mrs Eyre.
Madge Wildfire, ... Miss Nicol.

THE

HEART OF MID-LOTHIAN.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*View of Edinburgh from the King's Park.*

As the Curtain rises, a distant drum is heard.—GEORGE STAUNTON, *and the Porteous Conspirators, discovered listening.*

Staun. Away! away! Our enterprise is accomplished—Porteous is no more, and the spirit of Wilson is revenged. But, hark!—authority is once more uppermost and most powerful. Disperse! (*Drum heard again.—Exeunt Conspirators.*)—I am weary of this wretched life! and would not fly, nor seek to save myself, but for the sake of my poor—dear girl! To what misery hast thou linked thyself—yet must I see her;—but how?—Her lodgings are deserted—neither mother, child, nor attendant to be seen!—She must have fled to her father's house; but beset as I am, I dare not venture nearer to human habitation! Could I but find means to dispatch a messenger;—yet how that can be done, when all will be vigilance and pursuit, I can scarce determine.

Enter REUBEN BUTLER.

Reuben. Good morning, Sir;—you are on the hill early.

Staun. I have business here.

Reuben. I do not doubt it, Sir; I trust you will forgive my hoping it is of a proper kind.

Staun. Sir, I never forgive impertinence; nor can I conceive what title you have to hope any thing about what in no way concerns you.

Reuben. Conscious as I am of a pure motive, it were better I should incur your contempt for speaking, than the conviction of my own conscience for remaining silent.

Staun. In the name of mischief, what have you to say?—though whom you take me for, or what earthly concern you can have with me, a stranger to you, I cannot guess.

Reuben. From the agitation in your manner, which I observed before our meeting, you are about to violate a law—to commit a crime, that—

Staun. What think you is my purpose here?

Reuben. Self-destruction!

Staun. Your meaning, Sir, I dare say, is excellent; but I am not in this place with violent intentions against any one. I may be bad enough, but I am here to save life, not to take it away. If you wish to spend your time rather in *doing* a good action, than in talking about you know not what, I'll give you an opportunity. (*Goes up the Stage, and points off.*)—Do you see yonder craig to the right, over which appears the chimney of a lone house? Go thither—enquire for one Jeanie Deans, daughter of the good-man;—let her know he she wots of, expects her:—tell her she must meet me, at the Hunter's bog to-night, as the moon rises behind St Anthony's chapel, or she will make a desperate man of me.

Reuben. Who are you, Sir, that dare charge me with such a message?

Staun. I am the *devil*, Sir; aye, call me whatever name you chuse, you shall not find an appellation more odious to him that bears it, than is mine own. I have told you who and what I am,—what is *your* name?

Reuben. Reuben Butler.

Staun. The assistant of the schoolmaster at Libberton?

Reuben. The same.

Staun. Ah! the *very* man we stopp'd last night;—

should he recognise me—no matter! Go your way, and do mine errand; do not look after me: I will neither descend through the bowels of the rocks, nor vanish in a flash of fire; and yet the eye that seeks to trace my motions, shall have reason to curse it was ever shrouded by eye-lid or eye-lash. Begone, and look not behind you;—tell Jeanie Deans, that when the moon rises, I shall expect to meet her at Nichol Muschat's-cairn, beneath St Anthony's well. [*Exit.*

Reuben. Can it be possible! can a profligate, such as the tone and manner of this stranger too surely speak he is, have the power to command my plighted true love—my future wife, at an hour so unreasonable, and a place so improper—a spot rendered frightful and unhallowed by suicide and murder! Yet I will do his bidding, nor, without further proof, doubt the affections of my dear Jeanie. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*View of* DAVID DEANS' *Cottage and Byre.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS *from the Cottage.*

Jeanie. The evening advances—where can my sister stay?—Oh, Effie, dear Effie! I fear to think of what your dreams disclose,—she never stay'd so long. What will our father say? I hope he'll not come in before her. —Hark! sure 'tis her song.

EFFIE DEANS (*sings without*)

The elfin knight sat on the brae,
The broom grows bonny, the broom grows fair,
And by there came lilting a lady so gay,
And we daurna gang down to the broom nae mair.

Enter EFFIE DEANS.

Jeanie. Effie, where hae you been sae lang?

Effie. (*sighing.*) Been?—No-where.

Jeanie. No-where!—I wish a' may be right.

Effie. Weel, I'm sure I never ask you what brings the Laird of Dumbiedikes here, glowering like a wull-cat!

Jeanie. He comes to see our father.

Effie. And Dominie Butler, does he come to see our father? Ah, Jeanie, Jeanie! (*sings.*)

Through the kirk-yard
I met wi' the laird,
The silly puir body he said me nae harm
But just e'er 'twas dark
I met wi' the clerk——

Why Jeanie, Jeanie, girl, in tears!

Jeanie. Effie, Effie! if you will learn foolish songs, you might at least make kinder use of them.

Effie. And so I might, dear girl; and I wish, alas! I had never learned them; and I wish I had never come here, and that my tongue had been blistered or ever I had vexed you.

Jeanie. Never mind that—I cannot be much vexed at any thing you say to me! but oh! do not, do not vex our father. This is not the first time we have spoken thus;—consider your long absence, and your illness, since your return home from staying wi' our cousin Saddletree at Edinburgh;—our father thought what you seemed to have suffered had made you less wild,—and—I cannot talk on't. (*Weeps, and retires up the stage.*)

Effie. 'Tis cruel to remind me of what—I but assume this cheerfulness to drown sad recollection. (*Apart.*) Oh! why did I not formerly, why can I not yet make a friend of so good a sister; good—yet she would hold me no better than the ground beneath her feet, did I confess—oh!

Jeanie. Sister! Effie:

Effie. Forgive me! I will try to deserve it.—I will *not* vex our father,—I will not; and were there as many dances as there are stars in a frosty night, I'd go to them no more.

Jeanie. Dances! sister!

Enter DAVID DEANS.

Deans. Dances! dances, said ye! ye limmers? I daur ye again to name sic a word:—'tis a dissolute and profane pastime; and, as that singular worthy body, Peter

Walker, the packman at Bristo Fort, wad say, better to be born a cripple, like Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than daur to fike and fling at pipers' wind, or fiddlers' squeaking.—Awa wi't, awa wi't, I say!—(*They are going out in tears,—he seems to recal,—and after kindly embracing them, they exeunt into Cottage.*)

Deans. The loss o' my puir wife is a sair hindrance to the weelfare o' thae lasses.—Would they were baith weel sped.—Effie, my darling, nae ane comes to seek her hand: but Jeanie, a good girl, Jeanie.—Let me see—there's Dominie Butler, his Latin may be gude,—the lad's no bad; but then he has nae geer;—wae me, he has nae geer.—There's Dumbiedikes,—a laird too,—if he could but find in his heart to speak, she might find out his meaning.—Let them but wed gude men, and—Eh! here is Dumbiedikes

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES, *dressed something between a Lowlander and a Highlander, with a laced cocked hat, over a characteristic wig, and an empty pipe in his hand.*—JEANIE DEANS *enters before him.*—DAVID DEANS *retires up the Stage.*

Dumb. Jeanie; I say, Jeanie woman! it's a braw day out-bye, and the roads are no that ill for boot-hose.

Jeanie. (*Aside.*) That's much for him! more than he ever said to me before.

Dumb. Jeanie!

Jeanie. (*Aside.*) What will he say next, I wonder?—Weel, Laird?

Dumb. Jeanie woman;—I'm thinking—I'm just thinking——there's your feyther!

Deans. (*Coming forward.*) Jeanie, ye'll do weel to listen to this gude lad, the Laird o' Dumbiedikes; he's no like his feyther.

Dumb. No a bit.

Deans. Nae profane company-keeper.

Dumb. I keep nae company—oh Jeanie!

Deans. Nae drinker.

Dumb. (*Holding up his empty pocket-flask.*) Nane.

Deans. Nae swearer.

Dumb. If I am, I'll be ——

Deans. Laird!

Dumb. Eh! David, that was a mistak.

Deans. Nae frequenter o' music-houses, or play-houses.

Dumb. I hate a play-house, for I never see'd ane in a' my days!

Deans. And though he cleaves to the warld, and the warld's geer owre muckle, yet——

Enter MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE.

Saddle. Jeanie, lassie, there's somebody wantin' ye out-bye.—(*Exit* JEANIE.)—Gude mornin', laird;—yer servant, Mr Deans.

Deans. Gude mornin', Mr Saddletree.

Saddle. Awfu' times these, Mr Deans—awfu' times—awfu' times! As for me, ony wit that ever I had may be said to have abandoned me,—sae that I may sometimes think myself as ignorant as if I were *inter rusticos.* Here, when I arise in the morning, the mob maun get up and string Jock Porteous to a dyester's pole.

Dumb. Hang a man without leave o' the magistrates?—Oh! Jeanie wom—

Saddle. Aye, laird, it's a kittle piece o' wark.—I'm o' opinion, and so, I believe, will my learned friend, Mr Cross-my-loof, and the privy council, that this rising in *effeir* o' war, to tak awa the life o' a reprieved man, will prove little better than *per duellum.*

Deans. I'll dispute that point wi' you, Mr Saddletree.

Saddle. Dispute! dispute, Mr Deans! how can you dispute what's plain law?

Dumb. Plain law!—eh! Jeanie, woman.

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

Deans. What now?—what—what's the matter?

Jeanie. Oh, father! dear father! such a misfortune!

Dumb. Can siller help it, lassie?

Deans. Speak——

Jeanie. Oh! Effie! my poor sister!

Deans. Say! quick!

[illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

Reuben. A young man I met on my way hither, in the Park.

Jeanie. Well?

Reuben. He desired me to tell you, he cannot see you at the hour *proposed*, and wills you to meet him to-night at Muschat's-cairn, when the moon rises.

Jeanie. Then I shall go.

Reuben. Alone?

Jeanie. Alone.

Reuben. May I ask who this man is, you are so willing to meet at such an hour?

Jeanie. We must do much in this world we have little will for.

Reuben. What I saw of him, was not much in his favour. Who, or what is he?

Jeanie. I do not know.

Reuben. What am I to think?

Jeanie. Think only I speak truth. I do not know I have ever seen him, yet must I meet this man; there's life and death upon it.

Reuben. Then tell your father, or take him with you.

Jeanie. I cannot.

Reuben. Take me with you. I'll wait at any distance.

Jeanie. Impossible. My life and safety are in Heaven's hands, and I fear not to risk either on this errand.

Reuben. Then, Jeanie, we indeed must say, farewell; —where there's no confidence, there can be no regard.

Jeanie. I hop'd I had brought myself to bear this parting—for I knew not we should part unkindly.—But I am a woman, your mind is stronger; and if it is made easier by thinking hardly of me, I would not ask you to think otherwise.

Reuben. You are, (what you have ever been,) wiser, better, and less selfish than myself.—But hark! what noise?——

Deans. (*Within.*) Never; no, never! I'll take no part in't, I tell you.

Enter Mr Bartholine Saddletree, *and the* Laird of Dumbiedikes.

Saddle. He'll listen to naething; he'll tak nae steps;

and in spite o' a' my knowledge o' the law, the puir girl maun die.

Reuben and Jeanie. Die!

Dumb. Will siller do naething, Mr Saddletree!

Saddle. Much.

Dumb. I'll be my twenty pounds.

Jeanie. May Heav'n bless you, laird!

Dumb. Eh! Jeanie, woman! why then I dinna care if I mak it thretty.

Saddle. If we a' join to help, that will do bravely; you shall find money,—as counsellor,—every body says, —and I'll gi'e you—

Dumb. What?

Saddle. A' my knowledge o' the law.

Reuben. Alas! can I do nothing?

Saddle. You can collect evidence; only get ony ane to swear the poor girl disclos'd her situation before she was a mither, and she's safe.—I've heard Counsellor Cross-my-loof say sae a thousand times.

Reuben. "Get any body to swear,"—nothing so easy if the thing be true.

Saddle. I dinna ken that, on second thoughts; for, as lawyer Leatherlips justly observes, she has confess'd the murder.

Jeanie. Murder!

Saddle. That is, the birth o' the infant; which a strange woman took away, she kens na whar.

Reuben. I fly to find her out.

Dumb. I wish I could flee; but I'll pay ony body that will flee for me.

Reuben. I'll make enquiry of the unhappy girl herself.—Jeanie, take no rash step—remember. [*Exit.*

Jeanie. Nay, hear me, Reuben.—(*Exit after* REUBEN, *and returns almost immediately.*)

Dumb. Neebour, I'd gang mysel, but my Rory Bean kens but twa ways, that's frae my ain house to this, and frae this to my ain house back again; that's a'.

Saddle. Then awa hame and fetch the thretty pounds.

Dumb. Twenty.—I only said twenty.

Saddle. At first;—but that was under protestation to add and eik.—Ye see, ye craved leave to amend the libel, and mak it thretty.

Dumb. Did I? That maun ha' been when Jeanie gied me a look. Oh dear! how sorry I am; because, if I said sae, I maun do it.—Oh, Jeanie, Jeanie! Didna ye think the tears in Jeanie's ee'n looked like twa big beautifu' laumer beads.

Saddle. Yes; and he who cannot be melted (as Counsellor Brazen-nose says) by the tears o' a pretty woman, has a little owre muckle o' the *fortiter in re* about him—the *fortiter in re*—

Jeanie. Come, Mr Saddletree, let us hasten to assist my poor father. [*Exit* JEANIE *and* SADDLETREE.

Dumb. Forty! I didna sae forty.—I dinna ken what siller ye may hae about ye, Mr Saddletree, but if I had the thretty pounds about me, and as muckle mair, I'd gie it o'er and o'er again, to kiss awa' ae tear frae—— Oh, Jeanie, woman! [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of* DAVID DEANS' *Cottage.*

Enter DAVID DEANS, MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE, *and* JEANIE DEANS.

Jennie. Dear father, it may not be so ill as you judge; she is unable yet to enter into these details. Do but look upon her, and you will think no more of her folly, but only of her penitence.

Deans. Hush, girl, be silent; it does not become a green head to instruct grey hairs. Look on her! what should I see but a vassal o' sin, wha has sauld hersel to waur than heathen bondage!

Saddle. Hae patience, Mr Deans;—patience wins the plea, as Mr Cross-my-loof says.

Deans. I am patient, Mr Saddletree; it becomes me to be patient! But I—to be made in my old days, and under my own roof, a reproach and a shame by my own and dearest child!—Yes—she was my dearest once;—but I will never—never see her mair.

Enter MR SHARPITLAW, OFFICERS, *and the* LAIRD OF DUMIEDIKES.

(*Turning sternly round to them.*) Whom, or what is

it ye seek, gentlemen? Is it not hard, that misery cannot enjoy its privacy, but men will rush to it as to a banquet?

Sharp. Mr Deans, I am a magistrate, and come by authority.

Deans. Very likely, Sir; speak your errand.

Sharp. It is very unpleasant; the discharge of duty is often unpleasant.

Deans. Or there would be little merit in performing it. Speak out at once, Sir. What seek you in this house?

Sharp. You have two daughters, Mr Deans.

Deans. (*With suppressed emotion, but firmly.*) Ochh Sir, only *one* daughter;—there she stands. Come forward, Jeanie; have you any thing to say against *her?* Her name is Jeanie Deans.—It was her mither's;—who is now—blessed be Heav'n! at rest, and removed frae earthly shame and sorrow!

Sharp. My business is with another daughter, Mr Deans;—with a young woman named Effie, or Euphemia.—I—

Deans. I own no such for my daughter.

Sharp. Sir!

Dumb. (*Aside to* Deans.) That's right; stick to that, David;—say you ken naething o' her.—I'll whisk her aff to Dumbiedikes on my grey poney, and nane o' them the wiser.

Sharp. This evasion will not serve, Sir; I know the young woman is your daughter.

Deans. Evasion! I have detested evasion all my life, and none is now intended. She is indeed my daughter, after the world, and according to the course o' nature;—but when she became a trafficker in worldly pleasure, and in sin, she ceased to be a child of mine.

Sharp. If these be your sentiments, Sir, you will the better bear what is to follow. I come to arrest her, for the alleged murder of her infant child!

Deans. How!—What!—murther!—murther!

Jeanie. Father, sister!—Gracious Heav'ns!—it is not, *cannot be so*—oh! Sir! Sir!

Dumb. Jeanie!—Mr Saddletree, keep the officers in play, and I'll get her aff nevertheless. (*Half aside.*)

Deans. (*Overhearing.*) Stand still, laird.—You are a weel meaning man, but you are not a father; you know not how to manage this matter. I—even I—scarce know how to endure the reproach and sorrow. To be the father of a cast-away—a profligate wanton—a murtheress.—I have endured much,—but this—this is sair to bide—sair to bide.

Jeanie. Father! father! dear father!

Sharp. I wish any one else had this business in hand, with all my soul!—but business must be done.—Mr Deans, I must have my prisoner.

Deans. (*Collecting himself with austere gravity.*) You are right, Sir, you shall have your prisoner. In yonder room she sits, (*Pointing to the door of an apartment.*) Take her to you.—She is fitter for any society than ours: fitter for the place to which you will convey her, than for the house o' her father, to which she has brought shame, and misery, and guilt, and such visitors as you.

Jeanie. Oh, my sister! my poor sister! Mr Saddletree—laird—oh stand up for us;—she is innocent, and this will break her heart!

Saddle. Mr Sharpitlaw, I cannot let you arrest the girl, wha is my wife's apprentice, without first seeing your warrant.

Dumb. (*Flourishing his cudgel.*) And if there's a flaw in't, I'll mak a flaw in his scull, that daurs to put it in execution!—Weel said, Dumbiedikes.

Saddle. The warrant is drawn, *rite et legaliter*, and maun be obeyed.

Jeanie. Alas! alas! oh my poor sister! Father! father! (*Sobs violently.*)

Dumb. Dinna tak on sae, Jeanie;—if cudgels winna mend the matter, siller will. Dinna be cast down, David,—siller will mend it.

Deans. Siller! speak not to me o' siller. I tell you that if numbering down my hail substance, wad hae saved a child o' mine frae this black and bloody snare, I wad hae walked forth to beg alms for my bread, with no property save my bonnet and my staff, and called mysel a happy man! but if a penny, or a plack, or the

nineteenth part o' a Scotch farthing, wad save open guilt and open shame frae open punishment, that purchase would Davie Deans never make.

Sharp. (*To* SADDLETREE.) I am sorry, but we can be delayed no longer.

Dumb. But Mr Saddletree, Mr Sharpitlaw,—will not siller do some good, Mr Sharpitlaw?

Sharp. No, no;—not just at present, Mr Dumbie.—Officers do your duty.

(*The* OFFICERS *enter the apartment.* DEANS *throws himself into a seat, placing it so that he may not see* EFFIE *as she is brought out.*)

Deans. Here will I sit;—my eyes shall be closed—my ears shall be shut—my heart shall be steeled—my body may be here—my soul shall be in a higher place.

Effie. (*Within.*) Murder my infant! Oh no! I am innocent! indeed I am. Save me! oh save me!

(EFFIE *is brought out by* SHARPITLAW *and* OFFICERS, *and led along the back of the Scene, followed by* REUBEN BUTLER; *she turns her eyes towards* DEANS *and* JEANIE, *who beholding the affliction of her sister, rushes to her arms.*)

Jeanie. Effie! Effie! dear Effie!—sister! sister! Oh father, look on her!

Deans. (*Sternly keeping his station.*) Leave me! leave me!

(EFFIE *is taken off.*—SADDLETREE *and* DUMBIEDIKES *follow.* JEANIE *runs to her father,—falls on her knees, and hides her face in his lap.* REUBEN *raises his hands in an attitude of prayer.*)

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*A distant view of Edinburgh by moon-light* (*Slow Music as the Curtain rises.*)

Enter MR SHARPITLAW, JAMES RATCLIFFE *and* OFFICERS.

Sharp. Ratcliffe,—that's your name, isn't it?

Rat. Ay, always wi' yer honour's leave.

Sharp. That is to say, you could find me another name if I did not like that one.

Rat. Twenty to pick and chuse upon,—always wi' yer honour's leave.

Sharp. Well, Ratcliffe, ye ken the ground ye're on.

Rat. Weel, right weel, Mr Sharpclaws—Sharpitlaw, I mean; and I ken we're looking for a man it's no easy catching.

Sharp. He was overheard to make an appointment to meet a lass this night at Muschat's-cairn.

Rat. An odd place to meet a bonnie lassie, at the grave o' a murderer!

Sharp. He's little better himself; a fellow who escaped from punishment; and who, for all his disguise as Madge Wildfire, is known to have headed the band that hung Jock Porteous.—You know him; and I do not mean to lose sight of you, till we have him safe.

Rat. Wi' a' my heart. Yet he's a desperate fallow; and tho' I ken this place by day, yet at night these crags and stanes are as like ilk ither, as a collier is to the deevil. Ye might as weel seek to catch moonshine on water.

Sharp. Have you forgot that you are under sentence yoursel?

Rat. That's no easy to forget.

Sharp. And that your pardon, and being jailor to the Tolbooth, depends on your good behaviour?

Rat. Ay, ay, gude behaviour—there's the deevil.—

Madge Wildfire. (*Sings without.*)

Sharp. Who's that?

Rat. Ane wha may prove mair usefu' than mysel; Madge Wildfire; the puir mad lass wha lent some o' her finery to the ringleader o' the riot we are seeking. She often passes the night amang these hills, and if you leave the management o' her to me, she'll guide us were she blindfald.

Sharp. Her mad singing will betray us.

Rat. 'Twill rather out-noise our footsteps; and if he hears her sing, he'll no suspect there's ony body wi' her.

Sharp. That's true.—Egad! perhaps he'll come the sooner for hearing her.—She comes.

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, *fantastically dressed.*

Madge. (*wildly singing, or speaking.*)

I glance like the wildfire thro' country and town,
I'm seen on the causeway, I'm seen on the down,
The light'ning that flashes so bright and so free,
Is scarcely so bright, or so bonny as me.

Rat. Madge, how's a' wi' you, lass?

Madge. Hegh, sirs, daddie Rattin!—they tell'd me ye were hanged.

Rat. Hanged! Damn it, Madge, dinna put ane in mind o' unpleasant reflactions.

Madge. Blythe am I the gallows has miss'd its due:—and anither gentleman, that looks amaist as honest as yersel.

Rat. Madge! Madge! cannot ye guide us to Muschat's-cairn.

Madge. (*Wildly.*) Ay, ay, to the murderer's grave! The wife he slew, and he who slew her, are at peace together.—I spoke to them mysel, and tauld them byganes should be byganes. She wears her corpse-sheet high to hide her throat; but that canna hinder bluid frae seiping thro'.—I wuss'd her to wash it at St Antony's well, as I shall do the band I hae at hame, steeped in an infant's bluid; we'll bleach it in the beams o' the bonnie leddy moon, that's better nor the sun—the sun's o'er het; and ken ye, cummers, my brains are het eneugh already, while the moon shines on purpose to pleasure me when naebody sees her but mysel—(*Sings.*)

Good even, good fair moon, good even to thee,
I pray thee, dear moon, now show to me,
The form and the features, the speech and degree,
Of the man that true lover of mine shall be.

—True love tho' he wasna',—but naebody shall say I ever tauld a word about the matter.—*I wish the bairn had lived* tho'.—Weel, there's a Heaven aboon—(*sighs*) and a bonnie moon, and starns in it forbye—ha! ha! ha!

Sharp. Come, we lose time; if she wont come, drag her forward.

Rat. Aye, Sir, if we kenn'd whilk way.

Madge. This way—(*Beckons them.—They surround her—she kneels and points downwards.*)—That's the way ye'll gang.

Rat. The deevil it is?

Madge. Nickel will be glad to see you, for you are a pair o' the deevil's pets.

Rat. I never shed bluid.

Madge. But ye hae *sauld it*, and wad sell it now.—Folk kill wi' the tongue, as weel as wi' the hand. (*Sings.*)

> It is the bonnie butcher lad,
> That wears the sleeves o' blue;
> He sells the flesh on Saturday,
> On Friday that he slew.

Lead sirs, lead.—I follow wi' this man, and I'll take care o' him; he's mad—he's mad—he's mad!—There, to the to the *right*—to the *right*.

Rat. Aye; I'll bring her onward.

Sharp. I would not trust ye—but I see some one yonder;—keep close—(*to one of the Officers.*)—watch—watch Ratcliffe and that crazed one.

[*Exit with one of the Officers.*

Rat. We follow.—Selling bluid! I am so,—and 'tis murder if I permit my comrade to be taken.—Madge, is there not a song that used to be the signal when gentle Geordie Robertson——

Madge. Dinna name Geordie Robertson,—(*motions to Officer, who exits.*)—When he was in danger once, I sung—

> O sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
> When ye suld rise and ride;
> There's twenty men wi' bow and blade,
> Are seeking where ye hide.

Rat. That the sang, Madge,—that's the sang!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A romantic Scene on the Craigs, crowned with St. Anthony's Chapel.*

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.

Dumb. Weel, here I am at Nichol Muchet's cairn, at

midnight—a place o' murder and deevildom;—and to speak my mind, I wish I were at hame in my ain matted parlour.—I hae heard o' learned men wha fancied rocks at midnight; but in my humble opinion, a weel covered table, wi' twa candles, o' four to the pund, is a much finer night-piece. But if I dinna gie Saddletree the twenty or thretty pounds without loss o' time, puir Effie may lose her life, and then—Eh! wha's this coming?—Hegh, sirs, I'm no lang for this world!—What will become o' me? Oh! Jeanie woman! (*Retires and conceals himself among the rocks.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS,—*fearfully looking round.*

Jeanie. Have I done wrong to venture here alone? Am I deceived, or is my sister's fate so linked with mine, that all turns out for evil?—(GEORGE STAUNTON *suddenly rises from behind the Cairn.*)—Heaven guide me? Is't a spirit?—(*Sinking with terror.*)

Staun. (*After a pause.*) Are you the sister of that ill-fated——

Jeanie. Yes, of Effie Deans. My love for her, in Heaven's name, made me rely upon your strangely written promise; which said, my presence here would save her life. Say, as you hope that Heaven may hear you at your need, what can be done to help her?

Staun. (*Agitated.*) I do *not* hope that Heaven will so hear me,—do not deserve it,—do not expect it will.—You behold a wretch predestined to evil here and hereafter.

Jeanie. Nay, do not—do not speak so; there is mercy for the most guilty, the most miserable.

Staun. If to have been the destruction of the woman that trusted me, and of the innocent child that was born to me—than am I most guilty, and most miserable.

Jeanie. You then are the wicked cause of my sister's fall?

Staun. For which—speak girl—I dare hear all.—For which——

Jeanie. (*Kneeling.*) I pray Heaven to forgive you.

Staun. And will follow my directions to save your sister's life?

Jeanie. I must first know the means?

Staun. No. You must first swear you them.

Jeanie. Sure it is needless to swear; I w is lawful.

Staun. No reservation.—Swear!—or yo whose anger you provoke!

Jeanie. (*Alarmed.*) I will think of it; and

Staun. To-morrow! ha, ha, ha!—Whe to-morrow?—where will *you?*—Mark me the grave of a murderer; one accursed dee been done here; and unless——(*presents a*

Jeanie. O! do not dip your hands in th defenceless creature, who has trusted to sister's sake.

Staun. Then you will promise——

Jeanie. Nothing.—(*falls senseless.*)

Staun. (*After a pause, puts up the pistol.*) another deed is added to the list.—Arise She hears me not.—Hear me!—(*he assis and raise her.*)—Nay, nay, I would not murder of your sister and her child.—Mad, am, I would not hurt you, were the world bribe.—I meant but to alarm you to con your sister.

Jeanie. How? how?

Staun. Nothing can be found against l concealment of her situation;—had she but —And *that* you will recollect cannot but place.—You questioned her as to her lownes —her want of confidence,—and she revealed as her life is at stake, you *must* remember.

Jeanie. (*With agony.*) I cannot rememb never told me.

Staun. Yet this you shall repeat upon yo fore you blood-thirsty court, to save your death, and your magistrates from becoming —Ha! do you hesitate? Would you let only fault has been in trusting me—innocen guiltless as she is, fall like a felon, rather t the breath of your mouth and the sound of to save her?

Jeanie. And why not you, who know her misery, and promised to protect it;—why not you stand forward, and with a clear conscience, give *true* evidence in her behalf?

Staun. A proper witness! who, even to speak to you, am fore'd to chuse an hour and place like this.—Woman!—to whom talk you of a clear conscience?—I have not known one, for—no—many a year.—*I* appear in her behalf! when you see owls and bats fly abroad like larks in the sunshine, than expect to see such as I am in the assemblies of men.

Madge. (*Sings without.*)

When the gledd's in the blue cloud,
  The lavrock lies still;
When the hound's in the green-wood,
  The hind keeps the hill.

Staun. Danger's at hand!

Madge. (*Sings again.*)

O! sleep ye sound, Sir James, she said,
  When ye suld rise and ride;
There's twenty men wi' bow and blade,
  Are seeking where ye hide.

Staun. I am betrayed! and she sings as a signal that danger approaches.—Retire this way,—fear nothing,—you need not;—we may watch their movements from the rock.—(*As he leads* JEANIE *behind the cairn, she drops her cloak, or mantle, in her alarm; and* STAUNTON *gets upon a rock.*)

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, MR SHARPITLAW, JAMES RATCLIFFE, *and* OFFICERS.

Madge. (*Loudly and quick.*) Yes, gentlemen, yes;—just as I tell you.—Blythe will Nickel Muschat be to see you a' at his bloody house.

Sharp. Her noise is enough to raise the dead. Silence her if you should throttle her.—I see some one yonder;—softly, softly now, lads—two shadows—keep close, boys. Steal round the shadow of the rock—do

you two dash at the man;—let me alone for securing the woman. Ratcliffe, stand you fast with Madge.—Now, softly, lads. [*Exit cautiously, with* OFFICERS.

Rat. Sharpitlaw ay chuses the safest side o' the bargain.—Damn it, I am sorry for Robertson.—I wish I dar'd gie him a hint and help him to throw the dogs at fault, without Sharpitlaw's kenning o't. Madge, you limmer, hae ye been skirling a' night like a pea-hen, and cracking like a pen-gun, and are ye silent now? But it's aye the way wi' women, if they haud their gabs ava', ye may swear it's for mischief.—Do you no remember yer auld sang—"Fly for it, fly."—(*Hums the song.*)

Madge. That's no the tune—ye maun sing it thus:—(*Sings aloud.*)

When the glow-worm is glistening,
And your lover is nigh,
There is danger in listening,—
Then fly, lady, fly!

Then fly, lady, fly!

(*As she is singing,* SHARPITLAW *and his attendants steal round the rocks; and as she concludes, they rush on, and dart at* STAUNTON, *who springs down a concealed path, and escapes.* JEANIE *runs towards* SHARPITLAW, *who seizes her.*)

Sharp. Zounds, and the devil, the fox has broke cover!—Chase, lads, chase;—keep the brae;—I see him at the edge of the hill.—Rat, knock out that mad jade's brains.—(*Retires.*)

Rat. Run for it, Madge! It's ill dealing wi' an angry man.

Madge. (*Is going, but catches up the cloak* JEANIE *drops.*) But see—sic a beautiful mantle as my bonnie leddy moon has sent me.—I dare say it will be a coat o' darkness, and mak me invisible.

Rat. Pshaw! quick!—be off! he's coming down the rock!

Madge. Na, na, daddie Rattan.—I'll stand by, and see the end o' the fun, for they canna see me now.—(*Wraps herself up in the cloak, and stands aside.*)

MR SHARPITLAW *brings* JEANIE DEANS *down to the front of the Stage.*

Sharp. And who are you, Madam?—Come! come forward with me, and give an account of yourself.—Who is that fellow that was with you?

Jeanie. A most unfortunate man, who—

Enter the TWO OFFICERS, *dragging in the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.

1st Officer. We have him fast, Sir; he was lurking in the ruins.

Rat. Wha wad hae thought Robertson sae saft as to squat before their noses, and be chapped up like a hare in his form.—I am sure he had law enough.

Sharp. If not, he shall have plenty of it by and bye.

(*As they bring him forward* JEANIE, *finding herself unobserved, draws back and makes her escape.*—MADGE *advances nearly to the place where* JEANIE *stood, as if to see what is going on.*)

Curse your stupidity, this is not Robertson.—Pull off his trot-cosey.—(*They pull of the hood of the trot-cosey.*)

Rat. Robertson! Why 'tis Nicodemus Dumbie—

Dumb. (*Shaking himself loose from the* OFFICERS, *and assuming an air of importance.*) Esquire o' Dumbiedikes—

Rat. Freeholder and Justice o' the Peace, as I can witness—

Dumb. Trustee o' the Roads, and Commissioner o' Supply.

Sharp. Damn it, this may be an awkward scrape.—I hope, Sir, you will excuse a mistake in the way of duty.

Dumb. Ye hae torn my cravat—ruffled my temper—and stolen my mistress.—Never spoke my mind so freely in a' my days afore!

Sharp. We will readily give the girl into your charge, Sir.—Here she is, wrapt up in her mantle, like a pig in a poke.—(*Passes* MADGE *over to him.*)—This is an infernal baulk, but I wont give the matter up!—Disperse, my lads, and search sharp;—one keep the stile at the

Duke's Walk;—one hold the shoulder of the hill.—Ratcliffe, come you with me to the Hunter's Bog.

Rat. Aye, to the Hunter's Bog.

[*Exeunt* SHARP. RATCLIFFE, *and* OFFICERS, *severally.*

Dumb. Come awa then, Jeanie—come awa.—(*Takes hold of* MADGE *by the arm.*)—I'll see ye safe hame to yer feyther's;—and wha kens what I may say to ye by the way.—Moonlight, and a lone hill-side, may help a modest man to speak his mind to the woman he loes!—Come—come alang, Jeanie, and listen to yer Dumbie.—Come—come—Eh! Jeanie, woman!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of* DUMBIEDIKES' *House.*

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *and* MRS BALCHRISTIE.

Dumb. Weel, Mrs Balchristie, I ken it's amaist mornin' and that I hae been out nearly a' night.

Mrs Bal. And ye hae been at Jeanie Deans I reckon.

Dumb. No: I ha'ena been at Jeanie Deans!—I've been wi' Jeanie Deevil, for aught I ken.—Oh, Jeanie, woman!

Mrs Bal. Jeanie woman, indeed! I see how it is.—(*Aside.*) Ah, laird, it fears me that some o' these days ye'll be gaun awa to get married.

Dumb. But no to yer fat niece, Mrs Balchristie, for a' ye brought her a' the way frae Drumbogie on purpose.

Mrs Bal. And do you really mean to change yer condition sune?

Dumb. I dinna ken what I mean to do just yet.—Why, yes, Mrs Balchristie, I think I'll change—my shoon;—so bring my grandfeyther's *robe-de-chambre,* and—Oh, no, I'll fetch it mysel, because I want to—Oh, Jeanie, woman! you ought to hae found out before this, how muckle I lang to mak ye Leddy Dumbiedikes.

[*Exit.*

Mrs Bal. Leddy Dumbiedikes, indeed! No, no; she shall Dumbie nae Dikes here. Jeanie Deans, indeed!

I'll keep her awa frae the laird, I warrant.—My fat niece, too! But he shall hae her;—the lassie's weel eneugh, if she wadna look sae crous-grain'd;—its nae my fau't.—I bang her ilka day to mak her look pleasant; and if nought else will mak her look pleasant, I'll knock her head aff. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Hall of the Tolbooth.*

Enter JAMES RATCLIFFE *and* EFFIE DEANS.

Rat. Weel, weel, my bonnie doo,—you shall see your sister; but I hae a special charge to stay in the ward wi' you a' the time ye are thegither.

Effie. Must it be so?

Rat. Hout, ay, hinny; and what the waur will ye and yer titty be o' Jem Ratcliffe hearin' what ye hae to say to ilk ither. Deil a word ye'll say, that'll gar him ken yer kittle sex better than he kens them already; and anither thing is, that if ye dinna speak o' breaking the Tolbooth, de'il a word will I tell ower that shall do ye ony ill, lassie.

Effie. Oh! blessings on you!

Rat. There, there.—Wait a minute and you shall see her. [*Exit.*

Effie. Hark! 'tis her step!

Re-enter JAMES RATCLIFFE *with* JEANIE DEANS.

(*The two sisters rush into each other's arms.—A pause.*)

Jeanie. Ye are ill, Effie;—ye are ill!

Effie. Oh, what would I give to be ten times worse, Jeanie!—And our father;—but I am his bairn nae langer. I hae nae freend left in the world. Oh that I were lyin' dead by my mither's side!

Rat. Hoot, lassie, dinna be sae dooms down-hearted as a' that; there's mony a toad hunted that's no killed. Advocate Langtail has brought folks thro' waur snappers than a' this; and no a cleverer agent than Nicol Novit e'er drew a bill o' suspension.

Jeanie. Oh, Effie, had ye but trusted me;—if ye had but spoken a word. If I were free to swear that ye had said but a word, they couldna hae touch'd yer life this day.

Effie. Could they not? Who told you that? Was it him?

Rat. Hout! what signifies keeping the lassie in a swither. I'se uphaud it's been Robertson that's learned ye that doctrine, when ye saw him at Muschat's-cairn.

Effie. And he wanted ye to say something that would save my young life!

Jeanie. He wanted me to forswear myself.

Effie. And ye tauld him, that ye wadna hear of coming between me and the death I am to die; and me no eighteen years old yet.

Rat. I maun needs say that's hard; that when three words o' your mouth wad gie the lassie the chance to nick the woodie, ye mak sic scruple o' rapping to them.

Jeanie. Never speak mair o't; it's just as weel as it is.

Effie. Ye'll come back and see me before—

Jeanie. And are we to part thus, and you in sic deadly peril? Oh, Effie, look, and say what ye wad hae me do.

Effie. No, Jeanie, I'm better minded now. At my best I was never half sae good as you were; and what for should ye begin to mak yoursel waur to save me, now I am no worth the saving.—Let life gang, when gude fame is gane before it.

Enter OFFICER.

Rat. Come, lassie, we maun awa.

Jeanie. Oh, if it stood with me to save you with the risk of my life.—May heaven direct me! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*The Parliament Close.*

Enter MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE, *and the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES.

Dumb. Nay; but gude Maister Saddletree, is the puir lassie to be tried sae early?

Saddle. 'Deed is she, laird. They've ta'en her frae the Tolbooth to the Parliament House, and I'll follow and see what's to become o' her.

Dumb. And is her feyther there? and puir dear Jeanie woman, is she there too?

Saddle. Ay, she's there, and Dominie Butler too. I'm thinking he'll be stapping in between you and yer Jeanie woman.

Dumb. Never mind his stapping in; but do you stap out, and bring us word.

Saddle. I'll do that laird. Jeanie beggit a wee bit at first, about what she might say; but I ken law enough, I warrant you, to bring her through. Leave me alane for whoolying an advocate. It's only garring them trow that ye've twa or three cases o' great importance on hand, and then they are glad to work cheap for the sake o' yer custom. And after a', there's nae harm in taking a' ye can frae thae lawyer chiels, for it's but the wind o' their mouth, and, by my certie, that's costs them naething!—But I maun awa, laird, for it's a *prima faciæ* case.

Dumb. Aye, it's a fashious case.

Saddle. But never ye fear, laird;—rest satisfied I'll mak a' right.—I ken the law, laird. [*Exit.*

Dumb. That's a comfort! I hae mair faith in the siller, than in a' the law in Edinburgh.—But here's news coming.

Enter REUBEN BUTLER.

Weel, Dominie Butler, how goes it?

Reuben. I could not bear to remain.—Jeanie, poor Jeanie, is in the witness seat. Her sister cried with piercing shrieks, "Save me! save me!—a word will do it." The poor old man fell upon the floor;—and see they bring him hither.

DAVID DEANS *is supported on.* REUBEN BUTLER *meets and assists him.*

Courage! Courage, Sir, all will go well; Jeanie will do her duty;—what that is, I am unacquainted with.—But——

Deans. Yes, I have one daughter, who will do her duty. (*Noise without, as if of the Court breaking up.*) Hark! what noise?

Reuben. There is some agitation among the people. —Can the Court be rising?

Deans. She is condemned! Where is my other child?

JEANIE DEANS *rushes on and falls in her father's arms, followed by* MR BARTHOLINE SADDLETREE.

Jeanie. Oh! feyther!—I have killed her.—(*She faints.*)

They form a group around her.—Solemn Music.—Procession of the Town-guard, with Lochaber axes.— EFFIE DEANS, *pale, and her hair dishevelled, in the midst, followed by* JAMES RATCLIFFE.—*She kneels to her father.*

Effie. Father!

[DEANS *hides his face with his hands.*—EFFIE *turns to go towards the Tolbooth.*—JEANIE *recovering runs toward her sister, who repels her.*—JEANIE *kneels.*—EFFIE *breaks from her, and departs.*]

Effie. A word would have saved me, and she would not speak it.

Jennie. Sister!—Effie!—I will save thee yet!

Effie. A word would have saved me, and she would not speak it.

[*Music.*—EFFIE *faints in* RATCLIFFE'S *arms.*—JEANIE *falls.*—REUBEN *kneels beside her, and* DAVID DEANS *is supported by* DUMBIEDIKES *and* SADDLETREE.]

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*Exterior of the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES' *Mansion.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

Jeanie. 'Twas true she said—a word would have

sav'd her, and I wadna speak it. Yet I did not deserve her reproach; for though I dare not soil my conscience, ev'n for a sister's sake, they little know what else I dare. (*Knocks at the door.*) But money will be wanting—poor Reuben Butler has it not; but this is the house of one who wishes me to think he means me well; and though I am about to ask a favour, I must not let him build on ought but gratitude in return for it. (*Knocks again*—MRS BALCHRISTIE *comes to a window below.*)

Mrs Bal. What the de'il are ye, scooping about a decent body's house at sic an hour i' the morning?

Jeanie. I would speak wi' the laird.

Mrs Bal. And do you think his honour has nae mair to do than speak wi' every idle tramper that gangs the gait?—Hae ye nae name, woman?

Jeanie. Dear Mrs Balchristie, do ye no mind Jeanie Deans?

Mrs Bal. Jeanie Deans? Jeanie Deevil! a pretty spat o' wark ye and yer light limmer o' a sister hae made o't;—and the like o' you to come to an honest man's house, and want to be in a decent batchelor gentleman's room, and him in his bed.—Gae wa', gae wa'!—bundle up your pipes and tramp.—Awa' wi' ye; or I'll cry up the men-folk, and hae ye dookit in the burn for yer impudence.

The LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *appears in his nightgown at the window above.*

Dumb. Hark ye, Mother Balchristie; hark ye, ye auld deevil, wha the de'il gae ye permission to guide an honest man's daughter that gait?

Mrs Bal. I spak but for the credit o' the house; and may be I mistook ae sister for the ither; and ane o' them is no sic a creditable acquaintance.

Dumb. Haud yer tongue, ye auld jade; the warst hussey that e'er stood i' shoon may ca' you cousin.—(MRS BALCHRISTIE *goes from the window.*)—Jeanie, woman, come in.—Nae, I'll let ye in mysel; dinna mind that auld trumpery.—(*Exit from the window.*)

Mrs Bal. (*Opening the door.*) There; gang in bye.—

Lassie, if ye had an appointment wi' the laird, ye might hae tauld me.

Jeanie. I hae nae appointment wi' the laird; and I had rather speak to him where I am.

Dumb. (*Entering from the door.*) Mrs Balchristie, get breakfast and a good fire, and let's hae nae mair o' your sculduddery. (*Exit* Mrs Balchristie.) And now, Jeanie, come in lass, and rest after yer walk.

Jeanie. I hae na time to rest.—I must gae twenty miles ere night, if feet will carry me; the twa words I hae to say, I could hae tauld you at the window—but that Mrs Balchristie——

Dumb. The deevil flee awa wi' Mrs Balchristie, and he'll hae a weary load o' iniquity.—I'm laird o' the house, and can manage every body in it, except Rory Bean, my poney—that is, when I'm put in a passion.

Jeanie. I am gaun a lang journey, without my feyther's knowledge.

Dumb. That's no right—that's no right, Jeanie.

Jeanie. If I were ance at London—I hae letters to the Duke of Argyle, who will speak to the Queen for my sister's life.

Dumb. Whew! the lassie's demented.—The Queen, too! when she's sae angry wi' us just now, for hanging up Jock Porteous, the captain o' the Town Guard, that she burst her very bobbins, while the King was ready to kick his wig out o' the window.—Gang to London, indeed! Why, Jeanie, woman, ye'r out o' yer senses.

Jeanie. I am gaun to London, if I beg my way, which I'm like to do, unless you lend me a sma' sum.—Little will do—my feyther's a man o' substance, and will never let you loose it.

Dumb. Jeanie!

Jeanie. I see ye'r no for assisting me.—Fare ye weel, —gang an' see my feyther now an' then.—He'll be very lanely.—(*Going.*)

Dumb. Where's the silly lass going.—I wad hae answered ye before, but the words stuck in my throat; ye sall hae my haill strong box, or I'll mak ye Leddy Dumbiedikes before sun-set, and then ye may ride to London in yer ain coach.

Jeanie. That can never be,—my sister's situation—the family disgrace—

Dumb. That's my business; and if ye hadna been a fule, ye wadna hae mentioned it. But I like ye the better for't,—and ne wise body's eneugh in ae family.—Weel, if your heart's sae fu' at present—come and tak what siller wull serve you, and let us wed when ye come back again—as gude syne as sune.

Jeanie. But, laird, I mun ay tell ye the truth.—Ye're a guid freend, but I like anither lad better; and I canna marry you.

Dumb. What! better than me, when you've ken'd me sae lang?

Jeanie. I've ken'd him langer.

Dumb. Is't possible, Jeanie!—it canna be!—Only come in, and look at my gear; ye ne'er saw the hauf o' it: A strong box fu' o' bags o' gold;—nae goldsmith's bills;—and the rental-book 300 a-year, Jeanie!—and my mither's wardrobe, and my grandmither's silks that stand on end, lace like cobwebs, and rings like star-light night. They're up in the chaumer;—come and see.

Jeanie. It canna be, laird; I wadna break my word to him, if ye'd gie me a barony.

Dumb Him,—wha is he?

Jeanie. Reuben Butler.

Dumb. What!—a dominie's deputy!—the son o' a cottar!—he hasna in his pouch the value o' the black coat he wears. Weel, Jeanie, lass—wilfu' woman will hae her way;—a fair offer is nae cause o' feud;—ae man may bring a horse to the water, but twenty winna gar him drink; and as to wasting my siller on ither fo'k's sweethearts, why—

Jeanie. I do not wish it, Sir;—guid morning.—Ye hae been kind to my feyther, and it's no in my heart to think any otherwise than kindly o' you. [*Exit.*

Dumb. But, Jeanie! Jeanie, woman! stay till I—there she goes down the hill, and here I'm standing like—Why, hollo! Mrs Balchristie! it's all along o' her, and I'll bundle her and her muckle fat niece out o' the house directly.—(*Going to the door, meets* MRS BALCHRISTIE.)

Mrs Bal. Was ye wanting me, laird?

Dumb. Gang to the deevil, ye auld limb o' Satan.—(*Pushes her in.*)

SCENE III.—*A View on the Road to London.*

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

Jeanie. Must I then beg my way to London?—Yet if I return and ask my puir feyther for money, he'll never let me go; and something tells me that I must succeed. 'Twas hard in the laird;—yet I had no right to look for other success.—(*Going.*)

Dumb. (*Without.*) Why, Jeanie! Jeanie, woman! stop I tell you.—(*Enters.*)—Stay; they say one should na tak a woman at her first word.

Jeanie. Aye, but ye may tak me at mine.

Dumb. Weel, then, ye should na tak a man at his first word.—Here, tak this;—(*Giving a purse.*)—tak it lassie—ye maunna gang without siller; and I'd gie ye my pouey, Rory Bean, into the bargain, but he's as wilfu' as yersel, and will never gang ony but his ain road.

Jeanie. But, laird, though I ken that my feyther will pay every penny o' what may be here, yet I would na borrow o' ane wha may expect mair than siller back again.

Dumb. There's just twenty-five guineas in goud, and whether yer feyther pays or disna pay, I mak ye free o't;—gang whar ye like, do what ye like, marry a' the Butlers i' the country, gin ye like,—and sae gude morning till ye, Jeanie.

Jeanie. And heaven bless ye, laird, wi' mony a good morning; and peace and happiness be wi' ye till we meet again. [*Kisses his hand, and exit.*

Dumb. Good bye, Jeanie, woman!—(*Whimpering.*) I hae nae body now but Rory Bean, my poney, to care a bawbee for; and if I hae ony mair o' his obstinacy, I'll gie him sic a banging.—Eh! what does these mad cattle want?

Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON *and* MADGE WILDFIRE.

Marg. Eh, bonnie laird, winna ye pit down a wee puckle o' siller for my puir crazy bairn and mysel, gin ye will?

Dumb. Puckle o' siller, and be hang'd to ye!—wha are ye? what d'ye want? [*Exit* MARGERY.

Madge. Waes my heart! dinna ye ken me, laird?—didna ye speak yer mind to me by Muschat's-cairn, when our bonnie Leddy Moon was rowing aboon in her braw siller coach?

Dumb. This comes o' speaking my mind in the dark.

Madge. Come awa, my bonnie laird.—The priest waits, a badger, and twa wild cats,—and the jack ass is to gie awa the bride.

Dumb. Is he? The bridegroom will be the bigger jack ass o' the twa.

Marg. (*Without.*) Madge!

Madge. Hush! here comes my mither, laird! no a word to her o' the wedding, or she might not think it respectfu', ye ken.

Re-enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON.

Marg. Ye ne'er-do-weel, will ye be o'erta'en by the Town Guard,—and we're run aff our feet already.

Madge. Hegh, Sirs! the Town Guard is at our heels, for helping Jeanie Deans, and gentle Geordie, the outlaw, to get awa frae Jem Ratcliff, the keeper o' the Tolbooth. Are na we a hopefu' family, to be twa o' us in a scrape at ance? But there were better days wi' us ance—were there na, mither?

Marg. It's a' yer ain scrape, thou Bess o' Bedlam; thou sall taste nought but bread and water for the plague ye gie me; and owre gude for ye, ye idle tawpie. Come alang wi' ye.

Madge. Our minnie's sair misset; she'll hae had some quarrel wi' her auld gudeman;—that's—ye ken, Sir,—when the gudeman and her dinna agree, then I maun pay the piper;—but my back's braid eneugh to bear it a', Sir.

Marg. Madge! ye limmer, if I come to fetch ye——

Madge. Hear till her.—But I'll dance i' the moonlight yet, when her and her gudeman will be whirrying thro' the lift on a broomshank.

Marg. Will ye come, hussey? [*Exit.*

Madge. Coming, mither,—coming.—I'm coming,—where—

Up i' the air
On my bonnie grey mare,
And I see, and I see her yet.

[*Exit.*

Dumb. There's a mad deevil for ye. Oh, Jeanie, woman! I do think that Rory Bean will be sorry when he hears Jeanie is gane. I'm glad she took the siller, tho';—it gars my heart gae up and down as gaily as Rory on a mountain trot. Yes, Rory's a nice animal; and—Eh!—why, what do I see? There's the auld witch and her mad daughter half a mile awa, riding Rory aff full gallop. I never could get him to gang that pace in a' my life. Stop 'em!—Oh dear! dear! that ever I should live to see Rory Bean turned into a witch's broomstick!—Stop 'em!—stop 'em! [*Runs off.*

SCENE II.—*A Landscape, with a Picturesque Bridge and Waterfall.*

GEORGE STAUNTON *passes cautiously over the Bridge.*

Staun. I am not mistaken. She comes, and my assistance will not be too late.

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

I have heard your generous purpose, and it already half expiates the cruel caution that withheld your evidence in favour of poor Effie; but you will never be able to pursue your journey on foot.—Here's gold.

Jeanie. I have enough already—see.

Staun. Conceal it then; or, should the numerous predatory bands who line this road molest you, shew them

this,—(*gives a paper.*)—'twill be your certain safeguard, unless, indeed, that hag, the maniac's mother meet you. —She's a fiend, and such a one, no tie, no fear can bind her.

Jeanie. Heaven, who inspired my errand, will protect me!

Staun. What introduction have you to Argyle?

Jeanie. My Reuben's father saved his father's life, and from him I have letters which——

Staun. Will be useless. Nothing more treacherous than a great man's memory. I'll furnish you with that which, with the Queen herself, will serve you to command the pardon you would sue for.

Jeanie. Command it!

Staun. Yes.—You are aware of the late insurrection in your city. Rewards of every kind are offered for its leader.—Go, and make your terms;—denounce him, and I'll bring him to their hands;—but, first, mark above all things, gain your sister's pardon. Be sure of it;—be sure of it;—it will be given gladly.

Jeanie. I cannot turn betrayer, even if I knew him.

Staun. Know him in me!—I am that leader, and shall with my life,—too little sacrifice!—in some degree atone for the sad, sad wrongs I caused my poor lost Effie.

Jeanie. I shall not need;—will not—cannot do it.

Staun. I will be at hand, then; and if other means succeed not, I will make my own conditions;—for by the love I bear her, she shall not perish! [*Exit.*

Jeanie. No; it will be happiness to save a life,—but no one shall e'er owe its loss to Jeanie.

Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON, *and* MADGE WILDFIRE, *upon the bridge.*

Madge. Mither, the horse has drapped wi' fatigue.—'Twas a braw gallop.

Marg. We are near our haunt.—See wha is yon?

Madge. A braw gude-day to ye, Jeanie Deans!—What mak ye here, lassie?

Jeanie. My name?

Madge. Why dost think we know it not? Dost think we know not him with whom you spoke but now;—

him the feyther o' yer sister's bairn!—The feyther too o' mine!—*mine!*

Jeanie. Thine!—But 'tis to be as mad as herself to listen to her.

Madge. And I ken o' a bird can sing the secret o' that sister's bairn.

Marg. Peace, idle gossip!—Peace, I say!

Madge. Then I repeat, I *do;* yes, do know o' that bairn.—Nay, threat not, *thou* canst tell as well as I can, where my babe is laughing;—laughing to think that innocent blood will rise, tho' buried ten worlds deeper than the grave. [*Exit.*

Marg. Out on thee, bedlamite! away, I say.

[*Exit after her.*

Jeanie. I dare not go the way they take;—even the unknown foe to Effie's virtue, warned me against those women.—But see, two ruffian-looking men! nay, then, speed befriend me, there is no other way.—(*Music.—She runs off.*—BLACK FRANK *and* TYBURN TAM *enter, and see her on the Bridge.—She runs off the Bridge.—They follow her.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE V.—*A Barn.*

Enter BLACK FRANK, *and* TYBURN TAM, *dragging in* JEANIE DEANS.

Frank. Your money, my precious, and quickly too,—your money or your life.

Jeanie. Good gentlemen, there's life and death depends upon my journey—Leave me but what will purchase bread and water on my way, and I'll be satisfied, thank and pray for you.

Tam. Don't want prayers—money—come—money.

Jeanie. Stay, gentlemen, I had forgot; perhaps you know this paper.—(*Presenting one.*)

Frank. Why, if I had ever seen it before, I might perhaps know the paper; but as to the letters on't, why, may be *you* can read it.—(*Gives it to* TAM.)—Not that it matters, for we take nobody's papers while cash is to be had.

Tam. The girl must pass, Frank, by our law.—'Tis the captain's passport.

Frank. Captain! What captain?—He has left us.

Tam. True; but we may want him yet.

Frank. But didn't our old governess charge us to stop this very girl, take all her cash, and send her home again.—Didn't she say, she wish'd to be reveng'd on her whole family, because her sister that is in the Tolbooth at Edinburgh, had taken the Captain's love from poor crazy Madge, her daughter?

Enter MARGERY MURDOCHSON, *from an apartment, cutting a stick with a large knife.*

Marg. Now, Milksops, are ye fear'd o' a weary-footed lass;—search her—and turn her adrift upon the waste, or ——

Tam. No;—she has a pass from the Captain.

Marg. From him! Then she shall die!—(*Raises her knife to stab* JEANIE.—FRANK *arrests her arm.*)

Frank. Some day, but not just now.—Die!—Harkye, Mother Murder-love, we'll do our promise, and no more.—We're bad enough, but not what *you* would make us.

Marg. Call me that name again, and I'll dye this knife in the best colour of your heart, you caitiff.

Frank. She's been mixing her own whisky—Eh! Mother Mur——(MARGERY *suddenly throws the knife at him, it sticks in the door of the Barn.*)

Tam. Well miss'd, Frank.

Frank. (*Taking the knife.*) And now Beldame, I've a mind to teach you.—But no—I'll punish you, by taking care of the poor girl.—She shall not go forward on the London road; but you shall not harm a hair of her head, were it only for your insolence.—(*He forces* MARGERY *down on a seat.*)

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE.

Madge. Eh! what's this? Douce David Deans' daughter at a gypsie's barn, and her sister in the Heart o' Mid-Lothian—the Tolbooth o' Edinburgh!—Aweel—aweel! I'm sorry for her;—it's my mither wishes her *ill, and no me,* though may be I hae as muckle cause.

Tam. Hark ye, Madge, you havn't quite such a touch of the devil as the hag your mother.—Take this young woman to your corner of the barn.

Frank. And take good care of her, d'ye mind.

Madge. That I will, Frank; for it's no for decent Christian young leddies, like her and me, to be keeping the like o' you, and Tyburn Tam, company at this hour; sae good morning, and good day, and good night, and mony o' them; and may ye a' sleep 'till the hangman wake ye, and then it will be weel for the country.—(*Conducts* JEANIE *to the bench, in the interior apartment, and draws the door after her.*)

Tam. Well, mother, what have ye done with the laird's horse; did you leave him to perish?

Marg. Nay, I put him to his supper.

Frank. Where?

Marg. E'en in Gaffer Gabblewood's wheat close.

Tam. The devil you did!—and why?

Marg. Why?—What ill will the young wheat do to Rory Bean? He ha'na fed sae weel this twelve months.

Frank. What ill?—what good will it do us?—When he's found in such quarters, we shall have the whole country on the look-out for us.—Tom, go fetch him in.

Tam. To be sure, it's Tom's share to do all the work. [*Exit.*

Frank. Certainly.—Tom, leap, you're long enough.—Miss the soft ground, and don't leave the marks of his feet.—And now, mother, tell us what's your spite against this poor girl: She has the true pass; and, without good reason, rot me if she shall be touched.

Marg. She's going to London for a pardon for her sister.

Frank. What's that to thee, Dame?

Marg. If she gains it, the Captain marries that sister.

Frank. And who cares then?

Marg. Who cares, you donnard? Is he not sworn to my Madge?

Frank. Sworn to a moon-calf!—Marry Madge Wildfire! ha! ha! ha!

Marg. Suppose he never does, is that any reason, he should marry another, and that other to hold my daughter's place, because she's cras'd and I a beggar, and all

by him? But I know that of him will hang him, had he a thousand lives—I know that which will *hang!* HANG! HANG the villain!

Frank. Then why dost you *hang!* HANG! HANG him? and not wreak your vengeance on two wenches who never did you ill?

Marg. For revenge on him through them.—Revenge! I have wrought hard for it; I have suffered for it; I have sinned for it;—and I will have it!

Frank. Then why not hang him?

Marg. He was my foster-child.—I nursed him here; and though he has been an adder to me,—the destruction of me and mine, I cannot take his life.—I have thought of it.—I have tried it—I have tried it,—but I cannot go through with it.—He was the first bairn I ever nurs'd; and man can never tell what woman feels for the bairn that she has first held to her bosom.

Frank. You have not always been so kind to other bairns.

Marg. Wha wad hurt bairns?—May be I'll hae the villain think his bairn's dead—but 'tis provided for.—Poor Madge lost her's,—that craz'd her.—For the other—why, perhaps, Madge in a craz'd fit, threw it into the Nor' loch.

Madge. (*From the door.*) Indeed, mither, that's a great fib; for I did nae sic thing.

Marg. Sleep deevil, wilt thou? By my faith I had forgotten, the other wench might have overheard us.

Frank. That were dangerous.

Marg. Rise Madge; open the door, or I'll gar ye rue it.—(MARGERY *opens the door.*—JEANIE *appears to be sleeping.*—MARGERY *passes a lamp across her face; then looking at the knife, raises it—when* MADGE *interposes; and* FRANK, *keeping a watchful eye on* MARGERY, *observing her about to strike, catches her arm.*)

Frank. No! rot me if you do, Mother Murder-love. (*Turns the old woman from the door, and closes it.*)—She's as fast as if she were in Bedfordshire.—Why, I don't understand a glim of your story, or what good it will do you to hang one wench, and torment the other.—But rot ye, I'll be true to my friend; and since ye're so determined, I'll get her to the beach, and so on

heard Mat Moonshine's lugger for a week or two.—But rot me if any one shall harm her further, unless they mean to chop upon a brace of those pills.—(*Producing a pair of pistols.—A whistle is heard,* TYBURN TAM *peeps in.*)

Tam. (*Entering.*) Meg! Frank! this way; you have no time to lose;—they have found the horse in the wheat-close, and suspect us to have stolen him. I overheard.—We have no time to lose—haste this way.

Frank. And the lasses—

Tam. No one will harm them—come along.

(*Music.—They go cautiously out, and* MADGE *peeps on—looks out, and returns,—and leads* JEANIE *from the door.*)

Madge. Hush!—saftly—they're awa! and we'll e'en awa too;—we'll awa out and tak a walk. Ye needna be afraid to walk wi' me; it's no that I wish ye out o' these folk's hands—they're vera gude. But I dinna think it has ever been weel wi' my mither and me, sin' we kept them company.

Jeanie. Any thing,—any way,—any where, only to escape. I hae heard enough to know my sister's bairn yet lives; and if I can find where, frae this puir lassie.—(*Aside.*)

Madge. Come! come! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Wood.*

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE, *leading* JEANIE DEANS.

Jeanie. Shall we not walk on the high road?—It's better walking than among these wild bushes?

Madge. Aha, lass! are ye gaun to guide us that gate?—Ye'll be for makin' yer heels save yer head, I'm judging.

Jeanie. Are ye sure ye ken the way yer taking us?

Madge. Ken it! and what for no? There are some things, Jeanie, ane can ne'er forget.—Here! here! look here!—See where lies my bairn, my wee bit bonnie bairn!—dead! cold!—Oh Lord! Oh Lord!—(*Throws herself on the grave.—*JEANIE *attempts to recover and raise her.*) Let me alane—let me alane! it does me good

to weep.—I canna shed tears but ance or twice a-year; and I ay come to wet this turf wi' them, that the flowers may grow fair, and the grass may be green.

Jeanie. But what's the matter with you?

Madge. There's matter enough; amaist mair than my mind can bear.

Jeanie. Why d'ye weep sae bitterly?

Madge. Why do I weep sae bitterly?—Stay a bit, and I'll tell ye a about it, for I like ye, Jeanie Deans; a' body spoke weel about ye;—and I mind the drink o' milk ye gae me, when I had been on Arthur's Seat for four-and-twenty hours, looking for the ship that gentle Geordie was sailing in.

Jeanie. (*Apart.*) I do remember.—But ye spoke o' a child; is it your child; or—

Madge. Aye, mine.

Jeanie. I am very sorry for yer misfortune!

Madge. What wad ye be sorry for? The bairn was a blessing; that is, it wad hae been a blessing, if it had na been for my mither; but my mither's a strange woman;—she was deav'd wi' its crying,—so she put it awa in below the turf there: And, oh! I think she buried my best wits wi't; for I hae nae been just mysel since. 'Tis past! 'tis past!—'tis a' past awa!—but i' the grave there's rest for a',—rest for puir Effie,—for my bonnie bairn, and the distracted,—heart-broken,—mad Madge Wildfire!—(MADGE *falls senseless upon the grave.*—JEANIE *bends over her.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Study of the* DUKE OF ARGYLE.—DONALD *and* SERVANTS *arranging the books, &c.*

Enter MR ARCHIBALD.

Arch. Come, bustle about, lads, bustle about;—my

Lord Duke will be here himsel, and we maun be a' ready to attend him to the court, or to the city, or to wherever he may wish to gang.

Don. There's a Scotch young woman below, Mr Archibald, wha has travelled a' the way and walked the maist o't frae Edinburgh, to speak ae word wi' his grace;—d'ye think he'll see her?

Arch. What sort o' a lassie is she?

Don. Sae fu' o' grief, ane can hardly mak her out.

Arch. A female wi' a tear i' her e'e,—that's the best passport till a MacCallummore's heart that a body wad desire. But, 'od save us—stand aside—here comes my Lord Duke.

Enter the DUKE OF ARGYLE.

Duke. Well, Archibald, what's the news, that you knock your mull so hard to-day?

Arch. It's naething new for the distrest to seek redress frae the Duke o' Argyle;—there's a puir lassie below, a cuintriewoman o' our ain, wha has walkit a' the way, or maist o't, frae auld Reekie, and wad humbly ask audience o' yer grace.

Duke. What can have brought the simpleton to London? Some lover sent on ship-board, or some stock sunk in the hopeful South Sea speculation, and no one to manage the matter but MacCallummore. Well, show our countrywoman up; its ill manners to keep her in attendance.—(*Exit* ARCHIBALD.)—Even popularity has its inconveniencies. My northern friends little imagine the small extent of my present influence here; and I know no greater pain than to be ask'd a favour, and lack the power to grant it.—

Enter MR ARCHIBALD, *introducing* JEANIE DEANS.—*She makes a respectful curtsey, and crosses her hands upon her bosom.*

Would you speak with me or the Duchess, my bonnie lassie?

Jeanie. My business is wi' yer honour—my Lord.—I mean yer Lordship's Grace.

Duke. And what is it, my good girl?—(JEANIE *diffidently looks at* ARCHIBALD.)—Leave us, Archibald, and remain in the anti-room. (*Exeunt* ARCHIBALD *and* SERVANTS.) Sit down, my good lass,—take your breath,—take your time. I guess by your dress you are from poor old Scotland,—did you come thro' the streets in your tartan plaid?

Jeanie. No, Sir; a friend brought me in ane o' their street coaches; a very decent woman.—Yer Lordship's grace kens her; its Mrs Glass, at the sign o' the thistle.

Duke. Oh, my worthy snuff-merchant: I have always a chat with Mrs Glass when I purchase my Scotch high-dried. But now, my bonnie woman, your business;—time and tide, you know, waits on no man.

Jeanie. Yer honour—I beg yer honour's pardon, I mean to say yer Grace—

Duke. Never mind my Grace, lassie; just speak out a plain tale, and shew you have a Scots tongue in your head.

Jeanie. Sir, I am muckle obliged to ye;—Sir, I am the sister o' that puir unfortunate Effie Deans, wha is under sentence at Edinburgh.

Duke. Ah! I have heard of that unhappy story.—I think Duncan Forbes mentioned it at dinner the other day.

Jeanie. And I cam up frae the north, Sir, to see what could be dune for her i' the way o' gettin' a reprieve, or pardon, Sir, or the like o' that.

Duke. Alas! my poor girl, you have made a long journey to little purpose.—Your sister is ordered for execution.

Jeanie. But I am gi'en to understand, that there's a law for reprieving her, if it be the King's pleasure.

Duke. Certainly there is,—but that is purely in the King's breast; and then the crime has been so frequent of late, that the most eminent of our lawyers think it right there should be an example. Now what argument have you, my poor girl, except your sisterly affection, to offer against all this. What is your interest?—what friends have you at Court?

Jeanie. Nane,—excepting God and yer Grace.

Duke. Alas! it is a cruel part.—Our situation, young

woman,—I mean of the situation of men in my circumstances, that the public ascribe to them influence which they do not possess; and that individuals are led to expect from them assistance, which we have no means of rendering, but candour and plain dealing is in the power of every one; and I must not let you imagine you have resources in my influence which do not exist, to make your distress the heavier. I have no means of averting your sister's fate—she must die.

Jeanie. We maun a' dee, Sir,—it is a common doom; but we shudna hasten ilk ither out o' the warld—that's what yer honour kens better than me.

Duke. My good young woman, you seem well educated for your station; and must know by your own argument, that the murderer, (who hastens another out of the world) by the law of heaven and man, shall surely die.

Jeanie. But, Sir, Effie—that is, my poor sister, Sir, canna be proved to be a murderer, Sir;—'tis the concealment only.

Duke. I am no lawyer; and I own I think the statute appears a severe one.

Jeanie. Yer a law-maker, Sir; and, wi' yer leave, maun therefore hae power o'er the law.

Duke. Not in my individual capacity;—though as one of a large body, I have a voice in the legislation.—But that cannot serve you;—nor have I at present, I care not who knows it, so much personal influence with the Sovereign, as would entitle me to solicit from him the most insignificant favour. What could tempt you, young woman, to apply to me?

Jeanie. It was yoursel, Sir.

Duke. Myself!—You never saw me before.

Jeanie. No, Sir; but the world hae seen that ye are ay yer country's freend.—Ye fight for the right;—ye speak for the right;—a' wha are wranged seek refuge under yer shadow.—And if ye wunna stir to save the life o' an innocent countrywoman o' yer ain, what shou'd we expect frae strangers?—and maybe I had anither reason for troubling your Grace.

Duke. And what is that?

Jeanie. My grandfather and yours laid down their

lives thegither for their country;—and ane wha takes concern for me, wished me to gang to yer Grace's presence; for his grandsire had dune yer gracious goodsire some guid turn, as ye'll see frae these papers.

Duke. (*Takes the papers.*) What's this: "Muster-roll of the men serving in the company of that godly gentleman, Captain Salathiel Bangtext, Obadiah Muggleton—sin despise—double knock—turn to the right—thwack-away." That fellow should understand his wheelings to judge by his name. But what does all this mean, my girl?

Jeanie It was the ither paper, Sir.

Duke. The hand of my unfortunate grandsire sure enough!—(*Reads.*) "To all who have friendship for the house of Argyle.—Benjamin Butler of Monk's regiment of dragoons, saved my life from four troopers who were about to slay me: Having nothing better in my power, I give him this my acknowledgment, in hopes it may be useful to *him* or *his*,—and do conjure my friends, tenants and kinsmen, to respect it."—This is a strong injunction. Was this Benjamin Butler your grandfather?

Jeanie. He was nae kin to me, Sir;—he was grandfather to ane—to a neebour's son—to a sincere well-wisher o' mine, Sir.

Duke. Oh, I understand—a true love affair.—He was the grandsire of one you are engaged to?

Jeanie. Ane I *was* engaged to; but this unhappy business—

Duke. What! he has not deserted you on that account—has he?

Jeanie. No, Sir, he wad be the last to leave a freend in difficulties; but I maun think for him, Sir, as weel as for mysel;—and it wadna beseem him to marry the like o' me, wi' this disgrace on my kindred.

Duke. You are a very singular young woman;—you seem to think of every one before yourself. And have you really come on foot.

Jeanie. Not a' the way, my Lord. I kent na that the southerns had stage coaches, as they're ca'd, and sometimes—

Duke. Well, never mind that. What reason have you for thinking your sister innocent?

Jeanie. Because she hasna been proved guilty, as will appear from these papers, which a gude and learned friend, Mr Saddletree, has sent after me.

Duke. (*Takes the papers.*) Sit down on that chair till I glance over them.—(*They sit.*—DUKE *reads papers.*)—Your sister's case must certainly be termed a hard one.

Jeanie. God bless you for that word.

Duke. But, alas! my good girl, what good will my opinion do you, unless I can impress it upon those in whose hands your sister's life is placed by the law.

Jeanie. O, but Sir, what seems reasonable to yer honour, will certainly be the same to them.

Duke. I do not know that. You know our old Scots proverb, "Ilka man buckles his belt his ain gait." But you shall not have placed this reliance on me altogether in vain;—leave these papers, and you shall shortly hear from me. Take care to be ready to come to me at a moment's warning; and, by-the-bye, you will be pleased to be dressed just as you are at present.

Jeanie. I wad hae putten on a cap, Sir, but yer honour kens it isna the fashion o' our country for single women—and I judged, sae mony hundred miles frae hame, yer Grace's heart might warm to the tartan.

Duke. And when MacCullammore's heart does not warm to the tartan, it will be as cold as death can make it.—Archibald!

Enter MR ARCHIBALD.

See this young woman safe.

Jeanie. And, my Lord, shou'd what ye ask be refused at the beginning, ye'll no be chappit back, or cast down wi' the *first* rough answer.

Duke. (*Smiling.*) I am not apt to mind rough answers much;—but say nothing of what has passed to any one;—do not depend upon my success.—I will do my best;—but for those who must assist me, you are to remember, that Heaven has the hearts of sovereigns in its own hand. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Parlour behind* MRS GLASS' *Snuff-Shop, in the Strand.*

Enter RASPER *and* SALLY.

Sally. Dont tell me, Mr Rasper;—am I to wait on a poor Scots girl that has walked all the way from Edinburgh to London?—Why, I, who am but a poor servant, came in the waggon myself, and had a first cousin who travelled to town on the tip-top of the coach.

Rasp. Ah! I don't wonder at your tip-top gentry having their heads turned now and then.—But you see our mistress, the great snuff-merchant, pays the Scots girl attention, and has paid for a coach into the bargain to take her to the Duke's.

Sally. A pretty thing indeed, to take a poor young woman to the Duke! there can be no good in it. When did I ever go visiting Dukes? In the village where I was born we kept no such company.

Rasp. I dare say not. But, hush! here's Mistress, Sally;—and finely dressed out she is.

Enter MRS GLASS *and* JEANIE DEANS.

Mrs G. Aye, aye, I dare say, cousin, you were frightened enough—frightened enough I warrant me; but I hope you minded my lessons, and give him plenty of—your Grace.

Jeanie. Why, at first, I had almost forgot it; and afterwards he told me there was no occasion.

Mrs G. Aye, but he lik'd it for all that.—He might as well have ask'd me out of the coach all the while.—Well—well, child, go to your room;—you must want rest and refreshment, and I'll come up, and you shall tell me all that pass'd.

Jeanie. I am bid not, madam.

Mrs G. Indeed! Oh then his Grace means to tell me himself.—Well, if you should have to go again, you will put on my French silk niggledegee, and my best butterfly cap, and——

Jeanie. I am bid not, madam.

Mrs G. An odd girl this! you can ask her to do nothing but she is bid not.—Well, go to your room, child, and I'll follow.—(*Exit* JEANIE.)—James Rasper, what do you stand gaping there for? Go and mind the shop, d'ye hear.—(*Exit* RASPER.)—Well, Sally, what do you think of my dress, isn't it beautiful?

Sally, Rather too good to sit in a hackney coach with, I do think, ma'am. [*Exit.*

Mrs G. Pert hussey!—It was a little provoking to be sure; but did Jeanie say I wasn't to ask what pass'd? There's something odd in that,—very odd, indeed; but here comes the Duke's gentleman, Mr Archibald. Aye, aye—he's to let me into the rights on't. He never saw me in this dress before; and as he's a bachelor, and I'm a widow, who knows what may be the consequence.—

RASPER *bows on* MR ARCHIBALD.

Mr Archibald, this is a favour that—Wont you allow me the honour to fill your mull free gratis—for nothing, out of my own cannister? Wont you take a glass of your own country fairntosh; or is there any other thing you will do, which can in any way contribute to your comfort or your satisfaction.

Arch. Mrs Glass, I wunna trouble ye for ony o' thae things at present,—my business is wi' the young person wha—

Mrs G. You shall see her directly, Mr Archibald; and how's his grace? I may ask after him, for he never fills his snuff-box in the shop, but he says, "How do you do, Mrs Glass; how's all your friends i' the north." Then I say, "I hope your Grace and the Duchess, and the young ladies are all well; and that my snuff continues to give you *all* satisfaction."—And then the folks in the shop do so stare; and every Scotchman pulls off his hat, and says, 'There goes the prince of Scotland, and then——but you havn't said what you want wi' Jeanie.

Arch. Your siloquence, Madam, is sae o'erpowering, I have na yet had an opportunity.—I am ordered to bring her till the Duke himsel.—It's rather sudden;

but a thought has just struck him, and when he thinks he always acts directly.

Mrs G. Take her to the Duke! then I'll hae to go wi' her.—So I'll just pop on my last new manty but three, wi' the green sleeves, and be wi' ye directly.—Jeanie! Jeanie Deans! I say!—here's a gentleman of his Grace's chambers, a gentleman frae the Duke, and ye maun come down directly.—James Rasper, look to the shop.—I'm going to the Duke's wi' my cousin and Mr Archibald.—I believe you take his Grace's mixture, Sir.—(*Presenting her snuff-box.*)—Why, Jeanie! Jeanie Deans, I say!

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

Arch. You'll pardon me, Madam; but I am to take the young person by hersel, and no gi'e you the trouble.

Mrs G. By hersel!—Well, to be sure I've known ye many years, Mr Archibald, and the Duke is a married man, and——But you wouldn't have her go in that way, with her tartan plaid over her shoulders, as if she had come up with a drove of cattle.

Arch. The carriage waits, and I wasna to allow ony change.—I'll bring her safely back, ye may depend on't.

Mrs G. But I may ask which way your going, I presume?

Arch. My Lord Duke will inform you that himsel, Madam. [*Exit with* JEANIE.

Mrs G. James Rasper, open the door to Mr Archibald, first gentleman of the chambers to the Duke, who has sent for my cousin Jeanie to go to——Well, bless my heart, if it isn't the oddest thing in the world, that the only opportunity I ever had of shewing my black paduasay in a Duke's carriage, he should send for my cousin hersel, and leave me out o' the question.—Well, I won't give up Mr Archibald for all that.—We should make a mighty genteel couple; and if I was to marry him, I'd shut up the snuff-shop,—sell the good will of the tobacco boxes,—buy a gentleman's policy on the North Road, and be as good a lady as the best of them. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Close Walk in the* QUEEN'S *Gardens at Greenwich.*

Enter the DUKE OF ARGYLE.

Duke. So this is the garden of her Majesty; and if Archibald loses no time in bringing poor Jeanie to the spot I told him, who knows but I may be the happy means of accomplishing her amiable intentions:—Mustn't be too sure tho'.—Eh! here she is.

Enter JEANIE DEANS.

Jeanie. I hae been desired by the goodness o' your Grace—

Duke. We have no time for compliments. I have asked audience of a lady, whose interest with the King is deservedly very high. You will see and speak to her yourself in this garden; and must tell your story, simply as you did to me.

Jeanie. Since I had the courage to speak to your Grace, I needna be shame-faced in speakin' to a leddy. But, Sir, I wad like to hear what to ca' her;—whether her Grace,—her Honour,—or her leddyship; for I ken leddies are fully mair particular than gentlemen about their titles.

Duke. You need only call her *Madam.*—Say what you please.—Look at me from time to time; and should I put my hand to my cravat—so—you will stop. I shall only do it when you say any thing not likely to please.

Jeanie. But if yer Grace wad teach me what to say, I could get it a' by heart.

Duke. No, no, Jeanie; speak plainly and boldly as you did to me; and if ye gain her consent, I'se wad ye a plack as we say in the north, she'll get the pardon from the king. But see, sho's coming;—walk aside;—recollect yourself, and I'll bring you forward at the proper time.—(JEANIE *retires.*)

Enter QUEEN CAROLINE *and* LADY SUFFOLK.

Queen. I hope I see so great a stranger as the Duke of Argyle, in as good health as his best friends can wish him.

Duke. Perfectly well, Madam, and deeply gratified by the honour of an interview which I had the boldness to ask, on a subject most essential to his Majesty's interest.

Queen. You cannot oblige me more, my Lord Duke, than by giving me the advantage of your experience, on any point of the king's service. Your Grace is aware, that I can only be the medium through which the matter is submitted to his Majesty's superior wisdom; but if it be a suit which personally respects your Grace, it shall lose no support in being preferred through me.

Duke. The matter, Madam, regards the fate of an unfortunate woman in Scotland, sentenced for a crime of which I believe she is innocent;—and my humble petition is, for your Majesty's intercession with the king for pardon.

Queen. My Lord Duke, I will not ask your motives for a request which circumstances render so extraordinary. Your road to the king's closet as a peer and a privy counsellor, entitled to demand an audience, was open, without giving *me* the pain of this discussion; as your Lordship must be well aware, that had my advice been followed, sooner than have submitted to such an insult, I would have made Scotland a hunting-field.

Duke. In that case, Madam, I must have left your Majesty, and have visited Scotland, to have got my hounds in readiness.

Queen. My Lord, you must allow me some of the privileges of my sex, and not judge uncharitably of me, if I am hurt at recollecting the late outrage in your chief city, against the royal authority, at the very time it was vested in my unworthy person.

Duke. It is certainly a matter not easily forgotten, Madam, and of which your Majesty already knows my sentiments.

Queen. We will not prosecute a topic on which we *may probably* differ. One word, however, I may say

in private: When the Duke of Argyle is dispose
renew his acquaintance with his master and mist
there are few subjects on which we should disagree.

Duke. Let me hope, Madam, I have not been so
fortunate, as to have found one on the present occasi

Queen. I must impose upon your Grace the dut
confession, before I grant you absolution. What is
particular interest in that young woman? Perhaps
is some thirtieth cousin.

Duke. No, Madam; but I should be proud of an
lation with half her worth—honesty, and affection?

Queen. Her *name* must be Campbell at least.

Duke. Her name, Madam, if I may be permitte
say so, is not quite so distinguished.

Queen. She comes from Inverary or Argyleshire?

Duke. She was never farther north than Edin
Madam.

Queen. Then my conjectures are all ended, and
Grace must yourself take the trouble to explain th
fair of your protegée.

Duke. Her sister is the first victim of a severe
as she cannot produce the only witness of her not ha
concealed an unfortunate circumstance——

Queen. Of which I have heard; and I have do
—you were about to speak.

Duke. If your Majesty would condescend to hea
poor countrywoman, perhaps she may find an advo
in your own heart, much more able than I am to co
the doubts suggested by your understanding.

Queen. Let her approach.—(*The* DUKE *leads* JEA
forward;—she kneels.)—Stand up, young woma
(LADY SUFFOLK *raises her.*)—How have you trave
hither?

Jeanie. Mostly on foot, Madam.

Queen. How far can you walk in a day?

Jeanie. Twenty-five miles, Madam, and a bittock.

Queen. And a what?

Duke. And about five miles more, Madam.

Queen. I thought I was a good walker, but this sha
me sadly.

Jeanie. May ye never, Madam, hae sae weary a h
that ye canna be sensible o' the weariness o' yer li

I didna walk the whole way, Madam; I had whiles the help o' a cart, and the cast o' a horse from Ferrybridge, (*the* DUKE *puts his hand to his cravat,*) and mony other helps, Madam.

Queen. You still must have had a most fatiguing journey, and I fear to little purpose; for if the king were to pardon your sister, your angry town's-people would not suffer her to enjoy the benefit of it.

Jeanie. Baith town and country wad rejoice to see his Majesty take compassion on a poor unfriended creature.

Queen. It has not been found so. My Lord Duke, how would you advise?

Duke. Madam, I would advise his Majesty to be guided by his own feelings, and those of his royal consort; and then I am sure punishment will only attach itself to guilt, and even then with caution and reluctance.

Queen. Aye, my Lord, but your good countrymen are so proud of their errors, and so wedded to the cause of them, that even that girl, if she had a friend in the late disturbances, would not even, to save her sister, disclose the secret;—say how would you act?

Jeanie. (*Rises with warmth.*) Madam, (DUKE *touches his cravat.*) I—I—would pray to be directed in the line of my duty.

Queen. And perhaps chuse that which suited your own inclination.

Jeanie. Madam, those wha hae dune wrang, maun answer for the act.—But my sister, my puir sister, Effie, her days and hours are numbered.—She still lives,—and ae word o' the king's mouth might restore her to a broken-hearted feyther, wha ne'er forgat to pray for the royal house.—O, Madam! hae compassion on our misery: save an unhappy girl—a girl no eighteen years o' age—frae an early and a dreadfu' death.—Alas! it's no when we sleep saft, and wake merrily ourselsa, that we think on ither folk's sufferings, but when the hour o' trouble comes,—and never may it visit yer Leddyship,—And when the hour o' death arrives, which fails not high, nor low, lang and late may it be yer Leddyship's,—Oh, then! that which we maun think on wi'

maist delight, is no what we hae dune for oursels, but that which we hae dune for ithers.

Queen. This is eloquence!—Young woman, I cannot grant your sister's pardon, but you shall have my warm intercession with the king.—Take this,—do not open it now, but at your leisure;—you will find that which will remind you of an interview with your Queen.—(JEANIE *drops on her knee.—The* QUEEN *seems to forbid reply.—She is going, notwithstanding, to speak, but the* DUKE *touches his cravat.*)—Our business, I trust, my Lord, is ended to your satisfaction: Hereafter, we hope to see your Grace more frequently, both at Richmond and St James's.—Suffolk, we must wish his Grace good-morning. [*Exit with* LADY SUFFOLK.

Jeanie. And that Leddy was the Queen hersel?

Duke. It was certainly Queen Caroline.—Have you no curiosity to see what's in the little book?

Jeanie. Eh! Is the pardon there?

Duke. Why, no.—They seldom carry these things about them, unless they were likely to be wanted. Besides, her Majesty told you it was the King, not she who was to grant it.

Jeanie. That's true.—But yer honour thinks there's a certainty o' Effie's pardon?

Duke. Why, people of their rank are kittle cattle to shoe behind.—But I have not the least doubt the matter is quite certain.

Jeanie. Oh! heaven be praised!—(JEANIE *drops a note out of the pocket book.*)—Eh! Sir! what's this?

Duke. A bank bill for fifty pounds.

Jeanie. Dear me, I am sorry for the mistak.—The hussey itsel's a vera valuable present—wi' the Queen's name in't—doubtless in her ain hand.—Pray you tak it back.—The Queen's Leddyship may want the money.

Duke. No, no, Jeanie,—there is no mistake.—Her Majesty knows you have been put to great expense, and wishes to make it up to you.

Jeanie. I'm sure she's o'er gude; and it glads me muckle I can pay back Dumbiedikes his siller without distressing my feyther, honest man.

Duke. Dumbiedikes! a freeholder of Mid-Lothian is

he not?—Has a house not far from Dalkeith.—Wears a black wig and laced hat?

Jeanie. Yes, Sir.

Duke. Ay, my old friend Dumbie.—I have thrice seen him, and only once heard the sound of his voice.—But come, Jeanie, I must see this same pardon pass'd thro' the proper forms; and I have a friend in office who, for auld langsyne, will do me so much favour.—Come, Jeanie, you must see the Duchess.

Jeanie. May you, nor ony o' yer family, or the Queen's Leddyship, ever want the heart's-ease ye hae gien me at this moment; and may heaven's blessing fa' upon ye for being a kind freend to a puir Scotch lassie. [*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—*Distant View of Carlisle.*

Enter GEORGE STAUNTON.

Staun. Should Jeanie's efforts fail,—as unfriended as she is—alas! she must; one blow alone remains to save my Effie, and that, though self-destruction must ensue, shall be my task. The murderer of Porteous will be a welcome sacrifice, and no price will be deemed too great to pay for such a victim.—But then, my child.—Poor Effie's babe! thus cast unknown, unaided on the world—I dare not think!—'Tis madness! I have heard poor Madge Wildfire has been observed wandering around these walls, could I but meet her, something might yet be gained respecting my lost infant.—(*Shouts without.*)

JAMES, (*a countryman,*) *rushes across.*

—*What noise is that?*

James. O! they have gotten old Margery Murdochson into custody; and because the justices can find no fault, against the old hag's daughter, the country folk have ta'en justice into their own hands, and are worrying her—poor lass.

Staun. Poor girl! in such distress! I were no man, did I not try my feeble aid for her assistance. [*Exit.*

James. That's right, young man, and I'll away for the constables; for tho' she's a witch, yet she's a woman after all, and d-n me if I see her ill used. [*Exit.*

(*Shouts without.*)

Enter MADGE WILDFIRE—*pale, with her hair dishevelled, and supporting herself against a tree.*

Madge. There—there—there, it's nearly over.—Wad they but save my mither.—She's my mither if she were waur than the de'il.—And tho' they tell me she has killed my bairn—she couldna do it—she sav'd the ither, and they ken she sav'd it.—Oh, Jeanie Deans.—And—oh, no—I daur na name him, wha has killed my wife—has slain puir Effie—has left me here—to perish—aye, aye, as the sang gangs—

"Cauld is my bed, Lord Archibald,
And sad my sleep o' sorrow;
But thine shall be as sad and cauld,
My fause true love, to-morrow."

(*Shouts without.*)

—They come again, puir crazy Madge—nae help—nae freend! the feeble maun gie way, while cruel man, pursues the hunted wretch wha never—never harm'd him! (*Shouts.*)—See there! 'tis he!—'tis he!—(*Falls.*)

(*Shouts.*)

Enter GEORGE STAUNTON, *and Mob.*

Staun. Dare not—dare not, as you respect your lives, repeat you curst barbarity.—I'm known to some of you—have been your friend,—would die defending your

just rights; but he who steps a foot beyond this sacred bound to trample on affliction and distress, shall through my heart strings cut his hellish path, or pay the fell intention with his blood.—(*Draws and places himself before her.*)

Mob. Regard not him—forward.

Staun. Forbear! as ye are men;—for though your savage hands tore me in piecemeal, yet it were poor amends for what I've done to this poor faded blossom.—Nay, and ye will not.—(JAMES *re-enters with Constables, &c.—The Mob give back, and are driven out.*—STAUNTON *raises* MADGE.)

Staun. Hast thou life and sense, to see thy murderer,—and yet forgive him.

Madge. I have seen that which makes me bless my sufferings.—I have seen thee foremost in thy poor girl's cause, and ready to lose life in my defence.—Should they spare Effie's life, be kind to her; her child is well and safe.—For my poor babe, I go to meet her where this aching head will rest at last in peace, and where this heart, torn and distracted as it long hath been, will, by heaven's pardon, find relief from pain; or if it beat—it still will beat for thee.—(*She dies.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE II.—*Interior of* DUMBIEDIKES' *House.*

Enter the LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *and* DAVID DEANS.

Dumb. Weel, Mr Deans, ye're welcome.—I no expecket the pleasure o' seeing you here.

Deans. Likely, laird; but ye were unco kind to me and mine in a bygane matter, and I am fain to repay your goodness. Though, truth to say, laird, there are sae mony changes in your place since last I saw it, I scarce ken'd it again.—But now, laird, for the siller.

Dumb. Weel, David, I am muckle obliged to ye for this.—As ye say man, there are mony changes in the house o' my feyther,—an' siller's no that plenty now-a-days.—Is na that a light ane, Davie?

Deans. Na, laird, it will gang the gait.

Dumb. Troth, David, they'll a' do that.—There's my

agent, Nickle Novit, returned nae balance, as I did expect he wad hae dune.—But law licks up a', David.—Those agents, and advocates, they're deep chiels.—Though I maun say, the counsel thumped the dust out o' that unfortunate affair gay and weel.

Deans. Tak the siller, laird.

Dumb. Hae ye heard frae Jeanie.

Deans. Troth hae I, laird; frae a' town they ca' Durham.

Dumb. Jeanie wad be writing something about—something about——Eh, gudeman?

Deans. About the siller? Nae doubt,—she did, laird.

Dumb. And did she sae nae mair about *me?*

Deans. Nae mair, but good and kind wishes. What suld she hae said.

Dumb. Eh, Jeanie, woman!—Aweel, aweel, she kens her ain mind best, ye ken. Nae matter, I hae made a clean house o' Mother Balchristie, and her muckle fat niece frae Drumbogie. Eh! Davie, they were an awfu' pack; and a kittle job I had wi' them. Ye ken, Davie, he suld hae a lang shankit spune that wad sup kail wi' auld Clootie.

Deans. It's owre true, laird; and I wuss ye weel through a' your distresses.

Dumb. Muckle obliged till ye, Davie.—I am to be married the morn, and kirket sune after.

Deans. I wuss ye happy, laird;—marriage is an honourable state.

Dumb. Yes, Davie, I shall be in an honourable estate; and I am to be wedded until an honourable house,—to Peggy Kittlepoker, the Laird o' Lickpelf's youngest daughter.—She sits neist me in the kirk; and that's the way I cam to think o't.—Oh, Jeanie, woman!

Deans. I wuss ye happy, laird.

Dumb. But, Davie, my gude man, hae ye no heard o' puir Effie!

Deans. Laird, laird, ye mean, kindly, laird; but she is not of us—she is a wither'd branch; and be it sae—let her part; and never, never mair, let her name be spoken between you and me.

Dumb. But David—

Deans. No a word mair, laird;—no a word mair. I

wad rather ye thrust a sword into my heart, than speak o' her.—Had this grey head but been at rest before this. —Good bye to ye laird,—good bye to ye. I did na expect I suld hae disgraced myseel' i' this gait; but worthless—as she is—she's my ain, laird—she's my ain.—

[*Exit.*

Dumb. And I wuss Jeanie had been mine, wi' a' my heart, Davie. It's a' my ain fau't;—I ne'er could speak my mind till her. I hae walkit to auld David Deans' cottage, ance a-day the self-same gait, for fifteen years and upwards. Four thousand, four hunder and seventy-five times, hae Rory Bean and I walkit to David Deans' cottage, and never found heart to speak our minds till her yet. Some chields wad do it easy eneugh; but love has been fermenting within me for fifteen years, and never yet found legitimate vent. Eh! Jeanie, woman!

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of the Tollooth.*

Enter MR SHARPITLAW, *and an Officer with a letter.*

Sharp. Who gave you this letter.

Officer. It comes by the post.

Sharp. Indeed!—(*Reads.*) "To be delivered with speed."—Perhaps some news o' puir Effie's pardon.—There—there—you may go.—(*Exit Officer.*)—"Sir, I know you to be a sensible considerate magistrate."—Sir, I am very muckle obliged to you.—"The signature acknowledges my share in an action you condemn; you will not on that account reject the evidence I am about to place before you.—In Effie Deans, you are about to spill the blood of the most beautiful, most innocent, and injured creature, that the walls of a prison ever girded in. Her sister knows her innocence,—accident may have delayed her return. Therefore dare not to permit the execution till you hear further. Remember the death of Wilson was fearfully avenged. I say, remember Porteous, and say you had good counsel from one of his slayers."—Here's a pretty rascal! So, so, these fellows are

about our gates again! Unless we are expeditious, we shall have another riot.

Enter JAMES RATCLIFFE.

Rat. Nae news frae London yet, Mr Sharpitlaw?

Sharp. Nane, nane; I am very sorrow for it;—but we coudna expect a pardon. Is your prisoner informed her time is nearly expired.

Rat. Ay, Sir, she's comin', puir lassie!

Sharp. Why, you don't pretend to blubber, you who are used to—

Rat. Hand to hand, Mr Sharpitlaw, and man to man, an' you like; but as for dealing wi' women and bairns, I hae na the heart for it;—I hae nae the heart for it, Mr Sharpitlaw, and it gangs against my conscience.

Sharp. Your conscience, Rat—

Rat. Ou ay, Sir, just my conscience; a' body has a conscience, though it's ill winnin' at some folks';—mine's like the noop o' my elbow, it whiles gets a dirl in the corner.

Sharp. Why, you don't pretend to be so tender-hearted.

Rat. Damn it, Mr Sharpitlaw, gif she had begged, and pray'd to me as she did to you, I couldn't hae had the heart to hae refused her;—no, Sir, I couldn't hae had the heart.—Here she comes, puir lassie; aft times she tastes naething frae the tae four-an'-twenty hours to the ither, except a drink o' water.

Enter EFFIE DEANS.

Sharp. I am sorry to have bad news for you,—very bad.

Effie. My sister has not, then, succeeded.

Sharp. There is no likelihood, and our orders are strict.—Ratcliffe, go and prepare the guard,—we must be ready;—I have received a letter which threatens violence.—Go—

Rat. Ou ay, a nod's as gud's a wink to a blind horse. [*Exit.*

Sharp. Come, come, my poor girl, if your sister——

Effie. Bless her for a' the trouble she's ta'en for me; and bless my poor father.—I have wearied much to see them before I—but no—no,—I am not worthy—I am a poor wasted, wan-thriven tree, dug up by the roots, and flung out to waste in the high-way, that man and beast may tread it under foot.—(*A muffled drum is heard.*—RATCLIFFE *returns*—EFFIE *falls on her knees.*)—Oh, my poor bairn!—bless and protect it, if it be still alive; and I think no one cou'd harm the innocent;—for him, may heaven turn his heart, and may the thoughts of his poor Effie never——(*Tears choke her utterance, and she rises, pointing to* SHARPITLAW *to lead.—Music,—and they exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*The Grass Market.—An immense crowd of people are waiting to see the procession of* EFFIE *to the place of execution.*—GEORGE STAUNTON *rather forward.—The bell tolls three.*

Staun. 'Tis the signal. Now then, one desperate struggle, and my poor Effie is preserved!—(*Music.—The march is first heard in the distance.—The Bell tolls at intervals.—The Town Guard appears; then the Officers of Justice, with* EFFIE DEANS, MR SHARPITLAW, *and* JAMES RATCLIFFE.—*They make the circle of the Stage, and are preparing to exit as if to the Scaffold, when a confused noise or murmur is heard of people's voices shouting.—A pause.—All turn to the quarter from whence the noice proceeds.*

Sharp. Why this delay? 'tis cruelty to the poor girl.

Effie. Yet an instant;—should it be my sister——

Sharp. Impossible.—(*The noise approaches louder and the people on the Stage begin to join in the murmur.*)—As I expected, a rescue!—Soldiers, do your duty.

Effie. For mercy's sake! one moment—only a moment!—(*The noise comes close, with the tramping of feet. A pause of a moment, when the* LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES *is heard to exclaim without—*)

Dumb. Eh! Jeanie, woman!—(EFFIE *shrieks.*)

Effie. 'Tis she! 'Tis she!—(*A general exclamati joy bursts from all around. The people rush in fro quarters, and* JEANIE DEANS *with the pardon.* D DEANS, THE LAIRD OF DUMBIEDIKES, REUBEN LER, *&c. &c. &c.—The curtain falls.*)

FINIS.

LEITH:
Printed by R. Allardice.

DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

No. III.

KENILWORTH.

Mrs H. SIDDONS

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH,

— AS —

AMY, COUNTESS OF LEICESTER.

Drawn and Engraved for the National Dramas by E. Mitchell and Published by James L. Hill 14 Infirmary Street Edinburgh 1822.

KENILWORTH;

A

HISTORICAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED ROMANCE OF THE SAME NAME,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

"No scandal about Queen Elizabeth, I hope?"

The Critic.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

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OF

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YOUNG, & YOUNG, LONDON.

1823.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY ACTED IN 1822.

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester,.....Mr Calcraft
Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex,.....Mr Roberts
William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, ...Mr Lee
Lord Hunsdon, ...Mr Bell
Sir Thomas Bower, ...Mr Power
Nicholas Blount,.....Mr Murray
Walter Raleigh, ...Mr Hillyard
Master Richard Varney, ...Mr Munro
Edmund Tresilian,.....Mr Denham
Anthony Foster, ...Mr Mackay
Mike Lambourne, ...Mr Jones
Giles Gosling, mine Host of the Bonny Black Bear, ...Mr Weekes
Wayland Smith, servant to Tresilian,.....Mr Duff
Master Lawrence Goldthred, the Mercer of Abingdon, ...Mr Huckel
Gregory,.....Mr J. Stanley
Evrard, ...Mr Aikin
John Tapster,.....Mr Johnson
Walter, ...Mr Sandilands
Dick, ...Mr Ross
Officers of the Guard, ...Messrs Robins and Christie

Lords, Heralds, Pursuivants, Sergeants at Arms, Pages, Standard-Bearers, Guards, &c.

Elizabeth, Queen of England,.....Mrs Bunn
The Dutchess of Rutland, ...Mrs Eyre
Amy, Countess of Leicester,.....Mrs H. Siddons
Mistress Janet Foster, ...Miss Nicol
Cicely, daughter of Giles Gosling,.....Miss J. Nicol

Ladies of the Court, Maids of Honour, &c.

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AS ACTED IN 1823.

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Thomas Ratcliffe, Earl of Sussex,.....Mr Denham
William Cecil, Lord Burleigh, ...Mr Gordon
Lord Hunsdon, ...Mr Lee
Sir Thomas Bower, ...Mr Duff
Nicholas Blount,.....Mr Murray
Walter Raleigh, ...Mr Hillyard
Master Richard Varney, ...Mr Calcraft
Edmund Tresilian,.....Mr Pritchard
Anthony Foster, ...Mr Mackay
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Gregory,.....Mr Miller
Evrard, ...Mr Aikin
John Tapster,.....Mr Ebsworth
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KENILWORTH.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*The Interior of the Black Bear Inn at Cumnor.*—GILES GOSLING, MASTER LAWRENCE GOLDTHRED, *and Guests, discovered drinking.* CICELY *attending.* EDMUND TRESILIAN *sitting alone at the Fire.*

GLEE.

Of all the birds on bush or tree,
Commend me to the owl,
Since he may best ensample be
To those the cup that trowl ;—
For when the sun hath left the west,
He chuses the tree that he loves the best,
And he whoops out his song, and he laughs at his jest :
Then though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the jolly, jolly owl.

The lark is but a bumpkin fowl—
He sleeps in his nest till morn ;
But my blessing upon the jolly owl,
That all night blows his horn :
Then up with your cup till you stagger in speech ;
And match me this catch, though you swagger and screech ;
And drink till you wink, my merry men each ;
For though hours be late, and weather foul,
We'll drink to the health of the jolly, jolly owl.

[*Exit Cicely.*

Giles. Well, my merry guests, as long as I am host of this good inn, the Black Bear at Cumnor,—so long will I drink and sing with all true gallants, who are willing to find their own music, and pay for my liquor.

Re-enter CICELY.

Now, what would'st thou, daughter Cicely?

Cicely. Marry, father, there's a strange gentleman at the gate, would ask whether you sell good ale.

Giles. And what answer does he expect?—Does the man of enquiry think that I would say no?—Tell him there are but four miles betwixt this and Oxford; and if my ale did not convince the heads of the scholars, they'd soon convince my *pate* with a pewter flaggon.

Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE.

Mike. Ha! Call you that Oxford logic,—Eh, mine host?

Giles. Aye, Sir Guest!

Mike. Come then, a table;—then let the consequence be a quart, and your good help to drink it.—(*Lays his Sword, &c. upon the Table, and sits.*)

Giles. Aye, were it a gallon. (*Gives him wine.*)—You ride well provided, Sir;—from the low countries belike?

Mike. Aye, I have been high and low, broad and wide, far and near;—but come, mine host, here's to thee in a cup of thy sack—(*drinks.*)—Excellent, i' faith.—Have you no friends in foreign parts that you'd fain hear tidings of?

Giles. Not I, Sir, since ranting Rob of Dry Sandford was shot at the Brill. He was as blyth a lad as ever filled a cup at midnight;—and I know no other I would give a peel'd codling for.

Mike. No friend!—no kinsman!

Giles. Why, aye;—*one* wild slip of a kinsman, who left us in the last year of Queen Mary,—but he is better lost than found.

Mike. Nay, nay; many a wild colt turns out a noble steed.—His name, I pray you?

Giles. Michael Lambourne, my sister's son.

Mike. What! the gallant cavalier who was thanked at the head of the army, for his bravery at Venlo?

Giles. Ha! ha! ha!—then it could hardly be my nephew, for he had scarce the courage of a hen partridge.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Mike. The youth I mean was a likely fellow;—went always gay and well attired, and had a hawk's eye after a pretty wench.

Giles. And the look of a dog with a bottle at his tail.

All. Ha! ha! ha!

Giles. Besides being branded on the left shoulder, for stealing a silver caudle-cup from Dame Snort of Hogsditch.

Mike. (*Starting up.*) Branded! 'sdeath! wert thou not mine uncle, I should swear that thou lied'st like a knave! —By this good day, my shoulder is as unscarred as thine is.

Giles. What! Mike! is it thou in good earnest?—I thought so; for I knew no other would have taken the interest in thee, to tell the bouncers thou hast about Venlo and—but thou always had'st a traveller's talent.

Mike. Well, I care not for thy welcome, while I carry this, which will buy one.—(*Pulls out a purse.*)

Giles. Put up thy money—My sister's son shall be called to no reckoning in my house for supper or bed. But is thy purse as well come by, as it seems well filled?

Mike. I got it where it grew;—in the New World, the Eldorada, where the urchins play at cherry-pit with diamonds,—the wenches thread rubies for necklaces,—the pantiles are pure gold,—and the pebbles virgin silver.

Gold. By my credit, friend Mike, that were a profitable coast to trade to. What might lawns, cypresses, and ribbands fetch, where gold is so plenty?

Mike. The profit were unutterable; and thou may'st trade there, Master Lawrence Goldthred, if thou be'st the mercer of Abingdon, and the same brisk boy who help'd me to rob the Abbot's orchard here.

Gold. The same;—and as brisk too, I warrant.

Mike. Then turn thy ready money into a tall ship;—clap thy warehouse of goods under hatches;—put fifty good fellows on deck, with myself to command them;—hoist top-sails, and hey for the New World!

Giles. Take a fool's advice, neighbour Goldthred;—tempt not the sea,—she is a devourer, and would swallow Lombard Street as easy as I would a poached egg. But

come, I purpose to have a repast ready, to which, in honour of my scape-grace nephew's return, I will invite all present.—(*To Tresilian.*) Come, Sir, I hope you'll favour us;—it touches my reputation that men should be merry in my house;—there be watchers about, who put evil mark on strangers who pull their hats upon their brows.

Tres. There is no treason, surely, mine host, in a man enjoying his meditations under shadow of his own bonnet. You have lived longer in the world than me, and must know there are thoughts, like spirits, which will haunt us in spite of ourselves; however, those who are moody, like myself, should not disturb the happy—I will drink a round with you.

Giles. I thank you, Sir;—here, nephew Michael—(*Mike is conversing with Goldthred, &c. up the Stage.*) Aye—now are they talking of their old companions in wickedness. I'll tell you, Sir, a prank or two of Mike's. (*Retires with Tresilian—Mike, &c. come forward.*)

Mike. Why, what a beadroll of unlucky old comrades you have read me.—And so swashing Will of Wallingford——

Gold. Died the death of a fat buck, being shot with a cross-bow bolt, by the Duke's stout park-keeper at Donnington.

Mike. Poor Will! Well, peace be with him!—(*drinks.*) And Prance of Padworth——

Gold. Pranc'd off! Goodman Thong, and a tenpenny worth of cord, best know how.

Mike. Well, peace be with him, poor fellow!—here's a cup to his memory.—(*drinks.*)—And Hal with the plume——

Gold. O, a pursuivant's warrant robbed us of his company.

Mike. Poor Hal! Well, here's to his memory. Then I needn't ask after Tony Foster, whom they christened Fire-the-Faggot, for kindling the pile round Latimer and Ridley, when no one else would lend a light to the hangman for love or money.

Giles. You must not call him Fire-the-Faggot now, unless you would brook the stab;—he married a Pro-

testant, and is now master of the Abbot's palace and orchard, which you used to rob.

Gold. Aye, aye, there's mystery in that, mine host;—there's a fair lady in the case. I'm told he scarcely let's the light of day look on her.

Giles. Aye, that strange lady—no one knows whence she comes, and every one wishes to know why she is so mew'd up.—You've seen her, Master Goldthred?

Tres. Indeed! pardon me—I have no interest; but our host says you have seen her.

Gold. Yes, I have seen her.—As I passed under the oval window, I hears me the lattice open; and never credit me, Sir, but I saw——

Mike. What?

Gold. As fair a woman as ever cross'd mine eyes.

Tres. May I ask her description, Master Mercer?

Gold. Why, she was young and handsome; but I had very little time to look, before Tony came with a cudgel, and asked me why I didn't keep the public road.

Mike. And did'st thou not speak to her, as well as see her? Well, thou hast lost the rarest opportunity.

Gold. Why then take it thyself, bully Mike.—Yonder stands the enchanted mansion, lady and all, at thy service.

Mike. Wilt thou bet me a piece of Hollands against these five angels, that I go not up to the Hall, and force Tony Foster to introduce me to the lady?

Gold. I accept your wager.

Mike. You'll lose it, Master Goldthred.—*(Hitting him violently on the shoulder.)*

Gold. Yes; and my arm too, I think.

Tres. I would gladly pay halves of your risk to accompany you.

Mike. Nay, an' it please you to see a trout tickled, I care not how many witness my skill.

Giles. We'll drink ere you depart, for your welcome at the Hall will be somewhat of the driest. Should you get into peril, send for me, Giles Gosling, the Head Borough.

Mike. *(Touching his sword.)* This is my head borough. I value Tony Foster's wrath no more than a shell'd peacod, and I will visit his Lindabrides, by St. George, be he willing or no. So let's along, sirs.—*(Exit, followed by Goldthred and guests.)*

Tres. Mine host, a word with thee. Who is this Tony Foster? and why such mystery made of his female inmate?

Giles. Is the door shut?——He was a papist, violent and cruel in Queen Mary's reign—He is now a precise and formal Protestant in Elizabeth's. He *was* servant to the Abbot of Abingdon, is *now* master of his master's palace;—he *was poor*, has got *rich*, and—with due reverence be it spoken—the devil only knows how.

Tres. This adds to my determination to see the man.

Giles. Well, well,—you go into bad company to seek worse.

Tres. Perchance this lady is held unlawfully his prisoner. And when is danger more honourable than in a good cause, or peril more worthy of praise than when it is fearlessly encountered to ensure the safety of the oppressed, and in endeavouring to raise the fallen and the helpless? [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Garden Front of Cumnor Manor-house.*

Enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY *and* GREGORY.

Varney. Take this key, open the postern, then go back to our horses, and wait at the cottage you wot of my Lord's arrival.

Greg. And will not your worship, Master Varney, go round to the front gate?

Varney. Groom, is it thine to ask what my Lord's friend will do? Begone—an' he knew thy insolence——

Greg. He will not know it, unless your worship tell him, or those strangers haply; for there are two skirting the avenue who may hear us.

Varney. I will take note of them;—away, I tell thee. [*Exit Gregory.*

Some drunken and bewildered townsmen, haply, who have mistook the path to Abingdon.—I will observe what caution is preserved here. [*Exit.*

Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE *and* EDMUND TRESILIAN.

Mike. May I ask why you have shewn yourself so desirous to accompany me?

Tres. Simple curiosity. Where be your motives to this enterprise?

Mike. Did I not look for pleasure or profit, I had not stepp'd a stride within this manor; for I promise you, I hold not our visit without some danger. But here we are on the forbidden ground, and we must make the best on't.

Tres. Thy friend hath indeed chosen a fortified and gloomy habitation.

Mike. Something like the entrance to a county jail where I once——Pshaw! hem! but that's no matter. Tony Foster lives in a den befitting such a fox. *(Knocks loudly.)*

Tres. Thou are determined they shall hear thee, friend.

Evrard. (within) How now! what want ye, and on whose account?

Mike. On business of the state—To speak with Master Foster.

Tres. How will you make that good?

Mike. No soldier would go on were he always to consider how he should come off—*(the door opens.)*—See, the door opens,—so, by your worship's leave——[*Exit.*

Tres. Now Honour and Justice aid me! [*Exit.*

Re-enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY.

Varney. Be ye whom ye may, ye're safely caged, my masters. *(Locks the portal, and takes out the key.)*—There was a tone of voice from one of them came o'er my ear like the accents of an old acquaintance;—yet I caught no distinct sound but that of "curiosity."—Curiosity! if that bring ye hither, powerful as it may be, it will require a stronger force to get ye safely hence;—this outlet is secure.—I'll to each other avenue, and then, unless you should be devils, ye escape not. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Old Hall in Cumnor Manor-House.*

Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE *and* EDMUND TRESILIAN, *preceded by* EVRARD, *who goes off, and returns with* ANTHONY FOSTER, *then Exits.*

Foster. At a late hour, and by strange means admitted, ye seek for Foster,—ye behold him.—Say, what would ye, gentlemen?

Mike. Ha! my dear friend and ingle, Tony Foster! —Nay, look not stern, man.—Sure you've not forgotten your old comrade Mikey Lambourne?

Foster. Ha! Michael Lambourne!—And what didst thou expect from this intrusion?

Mike. A better welcome than I'm like to get, I think, Old Fire-the-Faggot; and to learn by what device, for fairly it could never be, thou camest possessed of Cumnor manor-house.

Foster. Tell me, thou jail rat—thou wert a cunning gamester once,—tell me the odds then, that I do not hurl thee from yonder window to the moat below it?

Mike. Twenty to one.

Foster. And why?

Mike. Because you dare not on your life lay finger on me, old Belzebub—I am younger and stronger than thyself, and have a double portion of the fighting devil in me; though, maybe, not thy quality of the undermining fiend, who finds covered ways to his purpose,—who hides halters beneath pillows, and, as the stage play says, "puts ratsbane into porridge."

Foster. Nay, be not wroth—I jested with thee.—Mike, who hast thou there?

Mike. A gentleman, of whom my uncle at the Bear gives excellent report.

Foster. (*To Tres.*) Sir, for some moments I would ask your stay in this apartment.—I've a word for Lambourne's private ear,—but do not quit this chamber on your life.

Tres. (*Putting his hand to his sword.*) Why?

Foster. There might be danger.—Nay, thy sword avails not.—I tell thee once more, not to leave this hall for the interior;—thy way out no one will hinder.—A moment hence, Lambourne shall see thee safe.—Come, Mike. [*Exit.*

Mike. Quit not your guard, Sir, for all his saying.—I know him.

Tres. Where is thy safety then in following?

Mike. Mine! Here—(*touching his sword*)—Here is that shall tickle up old Fire-the-Faggot. [*Exit.*

Tres. And can it be, that among ruffians, where safety is only assured at point of the dagger, that she, once dearer than a whole world to this torn, lacerated heart, resides here willingly the victim of a wretch!—But no, no, no!—I yet may be mistaken.—Pray Heaven, my information may be false!—Dear Amy, my heart, and soul, and faith, are thine alone; nor will I leave pursuit of thee till I have saved thee from thy betrayer, and restored thee to thy parent.—Hark! What noise?—(*Muffles himself up in his cloak.*)

AMY *opens the folding doors in the centre, and advances playfully towards Tresilian.*

Amy. Nay, nay, my sweet friend, you 'scape not so. After I have waited for you so long, you come not to my bower to ply the masquer.—Well may you hide your face, for you are arraigned of treason to true love and fond affection, and you must stand up at the bar, and answer it with face uncovered.—How say you, guilty or not guilty?—(*She pulls him by the cloak,—he turns,—she starts astonished.*)—Tresilian!

Tres. Alas! Amy, you need not fear me.

Amy. Fear you! why should I fear you?—Or wherefore are you come to my dwelling uninvited and unwished for?

Tres. *Your* dwelling!—Alas! is a prison your dwelling, guarded by one of the most sordid of men, but not a greater wretch than his employer?

Amy. This mansion, Sir, is mine,—mine while I chuse

to live in it; and while it is my pleasure to live secluded, who shall gainsay it?

Tres. Your father, Madam—your broken-hearted father, who sent me in quest of you, with that authority which he cannot exert in person.—Behold his letter, written while he blessed those pains of body which somewhat stunned his agony of mind.

Amy. Pains! Is my dear father ill then?

Tres. So ill that your haste may not restore his health, —but all shall be instantly prepared for your departure.

Amy. Tresilian, I cannot—I dare not—I must not leave this place, at least not now.—Go back to my father,—tell him, within twelve hours I will obtain leave to see him. Go back, Tresilian,—tell him I am well, I am happy, and the poor Amy is now greater than she yet dare name.

Tres. Indeed?

Amy. Yes, yes; go, good Tresilian.—I have injured thee too, but trust me I have power to heal the wounds I've caused.

Tres. Oh, Heavens!

Amy. Yes, yes; I robbed you of this weak heart, which is not worthy of you, but I will repay that loss with honour and advancement.

Tres. Do you say this to me, Amy? Do you offer me idle pageants of ambition for the peace you have robbed me of?—Yet I come not to upbraid, but serve and free you.—I will not urge our contract—It was a dream from which I have awaked; but your sire yet lives,—and one word of affection—one tear of penitence, will efface the memory of what has passed.

Amy. Have I not said I'll come?—I'll come, as sure as there is light in Heaven, when I have gained permission.

Tres. Permission to visit your father on a sick-bed, —perhaps his death-bed!—Permission! and from whom? —a villain! who, under the disguise of friendship, abused every duty of hospitality, and stole thee, basely stole thee from thy good father's roof!

Amy. He whom thou speak'st of wears an honoured sword as sharp as thine;—nay, sharper, vain man. Leave me!—Go, do mine errand to my father; and

when he sends again, let him send a messenger more welcome.

Tres. Amy, thou canst not move me by thy reproaches. Tell me—tell me one thing, that I may bear at least one ray of comfort to thy aged parent—Has he a husband's right?

Amy. Stop, stop, Tresilian—to no question that derogates from my honour will I deign answer.

Tres. Thou say'st enough in refusing to reply.—With thy uninfluenced, thy free and natural will, thou canst not chuse this state of slavery and dishonour. Nay, start not,—bound by some spell, entrapped by art, thou may'st be here detained; but I have the power to break the charm.—Amy, in the name of thine excellent, thy —I repeat it, broken-hearted father,—I command thee to follow me. (*Approaches her.*)

Amy. Help! help! Save me! save me!

ANTHONY FOSTER *and* MIKE LAMBOURNE *rush on—Tresilian stands on the defensive.*

Foster. What have we here?—Lady, what make you out of your bounds?—Retire! there's life and death in this.—And you, Sir, leave the house before my dagger and your worship come acquainted.—Draw, Mike, I say, and rid us of the knave.

Mike. Not I; he came hither in my company, and is safe from me till we meet again; but—hark ye, comrade, you must depart.—Vanish!

Tres. Away, base groom!—And, Madam, fare you well.—What life is left in your poor father's bosom will depart at the mournful news I have to tell him. [*Exit.*

Amy. Stay, Tresilian;—say no scandal,—be not rash!

Foster. Here's proper gear!—Go to your chamber, lady. —I pray you do not tarry.

Amy. (*Haughtily.*) Not when you command.

Foster. Pardon this freedom,—but you must, fair lady.

Amy. Must! This shall be answered, Sir. [*Exit.*

Foster. Answered! I fear so.—Marry, and which way? —Curse on that meddling coxcomb!—See him hence *Lambourne,* as thou would'st hope to thrive by what I

have proposed to thee, while I go pacify yon headstrong lady.—Haste,—draw thy sword Mike, and after him. [*Exit.*

Mike. I'll see him safe out of Flanders, old Fire-the Faggot,—but for hurting a man I have drunk my morning's draught withal, 'tis clear against my conscience. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*View in the Grounds of the Manor-house.*

Enter EDMUND TRESILIAN.

Tres. 'Tis the villain Varney who stole her from her home—Would I had the traitor hand to hand !—that he avoids.—The only means then left me to save this lost, this yet most lovely victim, must rest in her father's appeal to the violated laws of his country.—Sure I have lost my path—No, yonder postern, tho' not the one by which I entered, may—(*Tries the postern but finds it fastened.*)—Which way then ?

Varney. (*Opening the postern, and coming forward.*) Not this way, stranger, till I know whence thou comest, or who thou art.——Tresilian !

Tres. Varney !

Varney. What make you here, Sir ?

Tres. Nay, Varney, what make *you* here ?—Are you here to triumph over the innocence you have destroyed, as the vulture comes to batten on the lamb ; or are you come to encounter the merited vengeance of an honest man ?—Draw and defend thyself—

Varney. Tresilian, thou art mad—I swear to thee by every oath that priest can make, or man can utter, that the lady hath received no injury from me.—Be satisfied —thou know'st I can fight.

Tres I've heard you say so, Sir ; but wish some better evidence.

Varney. Well, Sir, 'tis here then.—(*Music—They fight. —Varney is disarmed and falls.*)

Tres. Give me instant means of relieving the victim of thy treachery, or take thy last look of creation's blessed

light—Nay—(*As Tresilian is going to stab Varney,* MIKE LAMBOURNE *rushes in betwixt them, and arrests his arm.*)

Mike. Ha! Come, come, comrade, more than enough is done; put up your fox, and let us be jogging.—My uncle, and the Black Bear growl for us.

Tres. Off! abject!—darest thou come betwixt me and mine enemy?

Mike. Abject! abject! this shall be paid for with cold steel, so soon as another cup of sack has washed out the memory of former friendship. In the meantime begone—we are two to one.

Tres. (*Throwing gold to Mike.*) There, caitiff, is thy wages for work, not fellowship;—thou shalt not say thou wert my guide unpaid for.—As for you, Sir, we shall yet meet where there are none to come betwixt us. [*Exit.*

Varney. Sirrah, whence come you to call that madman comrade?

Mike. I came from Foster?

Varney. Wherefore?

Mike. Not for thanks, else I had gone away without mine errand.

Varney. Your pardon; I did not mean to slight thy service—here's gold. Is Foster a comrade of thine, good fellow?

Mike. Sworn friends as haft to knife. In short, I am retained to serve one Master Varney, who commissioned him to seek a trusty squire.

Varney. 'Tis well,—behold thy master:—thou hast saved his life, and henceforth he will take care of thine. The next piece of service I require from thee is to follow yon gallant,—see where he takes earth,—and bring me word to the mansion. Remember, to deceive were death!—Act truly, and thou shalt be nobly dealt by. [*Exit.*

Mike. Nobly indeed! By heaven, it rains nobles! One may have them for gathering; and if I earn not my share of such glittering dew-drops, may my sword melt like an icicle! [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment in the Manor-house.*

Enter AMY *and* MISTRESS JANET FOSTER.

Janet. Nay, dear lady, threat not my father, but bear with him for my sake. Though rude in manner, his heart, I'm sure, is good; and tho' rough in speech, he means you better than some whose words are kinder.

Amy. Varney, for instance,—that all accomplished outside of a friend. My lord esteems him, but I can tell him that would lose him favour.

Janet. Do not do so, good lady;—leave him to Heaven, which in its own time punishes the wicked.—Do not anger Varney, for so thoroughly hath he my lord's ear, that my father says he would rather cross a hungry wolf, than thwart him in his projects.

Amy. And must I keep terms with a mean retainer, wife as I am to his master and his patron?—Do I not hear the horses' footsteps?—Yes, 'tis he—*(rushing to the door.)*—My lord,—my dear, dear lord—*(with disappointed feeling.)*—Pooh! 'tis but Richard Varney!

Enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY.

Varney. Aye, lady, 'tis but Richard Varney; yet even the first grey cloud is welcome, when announcing the approach of the glorious sun.

Amy. Comes he to-night, then?—Janet, we must be brave.

Varney. You scarcely will have time—he's close at hand;—and ere he comes—if I dare, lady, I would ask—

Amy. Janet, do not leave us.

Varney. 'Tis of secret import.

Amy. Well, Janet, stay close at hand, but out of earshot.—(*Exit Janet.*)—Now, Sir, be brief.

Varney. You have this day seen Tresilian?

Amy. I have—What then?

Varney. I do conjure you by all of good you hope for, let not my lord suspect——

Amy. Suspect! Tresilian came to tell me my poor

father's ill—perhaps dying. Oh, why stays my lord, when his leave I want to see and cheer my parent!

Varney. Your father's illness must be sudden then; a messenger sent by my lord, and now returned, left the good knight on horseback in the field, cheering his beagles with the wonted lay. Tresilian forged this news;—he hath his reasons——

Amy. What reasons dost thou speak of? You do him great injustice, for which thou hast thy reasons, Master Varney.

Varney. A man may sometimes disguise the truth for honest purpose; for were it spoke on all occasions, this were no world to live in.

Amy. You have a courtly conscience, Master Varney, and your veracity will not impede your progress in the world, such as it is. But Tresilian's conscience is of other mould;—the world thou speak'st of has not that which could bribe him from the way of truth and honour.

Varney. Nay, but lady, I——

Amy. For this my father lov'd him—for this I would have lov'd him—if I could;—and wherefore may I not speak his praise before my husband's friend—before my husband himself—before the whole world?

Varney. And with this openness would you tell my lord that Tresilian had discovered your residence, so auxiously concealed, and had an interview——?

Amy. Aye, and every word that passed between us.

Varney. And yet a husband who has *his* secrets, and who so strictly guards you——

Amy. Thinks me worth guarding; and, when I'm weary of my seclusion here, I shall tell it to himself; and if I've kept one secret from him, 'twas on thy account, unworthy man.——Hark! he comes! he comes! I hear horses in the court yard.

Varney. It cannot be so soon.

Amy. Stop me not,—it is he!

Varney. Yet what I spoke in duty, you will not turn to prejudice, and ruin of my——(*seizing her robe.*)

Amy. Content thee, man,—content thee;—you are too bold to detain me;—content thyself, I think not of thee. [*Exit hastily.*

Varney. Keep in that frame of mind till thou shalt learn how much thou hast to fear.—Thou know'st not yet thy mad ambitious lord, nor shalt thou Varney, till thou'rt in his power. [*Exit.*

SCENE VI.—*Interior of the Black Bear Inn at Cumnor.*

Enter EDMUND TRESILIAN *and* GILES GOSLING.

Tres. Nay, but my gentle host, I'm ill at ease; your potent sack makes you too free, and you intrude on me.

Giles. I know my time and place as well as e'er a merry landlord in England—Intrude, quotha! there may be worse intruders, good Sir Guest; my hangdog kinsman is watching you, as cat would mouse—you have quarrelled and fought with him, or some one else.

Tres. Well, and if I have—thou seest I am safe.

Giles. I don't know that—but I know where, and with whom you've been. Tony Foster's the devil, and my nephew's worse;—he has asked which way you ride. I know he means mischief when he looks so pleasantly. You have done something to offend somebody, and you'll be waylaid on your journey, and have your throat cut, or some little accident of that kind.

Tres. Thou art a true man, and I'll deal plainly with thee.—These men are but the agents of a more powerful villain than themselves.

Giles. You mean Master Richard Varney?

Tres. The same, mine host.

Giles. Then, for safety's sake, look well to yourself; your horse is ready, here's your score;—and you shall come and thank me in better times.

Tres. I thank thee heartily. This gold will pay thy score; give the remainder to pretty Cicely, thy daughter.

Giles. She shall taste thy bounty, Sir.—(*Tresilian going*)—Go not that way—this stair will lead you to a stable more remote than where you left your steed.

Enter CICELY.

See, follow Cicely—I bade her wait you;—she never betrayed man, woman, or child.

Tres. And may man never have the ingratitude to betray so kind a damsel;—but thou look'st pale.

Cicely. With need, Sir.—No less a man than Master Varney, who has heard my cousin, is speaking angrily, where he little though I heard, of you, Sir.—They wait your coming forth.

Tres. (*Drawing his sword.*) 'Sdeath!

Giles. It shall not be—in my house too—the lady you would serve perhaps might suffer.—Nay, nay, I pray you——

Tres. Come, sweet Cicely.—Doubt not, mine host, but I'll requite thy courtsey. [*Exit with Cicely.*

Giles. Requite!—well, let him—an' he never do, I shall still be requited better here, than by an Archbishop's reckoning.—(*Laughter without.*)—How now! my guests are mad;—to say the truth, they've made me rather *non-compos.*

Mike. (*Without.*) Come along, my boys.

Giles. Well said, boys;—now they won't hear my young friend's footsteps, who I hope will tread as soft as if he walk'd on eggs for boards.—(*Laughter without.*)—Now, by Queen Bess, they're coming; nay, 'tis well he's gone.

Mike. Come along, where is this gallant?

Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE, MASTER LAWRENCE GOLDTHRED, *and Guests.*

Here's a gallant!—sit sulky in his room, and not come for his share of the wager?

Gold. I am ready to pay it immediately.—Where is he?

Giles. Gone,—taken his horse; left his reckoning, and begged his part of the wager might be laid out in a jollification.

Gold. Like a true gentleman as he is.

Mike. Gone! By my hilts, I'll fetch him back.

Giles. Stir an' ye dare.

Mike. Stand out of the way, old Round-about. [*Exit.*

Giles. Gentlemen, he's gone off, lest you should ask for his share to be spent.

Gold. Oh, fie! fie!

Giles. The roystering rogue! Help me to seek him, friends——

Gold. Aye, come—(*Cicely screams without.*)

Giles. My daughter Cicely!

Enter CICELY, *struggling with* MIKE LAMBOURNE.

Cicely. Father! good neighbours! is it not a shame—a private staircase too,—to be so treated?

Giles. Harkye, Sir Mike or Sir Fool,—when they next thank your *valourship* at the head of an army at Venlo, tell them among other *exploits*, of your bravery in the house of your uncle, to his unoffending daughter; and add, that if it were not from contempt of thee, and respect for my guests, I'd treat thee like the braggart knave thou art.

Mike. O, old Bluebottle, there's no harm in kissing a pretty wench;—But come, Master Lawrence, let's have a merry stave, and then we'll go down and finish our flaggon.

SONG AND CHORUS.

AIR,—"*Alley Croker.*"

GOLDTHRED.

Good people, to my muse attend, and deem it not a mystery,
If, besides in caps and laces long, I deal a bit in history,
The times to display of good Queen Bess, Sir,
Whose virtue and whose memory posterity will bless, Sir.

CHORUS.

O the days of good Queen Bess,
The very merry, hey down derry, days of good Queen Bess.

Queen Bess can twang the bowstring, and hunt a pack of hounds, Sir,
While her courtiers play at quarter-staff, and dance the Cheshire rounds, Sir;

And when her foes, with mighty blows, prepare to beat and stripe her too,
She leads both France and Spain a dance, and makes them pay the piper too.

Chorus.—O the days, &c.

Then her buxom dames of honour, with collars about their necks fast,
They gobble up beef-steaks and mutton-chops for breakfast;
Thus the gentle Zephyrina can eat a pound by jingo,
While her Grace of Rutland winds up all with a gallon of good stingo.

Chorus.—O the days, &c.

Then to help the body-politic, and steer the helm of state, Sir,
We've thick heads, and we've soft heads,—with politics replete, Sir;
But by shifting of their ground, though their heads are mighty long, Sir,
They now and then forget to what body they belong, Sir.

Chorus.—O the days, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The State Apartment of the Countess of Leicester, in Cumnor Manor-house.*

Banquet.—THE EARL *and* COUNTESS OF LEICESTER *sitting on a Couch.*—MASTER RICHARD VARNEY, ANTHONY, *and* MISTRESS JANET FOSTER, *&c. discovered.*

Leices. We thank ye, friends, and most our pretty Janet, and will for a while relieve you of attendance.

[*Exeunt all but the Earl and Countess.*

Amy. I have seen my honoured Lord enter this obscure and secret bower, in all his princely array and knightly splendour; and now, methinks, I wish to see him in one of his princely halls, dressed in sober russet, as when he won poor Amy Robsart's heart.

Leices. The sober russet shall be donn'd to-morrow.

Amy. Aye; but shall I go with you, love, to see how the richness of your dwelling will suit with your peasant's habit?

Leices. Are not these apartments sufficiently splendid? I gave unbounded orders;—if aught is wanting, I will add to them.

Amy. Nay, now you mock me.—This rich lodging exceeds my imagination, as much as it does my desert. But shall not your wife, my love,—at least one day soon share the honour which arises neither from the toils of the mechanic who decks her apartment, nor the silks and jewels with which your love adorns her person, but which is due to her rank, as the avowed wife of England's noblest Earl?

Leices. One day?—Yes, love;—nor canst thou wish that day more ardently than I do. But as yet it cannot be.

Amy. But *why* can it not be?—Why can it not immediately take place—this more perfect, this uninterrupted union, for which you say you wish, and which the laws of God and man alike command?

Leices. You talk of what you do not understand. We who toil in courts ascend a mountain of loose sand,—nor dare make halt, till some projecting rock affords a secure stance and resting-place. I stand high, but I stand not yet secure enough to follow my own inclination; and at present to declare my marriage would be certain ruin.

Amy. Well then, let me but share the secret with my father!—They say he is ill.

Leices. *They* say—who? Has not Varney informed you he follows his wonted exercise? Who then has dared to excite these doubts?

Amy. O, my Lord, no one has *dared;* but may I not be assured with mine own eyes that my dear father is well?

Leices. Be contented, Madam; you cannot now have communication with your father or his family. Were there no stronger reason, yon Cornish-man, your former suitor, Trevanion or Tresilian, haunts the old knight's house, and must necessarily know whatever is communicated there.

Amy. My father is an honourable man, my Lord; and if we can pardon ourselves the ill we have done Tresilian, I will wager tho coronet I am to share with you one day, that he is incapable of returning injury for injury.

Leices. I will not trust him. By mine honour, I would rather the foul fiend should intermingle in our secret, than this Tresilian.

Amy. And why, my Lord?

Leices. Madam, my will should be sufficient.—Speak no more of him.

Amy. Then what if I had seen him?

Leices. If you had, you would do well to keep that interview as secret as what is spoken at confessional.—I seek no man's ruin; but he who intrudes himself on my secret privacy, were better look well to his future walk. The bear brooks none to cross his awful path!

Amy. Awful indeed!

Leices. Nay, trust me;—thou art pale, my love;—forgive my warmth, and ask aught else, involving less than my fame, my fortune, and my life. Hast thou no other wish?

Amy. No, no, no, nothing.—I had a wish, but your anger has driven it from my recollection.

Leices. Reserve it till another opportunity.—Retire, love, to your chamber; and barring only those requests which I cannot, and dare not grant, if I refuse thee any other boon, it must be more than England can fulfil.

[*Exit.*

Amy. What means this palpitation,—this sinking terror? I am a wife—I am not a cast-way, nor yet betrayed.—Yes, I am wife to England's hope; but then I am a daughter. Ah! reflect, ye maids, no happiness is built upon what the world calls honour.—Alas! alas! what must the victim feel who shortens a parent's days, when I, who am innocent, feel thus—My poor father! may Heaven protect and guard him, for I am bound in fetters, which restrain me from flying to his aged arms.—Merciful Heaven! direct, strengthen, and support me!

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Garden Front of Cumnor Manor-house.*

Enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY.

Varney. Dark as my purpose is, it leads to utter downfall on one hand, or sure prosperity upon the other. In a moment of Bacchanalian madness, I made an avowal of love to the lady. I was repulsed, and have hated myself ever since, almost as sincerely as I hate her in whose power it places me! 'Tis in each courtier's mouth —the Queen adores this Earl;—had he no wife, he might be King of England, and then the generous Leicester—

Enter the EARL OF LEICESTER.

Leices. Soliloquizing, Varney?—and my name pronounced?

Varney. Pardon, my Lord, but when my patron's honour, and his lady's fame—

Leices. No more, until thou say'st who is the object of pursuit,—on whose track I am told some of my tenantry have been dispatched.

Varney. Did not my lady say Tresilian had—

Leices. Tresilian!—Fiends! no, no;—and yet she hinted—but 'tis impossible,—she dare not.

Varney. Her openness of mind, I'm sure, would tell all that she knew,—indeed she promised it; and when he came when you were absent, Sir—

Leices. Tresilian come, and thou not strike him dead!

Varney. I drew on him, my Lord, and he on me;—had not my foot slipped, he had not been again in your Lordship's path.

Leices. Sacred Heaven!

Varney. I thought their meeting had all been in honour, and that she would have told—

Leices. I will return immediately, and then—

Varney. In Heaven's name, my Lord, think you may be yet too late to meet the Queen. Tresilian may by this time be at Court.

Leices. Should he or Amy's father seek the Queen—

Varney. No danger.—I believe Tresilian thinks your Countess my wife; and if I dare propose so bold a hazard, such report among the courtiers—

Leices. Hold, Sir!—my Countess for an instant mistaken for the wife of Varney!—

Varney. Nay, gracious Lord—

Leices. Shame on thy speech, and my too ready hearing!—(*Musing.*) The King of England!

Varney. 'Tis what most men already style you; but I'll back to Cumnor, and take such precaution that the Countess ne'er again shall see Tresilian. My Lord, my Lord, pray let your quickest speed bring you to meet her Majesty.

Leices. Follow me then.—What contending passions shake my heart!—My wife, my Amy, love another! But yesterday I thought Elizabeth and royalty the sum of human happiness; but now, were I already robed,—the hand of England's glory clasped in mine, globe, sceptre, all, all within my power—I would resign all to be that Tresilian! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Queen's Apartment at Woodstock.*

(*Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.*)

QUEEN ELIZABETH *on the Throne.—The* EARL OF SUSSEX, LORD BURLEIGH, LORD HUNSDON, WALTER RALEIGH, *The* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *Lords and Ladies, Officers, Heralds, Pages, Guards, &c. discovered.*

Queen. My Lord of Sussex, we have read this suit, and will give instant hearing.

Leices. (*Without.*) Reptile, retire! and learn the hand that raised can crush you.

Enter the EARL OF LEICESTER, *followed by* SIR THOMAS BOWYER, *who kneels.*

Queen. Why, how now, Bowyer?—thy courtesy seems strangely timed.

Bowyer. My liege Sovereign, I come but to ask, whether, in discharge of mine office, I am to obey your Highness's commands, or those of the Earl of Leicester, who has publicly menaced me, because I denied entry to one of his followers, in obedience to your Grace's precise orders?

Queen. 'Sdeath, my Lord, what means this? We have thought well of you, and brought you near our person, but not that you might hide the sun from other faithful subjects. Who gave *you* licence to contradict our orders, or controul our officers? I will have in this Court, ay, and in this realm, but *one* mistress, and *no* master. Go, Bowyer, you have discharged the duty of an honest man. —(*To Leices.*) Look to it that he sustains no harm for his duty to me faithfully discharged; for, as I am Christian woman and crowned Queen, I will hold you dearly answerable.

Sussex. My Lord of Leicester hath for once his merits.

Queen. What I say to my Lord of Leicester, I also say to *you*, my Lord of Sussex. You must also ruffle in the Court of England, at the head of your proud followers?

Sussex. 'Tis true, gracious Madam, my followers have ruffled in your cause against rebellion, but I never knew your Majesty—

Queen. Do you bandy looks and words with me, my Lord? Methinks you might learn of my Lord of Leicester the modesty to be silent at least under our censure. My grandfather, and my father, in their wisdom, suppressed such retinues; and think you, that because I wear a coif, their sceptre has in my hand been changed into a distaff? I tell you no king on earth will less brook his Court to be cumbered by o'ergrown power, than she who now speaks with you. My Lord of Leicester, and you, my Lord of Sussex, we command you both to be friends; or, by the crown I wear, you shall find an enemy too strong for both of you.

Leices. You, Madam, who are the fountain of honour, know best what is due to mine. The terms on which I stand with my Lord of Sussex are not of my seeking.

Sussex. Let Lord Leicester say in what I have injured

him, since my tongue never spoke the word that I would not willingly justify either on foot or horseback.

Leices. My hand is as ready to make good my words, as that of any man who ever wrote himself Ratcliffe.

Queen. No more, my Lords!—Ha! ha! these are no terms fitting this presence.—(*Harshly*)—Sussex, I entreat,—(*Softly*)—Leicester, I command you. What, stubborn both!—Sir Henry Lee, have a guard in readiness. Once more, my Lords of Sussex and Leicester, I bid you to join hands, and—'Sdeath! he that refuses shall taste of our Tower-fare ere he see our face again. I will lower your proud hearts ere we part, and this I promise on the word of a Queen.

Leices. A prison might be borne; but to lose your Grace's presence, were to lose both light and life at once. Sussex, your hand.

(*Leicester and Sussex advance, and join hands.*)

Queen. (*Rises and comes forward.*) 'Tis well.—Nay, Sussex, speak not; this is as it should be. Now to this memorial:—My Lord of Leicester, you have in your household a gentleman called Varney. He hath seduced the daughter of a good old knight, Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall, and she hath fled with him. My Lord of Leicester, are you ill that you look so deadly pale? Or is it possible, can fear of my displeasure have wrought so deeply on thee? Think not, noble Dudley, we blame *thee* for the folly of thy retainer;—we know thy thoughts are otherwise employed. He who would climb the eagle's nest, my Lord, cares not who are catching linnets at the foot of the precipice.

Sussex. (*Aside to Raleigh.*) Mark ye that! What would sink a follower of mine ten fathoms deep, seems but to make him float the more easily.

Raleigh. Nay, wait, my Lord.

Queen. But is there more in this than we see—or than you, my Lord, wish that we should see? Where is this Varney? Who saw him?

Bowyer. An' it please your Grace, it is the same I just now refused——

Queen. An' it please me? But it does *not* please me that he should pass saucily into our presence, or that you should exclude from it one who came to justify himself from an accusation. You think yourself a marvellously great man, because but now we chid a nobleman on your account; but, after all, we hold you but as the lead weight that keeps the door fast. Call this Varney hither; there is one Tresilian also mentioned in this petition,—let them both come before us.

Sussex. Madam, they are here.

Enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY *and* EDMUND TRESILIAN *at opposite doors.—They kneel.*

Queen. (*To Varney.*) Is it true, sirrah, you have seduced to infamy a young lady of birth and breeding, the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?

Varney. There have been some love passages betwixt myself and Mistress Amy Robsart.

Queen. Love passages! Thou art a marvellously impudent knave.—Art thou married to the girl?

Varney. Yes.

Leices. Thou false villain!

Queen. Nay, nay, my good Lord, we will by your leave stand between this fellow and your wrath.—(*To Varney.*) Did your master, my Lord of Leicester, know of this fair work?

Varney. Gracious Madam, to speak Heaven's truth, he was the cause of all!

Leices. Villain! wouldst thou betray me?

Queen. Speak on—speak on—here no commands are heard but mine.—(*Varney silently expresses fear of being overheard.*)—Fall back, my Lords.—(*All retire but the Queen and Varney.*)—And now do you speak on.

Varney. He hath of late so given his thoughts to meditation on a certain packet——

Queen. What packet, and from whence?

Varney. From whence, Madam, I cannot guess; but I am so near to his person, that I know he has ever since worn, suspended round his neck, and next to his heart, a small lock of hair——

Queen. Thou art a prying knave to watch thy master so closely; but what colour might the braid of hair be that thou speakest of?

Varney. A poet, Madam, might call it a thread taken from the golden web wrought by Minerva; but, to my poor thinking, it was paler than even the purest gold, —more like the last parting sunbeam of the softest day in spring.

Queen. Why, you are a poet yourself, Master Varney; but I have not genius quick enough to follow your rare metaphors. Look round these ladies—is there—(*hesitating*)—is there here, in this presence, any lady, the colour of whose hair reminds thee of that braid? For I would fain know what kind of locks are like the thread of Minerva's wed, or the——what was it?—the last rays of the May-day sun.

Varney. (*Looking round the Court, then resting his eyes upon the Queen.*) I see no tresses in this presence worthy of such similes, unless where I dare not look on them.

Queen. How, sir knave, dare you intimate——

Varney. (*Dropping on his knee.*) Nay, Madam, it was the beams of the May-day sun that dazzled my weak eyes.

Queen. Go to—go to,—thou art a foolish fellow.—(*Varney rises.*)—Look you, Master Tresilian, a bolt lost is not a bow broken; and since Varney is married to the girl, I cannot aid your suit.

Tres. Madam, it should sleep, and with it my revenge; but that I hold Varney's word no warrant of the truth.

Varney. Madam, my sword——

Queen. Peace, you knaves! Ha! ha! know ye where ye are? My Lord of Leicester, will you warrant he hath married this Amy Robsart?

Leices. To the best of my belief, she is a wedded wife.

Tres. Gracious Madam, may I request to know under what circumstance this alleged marriage——

Queen. Out sirrah!—*alleged* marriage! Have you not the word of this illustrious Earl? But thou art a loser,

—or think'st thyself such at least,—and thou shalt meet indulgence.—My Lord of Leicester; I trust you remember we mean to taste the good cheer of your Castle of Kenilworth; and we pray you to bid our good and valued friend, the Earl of Sussex, to bear us company.

Leices. If he will honour me——

Sussex. Madam, my health has of late——

Queen. I know it, Sussex. You shall have our physician; and that we may be sure he does you good, we do command you to attend us to Kenilworth.—Now, another word, my Lords of Sussex and Leicester. Tresilian and Varney are near your persons; you will see that they attend you at Kenilworth.—Varney, thy wife must be at Kenilworth, and forthcoming at our order.—Master Tresilian, you likewise must be in attendance.—My Lords of Sussex and Leicester, together with Lord Burleigh, we require your presence at the privy council to be presently held; the rest retire, and wait a while our pleasure. (*Flourish of drums and trumpets. Exeunt all but Varney.*)

Varney. My plan will ripen. I'll to Cumnor now o' the instant, fast as my swift steed will bear me. Bring her to Kenilworth! Oh no—that would spoil all. How to prevent it—aye—the drug—she must be indisposed; —and then my Lord,—his anger soon will pass, when I've done for him what he wishes, without the courage for its execution—But for me, I'll not be servile without recompence; and when my master's at the giddy height which I must help him to, I'll cast him down, unless the humble footstool he now treads upon be equal with his throne;—nay, I know that of him, would e'en now shake his credit with the Queen, and cast him lower than the poor worm Varney. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Garden Front of Cumnor Manor-house.*

Enter WAYLAND SMITH, *disguised as a Pedlar.*

Wayland. It's not the first time I have ventured hither with my wares; but never yet have I found a pur-

chaser, except indeed pretty Janet, the daughter of ugly old Cerberus. I think I shall pass in this garb, and do my master's errand unsuspected.—Now to obtain some notice.

SONG.

Come, girls, girls, buy of my finery,
  Ribbons and laces so fine and so gay;
Pins, needles, bobbins, and twinery,
  All that holiday beauty display.

Come, boys, boys, each call his fav'rite here,
  My pack is too heavy, my pocket too light;
And if of my goods you my budget will clear,
  I'll stay and dance with you the rest of the night.

Come, girls, girls, &c.

Enter MISTRESS JANET FOSTER.

Janet. Pedlar, I have bought of thee, and found thee honest. I and my lady will buy of thee again, if thou wilt convey this token to Cicely, the daughter of Giles Gosling, in the village, and say her friend Janet would see her about what she knows of.

Wayland. 'Tis my place of lodging—I'll go quickly; but will you not first buy, or ask my lady?

Janet. No; for were it not too much to ask, I should beseech you, seek a certain gentleman, who—

Wayland. I know the man you mean—the young Tresilian is his name; he sent me hither to watch over, to preserve,—in short, if possible, to see your lady.

Janet. I fear she will not see you;—if she could—

Wayland. Give her this ring;—fear not—this way—she has some friends at work; nay, seem to buy—and should I gain admittance, you shall thank your kindness to your lady's cause.

Janet. Well, pedlar, I'll shew these goods; but I am sure the lady wants them not. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*State Room of the Countess of Leicester.*

AMY *discovered.*

Amy. Alas! alas! Oh, I'm weary of this solitary den. Of what avail are rank and honour, if, a prisoner here, I haply suffer in my reputation? Of what value are pearls to deck my tresses? When I but put a fresh rose in my hair at Lidcote Hall, my poor father would call me to him, that he might see it more closely; and the poor old curate would smile. There was poor Tresilian too;—But it avails not speaking of him.—Ha! do I not hear the horse's tread?—I do!—It is Leicester! it is my noble Earl! it is my Dudley!—Every stroke of his horse's hoof sounds like a note of lordly music.

Varney. (*Without.*) Where is my lady?

Enter MISTRESS JANET FOSTER.

Janet. Madam! my lady! you look pale I trow.

Amy. Oh, is it not enough to chase the present joy, when Varney comes where Leicester was expected.

Janet. But he brings tidings from my lord, no doubt.

Amy. He may—he must—admit him!

Janet. He is already here, my lady.

Enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY, *and* ANTHONY FOSTER.

Amy. You bring news from my lord, Master Varney? —(*Varney hesitating to speak.*) Gracious Heaven! can he be ill?

Varney. No, Madam, no;—permit that I take breath; besides, we're not alone, and my Lord's message is to yourself.

Amy. Janet and Master Foster, remain in the next apartment, and within call.

[*Exeunt Anthony, and Janet Foster.*

Varney. My lord regrets that he cannot repair to Cumnor; for the reason, that the Queen is now on her

journey to pay the long-talked-of visit to his Castle of Kenilworth.

Amy. Indeed? And is there no letter from my lord to intimate this to me?

Varney. My noble master's situation at Court will prevent your Ladyship visiting Kenilworth as the Countess of Leicester; and a circumstance has occurred to render it still more impracticable.

Amy. What is that, Sir?

Varney. Your Ladyship must know what the world in general believes of your situation.

Amy. What may it be, Sir?

Varney. They say, Madam, you left your father's house——But I shall offend you if I go on—

Amy. No, no, Sir;—go on, go on—I must learn to bear what my folly has brought upon me. I am accounted, I suppose—the—paramour of Leicester?

Varney. Men say other names;—such report hath reached the Queen. From the share I had in uniting you with my lord, they impute even to me feelings I could never entertain:—such, even in open Court, the Queen accused me of; and has ordered that your Ladyship, on such account, meet her forthwith at Kenilworth. —But my lord's letter will explain all.—(*Gives her a letter.*)

Amy. (*Reads.*) What! "For reasons—honour—repair —life—Kenilworth—the name of—*Varney*—" (*As she reads, she gradually works her countenance into violent passion, and then rushes towards the door, between which and her Varney interposes, expostulating.*)—Stand from the door, Sir, I command you!—Undo the door!—I will have no other reply!—What ho! without there! Janet, alarm the house!—Foster break open the door!—I am detained here by a traitor!—Use axe and lever, Master Foster—I will be your warrant.

Enter ANTHONY *and* MISTRESS JANET FOSTER.

(*Janet runs to Amy, and Foster to Varney.*)

Janet. In the truth's name what ails your Ladyship?

Foster. What, in the name of Satan, have you done to her?

Varney. Nothing—only conveyed my lord's commands, which if the lady list not to obey—

Amy. Now, by yon light of Heaven, the false traitor lies in his throat!—Look at him, Janet. He is fairly dressed,—hath the outside of a gentleman,—and hither he came to persuade me it was my wedded lord's commands that I should go with him to Kenilworth, and before our maiden Queen, and England's Peers, and in presence of my own wedded lord, that I should acknowledge him—*him* there, my lord's lacquey, for my liege lord and husband;—for ever furnishing against myself, —great Heaven!—whenever I was to claim my right and my rank, such weapons as would hew my just claim from the root, and destroy my character to be regarded as an honourable matron among English nobles.

Varney. Yet there are reasons—must they be exposed —must my lord's confidence—?

Amy. That confidence is misplaced, Sir.—(*Tears the letter.*) Thou liest!—Let me go Janet;—were it the last words I have to speak, he lies;—he had his own foul ends to seek. Do I not remember former passages, which known to Leicester, had given thee the preferment of a gallows, instead of the honour of his intimacy. I would I were a man, or given space enough to make thy craven tongue confess its villany. But go—begone, Sir!—I scorn thee so much, that I am ashamed to have been angry with thee.

Janet. Oh, lady, could this passion lead to good—

Amy. There—there—there, fetch me some water; my lips are parched, and my head runs round.—*Retires to the Couch.*)

Varney. Ah!

Janet. Father!

Varney. Come hither, Foster;—it were vain as yet to try to stem this torrent. Come, thou shall bear a cup to heal this bitter agony; and mark, a drug or two won't spoil its relish.—(*Exit Foster.*) We'll try this draught; —it may remove all difficulties, and though it fail, escape she cannot. *She never leaves* these walls alive, unless as *Mistress Varney.* [*Aside and E:*

Amy. The villain, the cold-blooded calculating slave! But I unmasked him, Janet. I will not remain here longer.—I fear him—I fear thy father; and worst of all, this odious Varney.—I will escape from Cumnor.

Janet. Whither?—How?

Amy. I know not, Janet, where I shall fly, or by what means; but I am certain the God I have served will not abandon me in this dreadful crisis to wicked men.

Janet. My father is stern,—true to his trust,—yet do not think he ever would—

Enter ANTHONY FOSTER, *with Salver and Cup.*

(*Looking at the contents of the cup.*)—My lady asked for water.

Foster. This is deemed of better temperament.

Janet. When she approves—I'll fill to her myself.

Foster. No—no—not thee, my child; this is a service not to be done by thee.

Janet. And why, I pray you?—if it be fitting the noble lady should take the cup at all?

Foster. Why, because it is my pleasure, minion—Hence, begone to evening lecture.

Janet. Never, till I'm sure my lady's safe. Give me the cup;—that which will benefit my mistress can do no hurt to me. Father, I drink to you—(*Foster seizes the cup.*) This is strange, father! may I neither serve my lady, nor myself?

Amy. Will you drink, Master Foster, since you'll not permit Janet?—drink, I pray you.

Foster. Madam, I—I may not.

Amy. For whom, then, is the precious beverage intended?

Foster. For the fiend who brewed it.—(*Rushes off.*)

Janet. Oh, mercy! mercy!

Amy. Weep not for me, dear Janet.

Janet. No—Oh, no; 'tis not for you I weep,—'tis for that unhappy father. Those who are dishonoured before man,—condemned by Heaven, have cause to mourn; and not those who are innocent.—Farewell, lady—fare-

Amy. How, Janet, desert me in my peril?

Janet. Desert you, Madam! desert you!—may my hope of bliss desert *me* when I do!—No, Madam; the Power you serve will not abandon you. I have prayed night and day for light to steer between my duty to that man, and to yourself;—that light hath dawned,—nor may I shut the door which Heaven opens. Lady, shake off despair—your liberty's at hand.

Amy. Ha! dare I to think?

Janet. Think but of life and justice—escape is open to you.—One whom I deem your friend waits at the postern in the Park with a disguise for flight;—this entrance leads to him.—Have you courage?

Amy. Bethink thee, Janet;—may not this prove some still darker snare?

Janet. No, Madam—sure as your guide is good Tresilian's friend, and bearer of his ring.

Amy. Tresilian's friend! Then I place myself in his charge as to my guardian angel; but where—where will he take me?

Janet. It may be to your father's.

Amy. No, no; I left him like a father, with an honourable name—I will not now return to him till my Lord avows his marriage, which will make him bless his truant child.

Janet. Then whither would you, Madam?

Amy. To Kenilworth. When the Queen feasts in my husband's halls, the Countess of Leicester should be no unbeseeming guest.

Janet. Pray Heaven a welcome one.

Amy. But must I lose thee, Janet?

Janet. I must stay, that they may think you here till past pursuit. (*Brings a cloak and casket.*) This casket holds your jewels,—(*A tap is heard without at the door*)—and your guide is now impatient.

Amy. Farewell—the time may come when I may requite thee.—Farewell! (*Janet opens the door.*)

Enter WAYLAND SMITH.

Wayland. Softly, and quick;—a moment sets us free.

Janet. And Heaven deal with you at your utmost need, as you are true or false to this most injured and most helpless lady.

Wayland. By Heaven, and this ring!——

Janet. Some one approaches—quick, away!—*(Music. Amy embraces Janet, and exit with Wayland Smith.—Janet listens, hears footsteps, puts on Amy's veil, and sits on the couch, pretending to sleep.)*

Enter MASTER RICHARD VARNEY *and* ANTHONY FOSTER.

Foster. See, she sleeps—poor wretch! it may be her last repose on earth—do not disturb it suddenly.

Varney. Nay, when she wakes it will be time enow; but then—remember, your hand or mine—no matter which—but when she wakes she drinks.

Foster. Mercy! mercy!

Varney. You shake, old man—tush! back to our wine; another flagon will confirm thy spirit. Come, come!—*(Exeunt.—Music.—Janet rises cautiously, and listens, then casts herself on her knees.)*

Janet. She is saved!—saved from *murder!*—and I—I am her preserver!

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*View of Kenilworth Castle.*

(Distant shouts heard as the Curtain rises.)

Enter EDMUND TRESILIAN.

Tres. Proud Kenilworth, where mighty Leicester rules, and where Elizabeth to-day will add the grace of

royal presence to thy splendid towers, how far inferior are thy dazzling charms to the dear long-loved shades of Lidcote! One sweet flower bedecked both bower and hall, and that sweet flower was Amy—withering now, and unregarded in a villain's power.—(*Laughter without.*)—But here come those whom love has never wounded; how ill accords their mirth with what I now feel!

Enter NICHOLAS BLOUNT *and* WALTER RALEIGH.

Blount. Ay, ay, say as thou wilt, Raleigh; speak thy mind—the Queen's coming, and she shall be the judge; and I'll bet my lands against your learning (and that's a heavy bet you'll say), my dress shall be esteemed by her.

Raleigh. That it will, Master Nicholas, worthy Blount—and I'll make appeal to Master Tresilian, if thou art not in the right.

Tres. Quite right, however it may be;—but now whence come ye?

Blount. From Warwick, to be sure. For why, Master Tresilian, we have changed our riding suits, and we would advise thee to do the same; the Queen cannot abide a sloven.—Look at this——

Raleigh. Didst ever see how his villanous tailor hath apparelled him? Blue, green, and crimson, with carnation ribbons, and yellow roses.

Blount. I tell thee what, I told the cross-legged thief to do his best, and spare no cost; and methinks these things are gay enough. Had he made them like thine, I'd have knock'd his brains out with his own goose.—And if we must be fools, ecod! let us be fools of the first fashion.

Raleigh. (*To Tres.*) But why hast thou not thy braveries on?

Tres. I am not long arrived, but I will hasten—

Blount. Ay, I prithee do; the Queen is expected. We are to attend her to the gallery, while her suite change their riding dresses.—(*Observes, and is shocked at the appearance of Tresilian's boots.*)—Oh, Tresilian, if thou lovest me, change those boots; there is nothing disgusts the Queen *more than unchanged* boots.

Raleigh. Or a soiled cloak.

Tres. Except thine, which thou didst spread in the disty kennel for her to step on, and for which she has e'er since called thee Squire Lackcloak; and, if thou takest not good care, thou wilt get knighted for it.

Raleigh. I fear not, come what may.

Blount. Nor do I fear, but I hope.—Oh yes, if I had a knighthood, with this dress, I might perchance give some lady a title worth her looking after.

Raleigh. Ay, Lady Sir Nicholas—But come, we'll to our posts. Tresilian, make good haste; you'll find us in the hall—where if you come not, you may miss good promotion. [*Exit.*

Blount. Come, haste thee, Tresilian. Now am I a simple gentleman, but if I get knighthood, and any fellow call me simple gentleman, I'll beat the knave for a coxcomb. I say, Tresilian, take a lesson, follow, and copy me. [*Exit.*

Tres. I wish thy suit success. Now to my chamber.

Enter WAYLAND SMITH.

Wayland. O, my young master, I've such news for you.

Tres. Ha! my trusty Wayland, art thou come? Speak! hast thou succeeded? My Amy?—

Wayland. Her escape from Cumnor has prospered to your wish. The lady is now within the walls of Kenilworth. She has been shewn, as many strangers of appearance are, to an apartment, and is determined to make appeal against Varney to the Earl of Leicester.

Tres. Will he take sides against his favourite follower?

Wayland. Faith, that I know not; but she has written to him a letter, as she styles it, of the greatest import to his fame and fortune, and said you'd get it given to him. —(*Searching his pockets.*)—Here—no—there—well, but just now I had it—I must have left it in that dog-hole yonder they have given me for a chamber.

Tres. 'Sdeath! hast thou lost——?

Wayland. Lost it! Oh no!—'tis in my pack. I will go and fetch it.

Tres. Quick then; I will but dress and wait thee here. But stay, what lodging hath the lady?

Wayland. When we meet again I'll shew it you.—She pressed so much to see Lord Leicester, that they gave her the chamber of a gentleman not likely to return before my lord would find a time to see her.

Tres. Away then, seek thy letter. (*Exit Wayland Smith.*) Amy here! She shall not want protection—I'll even throw myself at Leicester's feet—beseech Elizabeth—But soft—I may not thus appear before her;—but if the heart could be displayed, and only gain respect, how many well-dressed worshippers of Fortune would shrink behind plain homespun honesty! [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*Room in the Castle of Kenilworth.*

Enter AMY, *disguised.*

Amy. This journey, and the dreadful cause, and my actual presence here at Kenilworth—all, all appear to be a vision. Should Leicester now receive my letter—should he come—Hark! I hear footsteps.—May Heaven give me courage to assert my rights, and urge my Leicester's heart to grant me justice!

Enter EDMUND TRESILIAN.

Tres. Ha! a lady here!

Amy. Tresilian!—Why come you here?

Tres. Nay, Amy, why come *you* here? unless it be at last to claim that aid, which far as one man's heart and arm can reach, shall instantly be yours.

Amy. True, true—I had ungratefully forgot I owe my safety to your care, and the ease you seek for me I am thankful for; but, believe me, I am now near one whom law and love oblige to protect me.

Tres. The villain then hath done you the poor justice remaining in his power, and I behold the wife of Varney?

Amy. Varney! (*Aside.*) Yet hold—Should it indeed be my husband's secret, and his safety depend upon my silence.—Well, well, I will for once be prudent.

Tres. Instead of having a protector, you are deserted by the wretch to whom you have attached yourself.

Amy. Wretch!

Tres. Ay, wretch! why else are you left here alone? I see, I see it all. You need protection, though you will not own it, and you shall not need it in vain;—leaning on my arm, as the representative of your excellent and care-worn father, on the very threshold of this castle gate you shall meet Elizabeth, and her first deed in the halls of Kenilworth shall be an act of justice to her sex and subjects.

Amy. No, no—not for the worth of all that's under Heaven. Tresilian, you once were generous; grant me one request, and be you well assured if you wish to save me, you will do more by making me the promise I ask of you, than Elizabeth with all her power.

Tres. Any thing for which you can allege a reason.

Amy. No, no—limit not your boon to reason. I am mad—my cause is madness, and frenzy must guide my counsel, which alone can aid me. I am now awaiting the commands of one who has a right to issue them. The interference of a third person, and you most of all, would be utter ruin to me. Wait but six hours, and it may be that the poor Amy may have the means to shew that she values and can reward your disinterested friendship,—that she is happy herself, and has the means to make you so. Give me your solemn promise—

Tres. Amy, I have ever remarked, when in thy better days others have called thee girlish and wilful, that under that external semblance there lay deep feeling and strong sense;—in this will I confide, and give, although I like it not, the promise you require.

Amy. As you are a man of honour——

Tres. Amy, can I do more for you? (*Cannon fired off without.*) Hark! the Queen is now entering Kenilworth.

Amy. Away, I entreat you, and Heaven prosper you!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*The Hall of Audience in Kenilworth Castle.*

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.)

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH, *her train borne by Pages, the* EARL OF LEICESTER, *the* EARL OF SUSSEX, *the* EARL OF SHREWSBURY, LORD BURLEIGH, LORD HUNSDON, *Lords,* SIR THOMAS BOWYER, MASTER RICHARD VARNEY, NICHOLAS BLOUNT, WALTER RALEIGH, EDMUND TRESILIAN; *Officers, Heralds, Pursuivants, Guards, &c. &c.—The* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *and Ladies.*

(When the Procession is arranged, a grand flourish of drums and trumpets.—All kneel.)

Queen. My Lord, you mock us with a show of pomp and princely splendour, for which we are your debtor. The love which our good people have shewn our person hath made our journey delightful.—Who is yonder gentleman who stands alone?—(*Looking at Tres.*)

Leices. A gentleman, Madam, who is——

Raleigh. A poet, Madam.

Queen. I might have known that from his careless garb. I have known some poets, Master Raleigh, so thoughtless as to throw their velvet cloaks into the dirty road.

Raleigh. Perhaps the sun dazzled their eyes and judgment.

Queen. Peace, Raleigh, peace!—I asked his name, and you have told me his profession only.

Raleigh. Tresilian, Madam.

Queen. Tresilian! He was our suitor in behalf of Amy Robsart.—Is the lady here, my Lord?

Lieces. Gracious Madam, she is not.

Queen. Not here? Our orders were strict and positive, my Lord.

Lieces. And should have been obeyed, good my liege, [illegible]d they been expressed in the form of the highest wish, [illegible] that *the lady*——*Varney, step* forth.—This gentle-

man can prove the incapacity of the party to attend your royal presence.

Varney. (*Advances and kneels.*) These attestations, Madam, are from a most learned physician, and a devout Protestant of credit and substance, one Anthony Foster, (in whose house she stays), that dangerous illness unfits her for a journey.

Queen. That alters the case.—Let Tresilian come forward. Master Tresilian, we have much sympathy for your situation, since you have set your heart so deeply on this same Amy Robsart, or Varney. We cannot command the affections of a giddy young girl, or make her love you; and we cannot controul sickness, with which it seems this lady is afflicted, who may not, by reason of such infirmity, attend our court here, as we had required her to do. Here are the testimonials of the physician who hath her under his charge, and of the gentleman in whose house she resides, so setting forth.

Tres. Under your Majesty's favour, those certificates speak not the truth.

Queen. How, Sir?—impeach the veracity of my Lord of Leicester? But you shall have a fair hearing; for in our presence the meanest of our subjects shall be heard against the proudest;—but beware you speak not without a warrant.

Tres. Madam, I had——(*Aside.*) I had forgot my promise.

Queen. I see, Sir, your better thoughts correct your rash assertion.—(*To Varney.*) What evidence have you of the truth of these certificates?

Var. My Lord of Oxford, Madam, and your Majesty's physician.

Queen. And now, I trust, Master Tresilian, this matter is ended. We will do something ere the night is older to reconcile the lady to her father. You have done your duty something more than boldly; but we were no woman had we not compassion for wounds which true love deals:—so we forgive your audacity and your unclean boots withal.

Tres. (*Kneels, and catches hold of the Queen's robe.*) As you are Christian woman, Madam!—as you are crowned

Queen, to do equal justice to your subjects!—as you hope yourself to have fair hearing at that last bar to which we must all plead, grant me one small request—give me but six hours interval to prove that these certificates are false as hell!

Queen. Let go my train, Sir;—the fellow is distraught! And yet there is something strange in his demand. What wilt thou do, if at the end of the given time thou canst not confute a fact proved so solemnly?

Tres. Lay down my head upon the block.

Queen. Pshaw! thou speakest like a fool. What head falls in England but by just sentence of English law? Wilt thou, if thou shalt fail in this attempt, render me a good and sufficient reason why thou dost undertake it?—and will the lady thank thee if thou dost so?

Tres. The lady,—yes,—(*Suddenly recollecting his promise to Amy*)—that is—if she permits—

Queen. Now by the soul of the Henries, this is either moon-struck madness, or very knavery. Take charge of him;—have him away.—(*Exit Tresilian guarded.*) We wish we had seen the beauty which could make such havoc in a wise man's brain.

Blount. (*To Raleigh.*) It's all owing to these damn'd boots of his. But, Walter, has the Queen asked who I am?

Raleigh. Peace, wilt thou?

Queen. And now to make amends to your faithful servant, and to do him honour more especially. Your sword, my Lord of Liecester. (*Leicester draws his sword, and presents the hilt to the Queen.*) Richard Varney, come forth and kneel down.—(*Varney kneels.*) In the name of God and Saint George, we dub thee knight! Be faithful, brave, and fortunate!—Arise, Sir Richard Varney!—(*Varney rises.*) And as we must not be partial in conferring such distinctions, we wish our cousin to name thee a companion.

Sussex. Most gracious Madam, as a warm friend, and distinguished scholar and soldier, I would name Tresilian, but that your Majesty—

Queen. I'm glad, Sir, that you are thus considerate. The events of this night would make us, in the eyes of

our subjects, as mad as this poor brain-sick gentleman himself—for we ascribe his conduct to no malice—should we chuse this moment to do him grace.

Sussex. Then, gracious Madam, your Majesty will allow me to name my Master of the Horse—Master Nicholas Blount, a gentleman of fair estate and ancient name, who has served your Majesty both in Scotland and Ireland, and brought away bloody marks on his person, all honourably taken and requited.

Blount. (*Aside to Raleigh*) I'll make my tailor's fortune for this.

Raleigh. Hush! for Heaven's sake.

Queen. He certainly pays more attention to his toilet than Tresilian.—(*Aside.*) Varney and Blount!—I could have named another better than either.

Duchess. Madam, since two great peers have been permitted to suggest candidates for the honours of chivalry, the ladies of your Court beg to have a similar indulgence.

Queen. I were no woman else to refuse you such a boon.

Duchess. Then, in the name of these fair ladies present, I request your Majesty to confer the rank of knighthood on Walter Raleigh, whose birth, deeds of arms, and promptitude to serve our sex with sword or pen, deserve such distinction from us all.

Queen. Your boon is granted. Squire Lackcloak shall be good knight Lackcloak at your request. Now gentlemen, advance, and let martial music grace the ceremony.

(Flourish of Drums and Trumpets.—Blount and Raleigh advance to the Queen, and kneel.—Blount ludicrously.—She knights them, and while performing the ceremony, the Act Drop falls.)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Grotto in the Gardens of Kenilworth.*

Enter AMY.

Amy. Persecuted, forced from my asylum,—uncertain—abused by the creatures of Varney!—Oh, where is Leicester?—He thinks not of *me.* A queen is his guest; and what cares he in what corner of his Castle a wretch like me pines? If I could see my guide, I would learn if he had delivered my letter;—if I could even see Tresilian.—I will not again venture into an inclosed apartment.—I will wait.—Amidst so many human beings, there must be some kind heart which can judge and compasionate what mine endures. Ha! the Queen—with Leicester, too!—Hide me, gentle shade.—Heaven grant me strength to support myself.—I am not poor betrayed Amy, but the wife of Leicester. (*Retires into the Grotto.*)

Enter QUEEN ELIZABETH *and the* EARL OF LEICESTER.

Leices. Had I but words to speak the deep devotion—

Queen. No, Dudley, it cannot be; I must be the mother of my people. Other ties that make the lowly maiden happy, to her sovereign are denied. No, Leicester, urge it no more. Were I as others, free to seek my own happiness, then indeed—but no, no.—Delay the chace—delay it for half an hour—and leave me, my Lord.

Leices. Has then my madness given you such offence?

Queen. No, Leicester, not so; but it is madness, and must not be repeated. Go, till I regain the calmness you have disturbed, but go not far from hence; and meantime, let no one intrude on my privacy. (*Leicester kisses her hand respectfully, and exits.*) Were it possible,—were it *but* possible!—but no, no, my hopes would have it so perhaps;—but no, no, Elizabeth must be the wife and mother of England alone. (*Perceiving Amy in the*

grotto.) How now, fair Nymph of this lovely grotto?—art thou spell-bound and struck with dumbness by the charms of the wicked enchanter whom men term Fear?—We are his sworn enemy, maiden, and can reverse his charm.—Speak, we command thee!—(*Amy kneels in great agitation.*) What may this mean?—What wouldst thou have with us?

Amy. (*In a faltering tone.*) Protection!

Queen. 'Tis the right of every daughter of England, while she is worthy of it; but your distress seems to have a deeper root than a forgotten task.—Why, and in what, do you crave our protection?

Amy. Alas! I know not whom to accuse.

Queen. (*Impatiently.*) This is but folly, maiden.—The sick man must tell his malady to the physician; nor are WE accustomed to ask, without an answer.

Amy. I beseech—I request—I implore your gracious protection—against—against one Varney.

Queen. What Varney?—Sir Richard Varney—the servant of Lord Leicester? What then are you to him, or he to you?

Amy. I—I—was his prisoner, and he practised on my life,—and I escaped to—to—

Queen. To throw thyself on our protection.—Thou shalt have it,—that is, if thou deservest it.—Thou art the daughter of Sir Hugh Robsart of Lidcote Hall?

Amy. Forgive me—forgive me, Princess!

Queen. For what should I forgive thee, silly wench?—for being the daughter of thine own father? Thou art brain-sick. I see I must tell thy story for thee. Thou didst deceive thine old and honoured father—that look confesses it;—cheated Tresilian—*that* blush avows it;—and married this same Varney.

Amy. (*Springing on her feet.*) No, Madam, no!—as there is a Power above us, I am not the sordid wretch you would take me for! I am not the wife of that contemptible slave—that deliberate villain! I am not the wife of Varney! I would rather be the bride of Destruction!

Queen. Why, God ha' mercy! woman—I see thou canst talk fast enough when the theme likes thee.—But

tell me,—for by God's day I *will* know,—whose wife or paramour thou art? Speak, and be speedy—Thou wert better dally with a lioness than with Elizabeth.

Amy. The Earl of Leicester knows—Yes, he knows all.

Queen. Leicester! the Earl of Leicester!—Woman, thou art set on,—thou dost belie him; he takes no keep of such a thing as thou art. Thou art suborned to slander the noblest lord, and truest-hearted gentleman in England!—But were he dearer to us, thou shalt have thy hearing, and that in his presence.—Come hither, all of you!

Enter, at opposite sides, the EARLS OF SUSSEX *and* SHREWSBURY, *Lords* BURLEIGH, HUNSDON, *&c.*; SIR THOMAS BOWYER, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *the* DUCHESS OF RUTLAND, *and Ladies, &c.*

Where is my Lord of Leicester? Where is the Earl of Leicester?

Enter the EARL OF LEICESTER.

Know'st thou this woman?—(*Leicester perceiving Amy, starts astonished, and sinks on his knee.*) Leicester, could I think thou hast practised on me—on *me*, thy Sovereign—thy confiding, thy too partial mistress,—the base and ungrateful deception thy confusion surmises, by all that is good, false lord, that head of thine were in greater danger than ever was thy father's!

Leices. My head cannot fall but by the just sentence of my peers;—to them I will plead, and not to a Princess who thus requites my faithful service.

Queen. We are defied, my lords—defied in the very castle we have ourselves bestowed on this proud man! My Lord of Shrewsbury, you are Marshal of England, attach him of high treason.—Cousin of Hunsdon, order out your band of gentlemen pensioners, and take him into instant custody.—Villains, make haste!

Hunsdon. And your Grace may order me to the Tower to-morrow, for making too much haste.—I do beseech you to be patient.

Queen. Patient!—God's life! thou know'st not of his guilt.

Amy. Guilt!—he is guiltless, madam—he is guiltless;—no one can lay aught to the charge of the noble Leicester.

Queen. Why, minion, didst not thou say he was privy to thy whole history?

Amy. Did I say so?—Oh, if I did, I foully belied him. May Heaven so judge me, as I believe he was never privy to a thought that would harm me!

Queen. Woman! say who has moved thee to this; or my wrath shall wither and consume thee like a weed within the furnace!

Enter SIR RICHARD VARNEY, *hastily.*

What means this saucy intrusion?

Varney. Pardon, my liege, pardon! or let your justice fall on me, so you but spare my noble, generous, and guiltless patron.

Amy. Yes, yes, treat me as the worst of criminals; but spare me what will destroy the little judgment I have left—the sight of that unutterable and most shameless villain!

Queen. Then is the lady—then Leicester may not be to blame after all. Why, sweetheart, what hath he, this false knight, since such thou accountest him, done to thee?

Amy. Oh, worse than sorrow, Madam, and worse than injury—he has sown dissension, where most there should be peace.—I shall go mad if I look longer on him.

Queen. Beshrew me, but I think thou art mad already.—Cousin of Hunsdon, look to this poor distressed young woman, and let her be safely bestowed, and in honest keeping, till we require her to be forthcoming.—(*Ladies advance.*) Ladies, under favour, no.—You have all (give Heaven thanks) sharp ears and nimble tongues—Our Cousin Hunsdon has ears of the dullest, and a tongue somewhat rough, but yet of the slowest.—Hunsdon, let none have speech of her till something is further known.

Amy. Mercy! Mercy!—(*Falls into Lord Hunsdon's arms, who bears her off.*)

Queen. Sir Richard Varney, speak, explain this riddle.

Var. Your Majesty's piercing eye has discovered the mortal malady which I would not suffer to be inserted in the certificate.—Master Foster, from whom she escaped with art peculiar to such patients, is here at hand—

Queen. Another time—but she railed upon you bitterly.

Var. Such persons, Madam, are most inveterate against those whom, in their better sense, they hold the dearest.

Queen. So we have heard, and know.——Come, my Lord, you are offended with us; and though we have cause to be offended too, yet we will take the lion's part upon us, and be the first to forgive.

Leices. I cannot have the pleasure to forgive, because you can do no injury. [*Exeunt all but Varney.*

Var. Amy has brought me to this crisis,—she or I am lost;—'tis now decided, and she dies!

Re-enter the EARL OF LEICESTER.

Leices. The die is cast,—I am both fool and villain; when the Queen discovers my marriage, she will never forgive me.

Var. Yet if that marriage can be yet concealed—Tresilian is the only hindrance.—'Tis evident she has not courage to hurt you with the Queen; and why—she came—or was here with Tresilian, and—

Leices. And by yon heaven he dies;—the man who steps between my love and me shall perish! The woman who is false to me, who made her the partner of my fortune and my bed,—when I ask of her a little patience ere she launches forth upon the full current of her grandeur,—she will rather hazard her own shipwreck and mine, than tarry for a single moment.

Var. There is no time to lose,—'twere better she went back to Cumnor-House till—

Leices. No, no, no,—I'll see her first.

Var. 'Twere better see the Queen;—the request for ordering her removal will put all right;—or if your

Lordship like not that counsel, ask young Tresilian, who is yonder, and will advise you better.

Leices. Away to Cumnor,—at once let her be removed.

Var. And if I bring you proof, that he, Tresilian, is the paramour of——

Leices. Of Amy, thou would'st say; but it is false—false as the smoke of hell!—Ambitious she may be, fickle and impatient,—'tis a woman's fault—but false, false to me! Never! never!—Or, if she is, by yon heaven, she dies!

Var. Nay, tho' you've justice on your wife, Tresilian is unworthy of your arm.

Leices. No, no; he shall be my victim,—but for the lady——

Var. You'll gain the Queen's assent for her removal?

Leices. Ay, ay—

Var. Then I must claim your signet ring—your servants else may doubt.

Leices. Here, take it, and begone—lose not a moment—away, good Varney—and what thou dost, *do quickly.* (*Exit Varney.*) Can it be possible? Can guilt assume the guise of purity? But am I not deceived? She may yet be innocent!—Oh Amy, Amy! guilty or not, thy misery cannot equal that of thy distracted husband.

Enter EDMUND TRESILIAN, *muffled in a Cloak.*

Tres. My Lord, I sought you.

Leices. How now, Sir? Who are you, and what do you want?

Tres. I am Edmund Tresilian,—(*discovers himself,*)—and demand justice! I have been bound by a promise, the space for which is passed,—I now ask justice.

Leices. All men, Sir, are entitled to justice at my hands—you above all; and, Master Tresilian, you go not hence without it.

Tres. I expected from your nobleness no less.—May I wait on you in your chamber?

Leices. No, Sir, we are here under the free cope of Heaven.—Thou the champion of Amy!

Tres. And the determined foe of her accursed husband.

Leices. Frontless villain! You have dishonoured him! You came with her here!

Tres. No, by mine honour; and had you not slighted the letter in which she appealed to you against your parasite—

Leices. 'Tis false—she wrote no letter; and for thee, tho' the hangman's scourge were fitter for thy crime than the sword of a nobleman—yet draw—draw, villain, and stand on thy defence.—*(Strikes Tresilian with his glove.)*

Tres. You have dishonoured me.—Heaven judge betwixt us!—And should you fall, your blood be on your head!—*(They fight.—Tresilian is disarmed.)*

Leices. Now, then, confess thy villany—Prepare for death, or ask a coward's life!

Tres. I scorn thy charge of villany, as much as asking any thing of thee, and am better prepared for death than haughty Leicester.—I have given you no cause for this.

Leices. No cause! no cause! But why parley with such a slave? Die a liar, as thou hast lived!

Enter WAYLAND SMITH, *hastily.*

Wayland. My lord, my lord! O read—read this letter! I am to blame—I had fatally mislaid it, and if any one deserves death, it is I.—Do read it.

Leices. Ha! 'Tis Amy's character! *(Reads.—Tresilian recovers his sword.)*—Nay, stand not on thy guard, good youth, but pierce my heart, as I would have pierced thine.

Tres. Nothing then remains, but that we join to punish her seducer.

Leices. Her seducer!—Say rather her husband—her misguided, blinded, most unworthy husband! And now at once before the Queen I will avow it—thou shalt bear the tidings—thou shalt bring my Amy's father to witness her acknowledged rights and rank as Leicester's countess.

Tres. Thy countess! Thank—thank Heaven!—No more I'll see her, and tho' thro' thee I've lost my heart's best hope, yet Leicester never had so firm a friend as he shall find Tresilian.—Come, fellow, thy future fortune is my care. *[Exeunt Tresilian and Wayland.*

Leices. Mountains—mountains are taken from this aching bosom.

Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE, *tipsy.*

How fellow—where is thy master? where is Sir Richard Varney?

Mike. Gone, my lord, gone—and wouldn't wait for me.

Leices. Gone! whither?

Mike. Gone with a lady—left word for me to follow—she screamed, and screeched, and——

Leices. Peace, groom, and learn thy distance. (*Takes out his tablets, tears a leaf, and writes in great agitation.*) Here—take this note—follow with the utmost speed—tell Varney not to dare——(*Aside.*) Yet why, why betray to this menial lacquey the inmost secrets of my soul?—Good fellow, Lambourne, thy life's promotion shall depend upon thy swift delivery of this countermand of certain things I gave in charge to Varney,—tell him on his duty to obey, and wait for my arrival!—Oh, good Lambourne! she's my wife—devise some means to save her. I'll give thee rank, my coronet, my heart's blood to save her's!—Fly this instant—My wife! my wife! Fly—fly—to Cumnor! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Castle Gates.*

Enter MIKE LAMBOURNE.

Mike. Ha! ha! ha! Good fellow, Lambourne!—good fellow, Lambourne—so his Lordship said;—and Varney wouldn't stay for me—wouldn't wait till I had finished my flagon—Sir Richard, I should have said;—and who made him so? My lord,—and may make me Sir Michael.—Varney grows saucy—says I drink and game.—And what does he? He's cruel to that lady,—and tho' she rudely sent me from her chamber in the west turret yonder, she's no fool—she sees through Varney, and I'll take her side.—Varney, beware!—I've got your counter-orders, and tho' thou'rt a knight, my

may find, and my lady too, that Mike Lambourne do his duty when it is his interest.

Enter WAYLAND SMITH.

Wayland. Lambourne, haste to horse—to horse!—Strange whispers are abroad, and on thy speed perhaps a life depends.—I follow with my lord, and with Tresilian.

Mike. I shan't be long in telling Richard Varney a little bit of my mind.

Wayland. Your horse is ready.—(*Hurries him off.*)

SCENE III.—*Hall of Audience in Kenilworth Castle.*

QUEEN ELIZABETH, *the* EARLS OF SUSSEX *and* SHREWSBURY, LORDS BURLEIGH, HUNSDON, *&c.*, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, *and the* EARL OF LEICESTER, *prisoner, discovered.*

Queen. Tresilian—has he been called?

Raleigh. He's at the door, your highness.

Queen. Admit him.

Enter EDMUND TRESILIAN.

So, Sir! *you* knew of this fair work—*you* are an accomplice in this deception,—*you* have been a main cause of our doing injustice!—Art dumb, sirrah!—Thou know'st of this affair,—dost thou not?

Tres. Not, gracious Madam, that she was Leicester's Countess.

Queen. Nor shall any one know her for such.—Death of my life!—Countess of Leicester!—I say, Dame Amy Dudley—and well if she have not cause to write herself widow of the traitor Robert Dudley.—My Lord of Shrewsbury, attach him of high treason.

Leices. Madam, do with me what it may be your will to do, but work no harm on this gentleman,—he hath not deserved it.

Queen. And will he be the better for *thy* intercession, thou doubly false—and doubly too forsworn?—for thy intercession, whose villany hath made me ridiculous to my subjects, and odious to myself?—O, I could tear mine eyes out for their blindness!—O, Burleigh! Cousin of Hunsdon!

Burleigh. Gracious Madam, remember you are a Queen—Queen of England.—Give not way to this wild storm of passion—be comforted.

Queen. Ah, Burleigh! thou little knowest—

Burleigh. Beware, my honoured sovereign, that you lead not others to guess what they know not.

Queen. Thou art right, Burleigh, thou art right,—any thing but disgrace—any thing but a confession of my weakness—any thing rather than seem the cheated—scorned—'Sdeath! to think on it is distraction!—One tear—one foolish tear—and then—Elizabeth's herself!—My Lord Shrewsbury, we discharge you of your prisoner.—My Lord of Leicester, take up your sword.—Tresilian, we will hear thy story, and the knighthood which the noble Sussex asked for thee, with all honours and emoluments, shall be thine.—A quarter of an hour's restraint, under the custody of our Marshal, my lord, is, we think, no high penance for months of falsehood practised upon us.

Leices. I dare not plead excuse.—Indeed, if aught can add to Leicester's guilt, it is that his Amy's safety may depend upon the speed we make to horse.

Queen. To horse then instantly—to horse.—You will furnish them, Master Secretary, with the warrants necessary to secure the bodies of Richard Varney, and that Foster. Take a sufficient force with you.—Gentlemen, lose no time, and God be with you!—(*Exeunt Leicester, Raleigh, and Tresilian.*) Retire, my lords.—(*Exeunt Sussex, Shrewsbury, Hunsdon, &c.*)—and see that we are private, Burleigh.—(*Exit Burleigh.*)—'Tis best! I have made the sacrifice due to justice, and triumphed over passion;—'tis past, and well it is so.—I have now been comforted with plenty.—I have not compromised my own honour, nor the dignity of the crown I wear.—I have conquered this foolish passion; and now every ac-

sion of my life shall be that which may satisfy my people's hopes, and raise my nation's glory. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*Distant View of Cumnor Manor-House.—Dark.*

Enter SIR RICHARD VARNEY *and* MIKE LAMBOURNE.

Varney. Well, thou hast overtaken me,—what then?—Be brief,—our horses scarce have time to eat their provender,—the lady has gone forward, and my orders brook no delay.

Mike. Orders, forsooth!—you'll wait till you receive them—ay, and from me. Look here—look here—'tis my lord's writing. He was free to call me "good fellow, Lambourne;"—and my lord's good fellow can't be your's too, sir knight,—you are but like me, a servant.

Var. Thou drunken villain!

Mike. Don't be scurrilous,—don't say that again, Sir Richard. If some are wiser than some, that's one thing; and if some are worse than some, why that's another. I know my lord's mind, who called me "good fellow," and not "drunken villain," like those who know not how to bear new dignities. "Good Lambourne," said my lord, "tell that fellow Varney to play none of his damn'd tricks—to pay all respect to my lady, and send me back my signet."—That's his letter.

Var. And thus you would turn on me?—on me who introduced you to this career of court-like favour?

Mike. For your own ends. Talk not to me of masters; if I have been 'prentice, my indentures are out, and I'm desperately resolved to set up for myself.

Var. Then take thy quittance.—Die, villain!—(*Stabs him—he falls.*) Thou too far trusted, and too little trusting—these countermanding orders of my Lord's might possibly have been in time, but robbers, 'twill be thought, deprived thee of them. [*Exit.*

Enter WAYLAND SMITH.

Wayland. I have outrode my fellows,—my horse sinks

for repose,—I found a stray one too, tied in a thicket yonder.——Bless me! look yonder—how like a slain cavalier—What ho!

Mike. Hush! don't call so loud. Is Varney gone?

Wayland. Gone!—(*Raises him.*)

Mike. Steady! steady!—support me,—oh, steady!—support me to yonder hut. Here's a pretty piece of business! My uncle always said I should die with shoes on, but if they've a couch or truckle flock-bed, I may chance to belie the prophecy.

Wayland. Nay, cheer thee, man!—'tis nothing.

Mike. Nothing! nothing! May be not; such nothings sometimes add to their own numbers. However, I shall die in a good cause after all, if when you quit me, you make good haste to baulk that cut-throat Varney. Maybe I'm more frightened than hurt after all, and may yet find strength to bear you company. Would the distance had been greater, or the road rougher between my hand and my mouth! But if I recover this bout, I will drink nothing save water,—nothing save fair water.—Steady, steady! [*Exeunt, Wayland supporting Mike.*

SCENE V.—*An old Hall in Cumnor-House, with the Staircase and Secret Trap leading to the Safety Chamber.—Dark.*

Enter ANTHONY *and* MISTRESS JANET FOSTER.

Janet. And is she really lodged in that chamber?

Foster. Is't not my common sleeping chamber, huswife?—Go, get thee hence!—we have discovered thy base confederacy—thou shalt abet and plan no more escapes—Go to—abscond, I say!

Janet. (*Aside.*)—Not out of hearing, if I can so frame it. But, father——

Foster. Hence!

Janet. (*Aside.*)—I think I know a way that will secure my lady for this night, at any rate. [*Exit.*

Foster. Soft ye, here comes Sir Richard—a knight too!—They say our Queen is wise—behold a proof of it!—

Sir Richard Varney!—Well, deserve or not des
tis mortal strange how little we *bold* fellows love
other.

Enter SIR RICHARD VARNEY, *with a torch, cautiou*

Varney. Hist! Foster!

Foster. What dost fear, man?

Var. Is that the chamber?

Foster. Yes,—she made no opposition; but when I
her Janet was not here, entered, and threw herself des
ing on the couch. I said she might expect my lord
answered, on hearing his signal she'd come forth.

Var. 'Tis well.—Those props are moveable?

Foster. No doubt—that staircase was framed in the
wars, and that above was called the safety chamber

Var. 'Tis where thou keep'st thy gold?

Foster. Out and alas! my gold!

Var. 'Tis well;—that then is the chamber from wh
she must never—

Foster. Never return alive?

Var. What a fiend-like guess thou hast when
chief is but thought of.—Yes, she may leave the c
ber living, but on her setting foot upon the thres
can'st thou not guess—

Foster. And must—must it then be done?

Var. Or thou wilt have no copyhold possession h

Foster. I cannot help it;—no, Sir Richard, not to
the world, would I lay hand of harm on her.

Var. Who asks thee, coward?—there is a better
I'll teach thee a spring to catch a pewet. Yonder
door, was it not thine invention?

Foster. Ay, in the civil war;—there is beneath a g
most dreadful—deeper than the Abbot's well;—
there where—

Var. No matter what *was* there;—yon gimcrack
remain secure in appearance, will it not, even whe
supports are withdrawn from under it?

Foster. Ay, so long as it is not trodden on.

Var. And were the lady to venture out, her weig

Foster. A mouse's weight would sink it.

DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

No. IV.

ANTIQUARY.

of the Trap;—the Drawbridge is seen to descend.—Horn without.)

Var. (*Within the Chamber.*) Madam, I leave you to your self-will'd purpose.

Leices. (*Without.*) What ho! Varney—Foster—Lambourne!

Var. (*Within.*) My lord, I come.

(*The* EARL OF LEICESTER, SIR WALTER RALEIGH, EDMUND TRESILIAN, ANTHONY FOSTER, WAYLAND SMITH, *&c. rush on.—As Leicester nearly reaches the top of the stairs, Varney runs towards him, the trap gives way, and he is precipitated down the abyss.—The Countess is seen at the door of her chamber.—Servants, &c. fill up the tableau.—The Curtain falls.)*

FINIS.

THE

ANTIQUARY;

A

NATIONAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE SAME NAME,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

AS PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

I knew Anselmo.—He was shrewd and prudent,
Wisdom and cunning had their shares of him;
But he was shrewish as a wayward child,
And pleased again by toys which childhood please;
As—book of fables graced with print of wood,
Or else the jingling of a rusty medal,
Or the rare melody of some old ditty,
That first was sung to please King Pepin's cradle.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

Mrs NICOL,

AS

MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

THE

ANTIQUARY;

A

NATIONAL DRAMA,

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OF

MRS NICOL,

AS

MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED IN 1820.

The Earl of Glenallan, ... Mr Anderson.
Sir Arthur Wardour, ... Mr Roberts.
Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Monkbarns, Mr Murray.
Captain Hector MacIntyre, ... Mr Jones.
Mr Lovel, ... Mr Calcraft.
Mr Sweepclean, a King's Messenger, Mr Lee.
Jacob Caxon, a Hair-Dresser, ... Mr Duff.
Francis M'Craw, ... Mr Bell.
Saunders, Muckleblackit, ... Mr Denham.
Steenie, } *his Sons,* ..... { Mr Aikin.
Patie, } { Master Robert
Davie Dibble, the Gardener, ... Mr Martin.
Robert, ... Mr Stanley.
Edie Ochiltree, a Blue Gown Beggar,
or King's Bedesman ..... Mr Mackay

Miss Isabella Wardour, ... Miss Rock.
Miss Maria MacIntyre, Niece to Oldbuck, ... Miss M. Nicol
Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, ... Mrs Nicol.
Maggie Mucklebackit, ... Miss Stanfield.
Jenny Rintherout, ... Miss Nicol.
Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, ... Mrs Renaud.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

1822.

The Earl of Glenallan, ... Mr Anderson.
Sir Arthur Wardour, ... Mr Roberts.
Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. of Monkbarns, Mr Murray.
Captain Hector MacIntyre, ... Mr Jones.
Mr Lovel, ... Mr Huckel.
Mr Sweepclean, a King's Messenger, Mr Lee.
Jacob Caxon, a Hair-Dresser, ... Mr Duff.
Francis M'Craw ..... Mr Aikin.
Saunders Mucklebackit, ... Mr Denham.
Steenie, } *his Sons,* ..... { Mr Hillyard.
Patie, } { Master Roberts.
Davie Dibble, the Gardener, ... Mr Martin.
Robert ..... Mr Stanley.
Edie Ochiltree, a Blue Gown Beggar,
or King's Bedesman, ... Mr Mackay.

Miss Isabella Wardour, ... Miss Byrne.
Miss Maria MacIntyre, Niece to Old-
buck ..... Miss M. Nicoll.
Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, ... Mrs Nicol.
Maggie Mucklebackit, ... Mrs Eyre.
Jenny Rintherout, ... Miss Nicol.
Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, ... Mrs Renaud.

THE

ANTIQUARY.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*View on the Grounds at Monkbarns, with the Mansion of* JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

DAVIE DIBBLE *and Servants cross the Stage, carrying vegables, &c.* JENNY RINTHEROUT *following.*

Jenny. Rin, Davie Dibble, with the garden stuff, as fast as ye can; Miss Oldbuck has been squalling for ye this half hour. Ye'll catch it, my man, for she's in a precious humour.—(*Exeunt* DAVIE *and Servants.*)—Waes me, that Miss Oldbuck's an unco body—she's been wrangling wi' Maggie Mucklebackit, the fish-wife, this quarter o' an hour, and they are screaming and spluttering like twa sea-gulls in a high wind.

Enter JACOB CAXON.

Eh, Caxon, ye look wearied.

Caxon. Weel I may, lass—I'm no sae young as ye;—and now Monkbarns has ta'en this new humour o' seeing strange faces, and gie'ing dinners, my place o' travelling express is nae sinecure.—But where's the master?—Mr Lovel's coming.

Jenny. A fiddle for Mr Lovel;—did ye hear ony thing o' Captain MacIntyre?—Oh, it's a braw time when the Captain comes hame; he does quarter himsel in such style as he ca's it, and turns every body tapsy-teerie—and battles away at the auld iniquities in maister's spankum bangorum.

Caxon. Antiquities you mean; and Jenny, ye're no edicate, or ye'd ken it was sanctum sanctorum, as Homer ca's it;—and Jenny, my lass, I'd advise ye no to let Monkbarns catch ye dusting his iniquities, as ye ca' them, a second time, or he'll play the very mischief wi' womankind, as he terms you and the rest o' ye.

Jenny. The rest o' us, ye auld carle!—But ye are as bad as my maister; and Heaven kens what can mak him sae to me, and a' the ither leddies o' the family.

Caxon. Why, Jenny, they do say he was ance crossed in love; but it's an awfu' mystery, and nane kens ony thing about it but himsel', and the young Earl o' Glenallan.—But whisht! whisht! here comes Monkbarns.

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ. *from the House.*

Oldbuck. Fly, Jenny; my sister wants you.—(*Exit* JENNY.) Well Jacob Caxon,—thou ancient type of the fallen fraternity of peruke-makers,—thou look'st melancholy?

Caxon. Weel I may, for yer honour's head is a' I ha'e to live on. Ah, yer honour, there are but twa wigs left in the parish now,—yer ain, and the minister's; and waes me, I'm discarded frae that now.

Oldbuck How so, Caxon?

Caxon. Why his quean o' a cookmaid dresses it for him, wi' the doup o' a candle, and the drudging-box.

Oldbuck. Well cheer up, old Fidelity, we'll find some employment for thee yet:—but what news from Fairport of my prince of post-chaise companions—will Lovel come?

Caxon. Directly, yer honour; and Sir Arthur Wardour will be here by dinner-time.

Oldbuck. Time enough for him, Caxon.—I have always enough of that dull and dignified knight after dinner.

Caxon. Owre muckle at times, yer honour; for ye aye get quarrelling about Whigs and Tories, and ither antiquities.

Oldbuck. Well said, Caxon;—but in, man, and bustle, as if thou wert new-powdering the provost's wig.

Caxon. Ah, Sir, thae days hae lang gane by!—Diel a wig has a Provost o' Fairport worn syne auld Provost Jarvie's time.—But I hae seen the day, Monkbarns, when the Town-council o' Fairport, wad hae as soon wanted their town-clerk, or their gill o' brandy owre head, after the haddoc, as they wad hae wanted, ilk ane a weel-favoured, sonsy, decent perriwig on his pow. Hech, Sirs! nae wonder the commons will be discontent, when they see magistrates, and deacons, and bailies, wi' heads as bald and bare as ane o' my wig blocks!

[*Exit.*

Oldbuck. And as well furnished within.—Caxon has an excellent view of public affairs, and I dare say has touched the cause of our popular discontents as closely as the provost himself. It is odd that, with my usual aversion to strangers, this young man, this Lovel, should have irresistible attractions for me:—but there's an indescribable something about his manner,—a tone in his voice, an expression of his eye, that frequently reminds me of—(*appears affected, and draws his hand across his eyes.*)—No matter; "the rascal has given me medicines to make me love him!"

Enter Mr Lovel.

Ah, Mr Lovel, welcome to Monkbarns:—I began to think you had taken French leave, as my old friend and brother antiquary did, when he went off with one of my Syrian medals.

Lovel. I hope, my good Sir, I should have fallen under no such imputation.

Oldbuck. Quite as bad, let me tell you, if you had stolen yourself away, without giving me the pleasure of seeing you again.—But come, we have no time to lose;—at dinner I must introduce you to my neighbour knight, Sir Arthur Wardour, and to his lovely daughter.

Lovel. (*Embarrassed.*) Miss Wardour, Sir?

Oldbuck. Aye, a charming creature, though of womankind;—above all nonsensical prejudice and ceremony, and who makes ample amends for the absurdities and weakness of the punctilious old fool, her father.

Lovel. She does indeed.—I think, Mr Oldbuck, I have heard that Sir Arthur's affairs are somewhat embarrassed.

Oldbuck. Upon the brink of ruin, I fear. Sir Arthur is good and honourable enough, but rather weak; so a High German Mountebank, an imposter, has turned him into a belief that he can make his fortune by mining on the estate, and has ruined him by the foolish and ridiculous experiment.

Lovel. You have a share in the speculation, I believe, Sir?

Oldbuck. Hem—hem—Mr Lovel, look yonder,—you see that extensive mound—

Lovel. Clearly, Sir.

Oldbuck. Do you see nothing remarkable on it?

Lovel. I see something like a ditch I think, indistinctly marked.

Oldbuck. Indistinctly—humph—you'll pardon me, Mr Lovel, but the indistinctness must be in your own powers of vision.—Now, Sir, what would you say, if on that very spot, called the Cairn of Kimprunes, which words signify an ancient camp, or I know nothing of the matter.—

Lovel. (*Aside.*) Like enough, I fear.

Oldbuck. What would you say, Sir, if on that very spot, now the property of the humble and obscure individual now before you, the memorable and final conflict took place between Agricola and the Caledonians.

Lovel. It would indeed be an interesting purchase.

Oldbuck. Fact, fact, Sir; fact, depend upon it.—See here, Sir, upon touching the ground I found this stone;—you see it bears a sacrificing vessel, and the letters A. D. L. L. which, without much violence, may stand for "*Agricola. Dicavit Libens Lubens.*" Hey, Mr Lovel?

Lovel. Certainly, Sir.—(EDIE OCHILTREE *appears behind.*)

Oldbuck. No, no, friend Edie, there's my mite for you;—and I say, Edie, you needn't mention any thing of this d——d foolish story of yours about Aikin Drum.

Edie. The diel a bit, yer honour;—but Lord's sake, yer honour, they tell me ye hae gi'en that wily deevil, Johnie Howie, acre for acre o' yer best corn land, for the prætorium yonder.

Oldbuck. Provoking scoundrel! Never mind, Edie; it's all a mistake.

Edie. Troth, the deevil o' a mistake, I'm thinking;—something like yer honour's gie'ing a gowd guinea to the packman for a bad bodle, which he ca'd a *serious* medal.

Oldbuck. Go to the devil—I mean to my sister,—and tell her to give you a dram—that's a good fellow.

Edie. I'm gaun, yer honour. Lang life to yer honour's prætorium.—(OLDBUCK *lifts his cane.*)—Aweel, aweel, I'm gaun, Monkbarns. Heaven bless yer honour,—and Aikin Drum.

> "And he play'd upon a ladle,
> "And they ca'd him Aikin Drum." [*Exit.*

Oldbuck. Curse Aikin Drum and the prætorium.

Lovel. Pray, Mr Oldbuck, who is that familiar gentleman?

Oldbuck. One of the plagues of the country. Who is he? He has been a soldier, ballad-singer, travelling-tinker;—is now by profession a beggar—one of the priviliged class, which we call King's Bedesman or Bluegown.

Lovel. He uses freedom apparently.

Oldbuck. He's spoil'd by our foolish gentry, who laugh at Edie Ochiltree's nonsense as regularly as Joe Miller's; and then to provoke one, he invents some infernal lie about Aikin Drum.—Curse Aikin Drum, I shall dream of him.

Lovel. Shall we proceed in our researches, Sir?

Oldbuck. (*Looking at him suspiciously.*)—Not just now, Mr Lovel. I must now introduce you to my live-lumber—my unlucky and good for nothing animals—my womankind;—here they come, and I will present them in order.

Enter Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, *and* Miss Maria MacIntyre.

Mr Lovel, I present to you Aikin Drum.

Lovel. Sir!

Griz. Brother!

Oldbuck. I mean my most discreet sister, Miss Grizelda, one of the greatest lions of Monkbarns, and whose greatest merit is her antiquity. And here, Mr Lovel, is my most exquisite niece, Maria, sometimes called Mary, more frequently Molly.

Griz. My brother, Mr Lovel, has an odd humourous way, Mr Lovel, of expressing himself—but don't mind his nonsense;—nobody thinks any thing of what Monkbarns says—you must be very tired of him, tho' he's clever in his way.—Has he shewn you the Roman emporium he has purchased, where Gricola—?

Oldbuck. Hold your tongue, you old fool, do:—Molly, my dear, you seem in spirits.

Maria. I have reason, dearest uncle;—my brother Hector will shortly be here.

Oldbuck. He shall be welcome, my most beautiful Molly;—a very firebrand, Mr Lovel,—the Hotspur of the north—with a Highland pedigree as long as his claymore, and a claymore as long as the High Street of Fairport.—But here comes my old friend, Sir Arthur Wardour, and his lovely daughter.

Enter Sir Arthur *and* Miss Isabella Wardour.

Welcome, Sir Knight, and lady-fair.—Miss Wardour, allow me to make known to you, my young friend, Mr Lovel, whom you will find grave, wise, courtly, scholar-like, and modest;—the very man for the ladies;—he blushes, and gives proof of what I say.

Isab. (*Aside.*) Lovel here! unfortunate!

Griz. Sir Arthur—Miss Wardour—you must be wearied:—will you take a little something after your fatigue?—a glass of balm of wine.—

Oldbuck. Balm wine! "Aroint thee, witch!"—aroint thee—would'st thou poison my guests with thy infernal decoctions? Do you forget how it fared with the

poor parson, whom thou seduced to partake of that deceitful beverage?

Griz. Oh, fie, brother! Sir Arthur—Mr Lovel—did you ever hear the like?

Oldbuck. Nor ever tasted either. I assure you, Lovel, she left the unfortunate gentleman in a very pitiful dilemma;—but there goes Jenny to ring the dinner bell.

JENNY RINTHEROUT *crosses the Stage to the Palmer's Port, and rings the bell.*

GLEE.

Merrily sounds the dinner bell,
The bell of the Palmer's Port;
Of many a feast it rang the knell,
In the jolly Abbot's court.

Chorus.—Merrily, merrily, sounds the bell,
The bell of the Palmer's Port.

The jolly Abbot once, they tell,
Was fam'd for liberality:
In Monkbarns he bore off the bell,
For jovial hospitality.

Chorus.—Merrily, merrily, &c.

Still in his place this day we find
A host as worthy dwell
And though he rail at womankind,
Can love them quite as well.

Chorus.—Merrily, merrily, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*A Chamber in Monkbarns.*

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT.

Jenny. Lord bless us, how delightfu'!—I declare the Captain's arrived, and looks as braw—

Caxon. (*Without.*) This way, yer honour. Tak care, Sir, or ye'll break yer neck o'er that gentleman in the suit o' armour.

Hector. (*Without.*) Take care of him yourself, Caxon, or you'll be down.—(*Noise without.*)

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AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED IN 1820.

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Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, ... Mrs Nicol.
Maggie Mucklebackit, ... Miss Stanfield.
Jenny Rintherout, ... Miss Nicol.
Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot, ... Mrs Renaud.

dient.—Why, aunt, you look as blooming as ever.—(*Retires apart with the ladies.*)

Oldbuck. Quite;—but, Sir Arthur—Mr Lovel—Hector, my hero—we were speaking of James the First—

Hector. Yes, Sir, my aunt reminds me of him.

Oldbuck. Well, she's not unlike his picture.

Hector. Indeed, aunt, the resemblance is striking.

Griz. I am delighted to hear you say so;—but I must to work, and prepare for your accommodation—the military must be well looked after. [*Exit.*

Oldbuck. And you'll make an excellent quarter-master, sister. Aye, womankind are like turkeys, always subdued by a bit of red rag;—but, Hector, talking of the style of building in the days of James the First—

Hector. It was very bad.—I've often told him so.—Sir Arthur—Miss Wardour—(*Brushes past* OLDBUCK, *and taking* MISS WARDOUR *by the hand, enters into conversation with her.*—OLDBUCK *lays hold of* LOVEL, *and tries to engage his attention; but it is exclusively directed towards* HECTOR *and* MISS WARDOUR.)

Oldbuck. Bad, you silly goose!—it was an infernal union of styles;—was it not, Mr Lovel?

Lovel. An infernal union indeed, Sir.—Torture!

Oldbuck. Torture! What the devil's the matter with you, man?

Lovel. Nothing, Sir;—a slight spasm—nothing else indeed, Sir.

(MISS WARDOUR, *hearing* LOVEL'S *exclamation, suddenly leaves* HECTOR, *and goes to* LOVEL.—HECTOR *comes forward with his sister.*)

Hector. Pray, Maria, who is this Mr Lovel, who ranks so high here? My uncle did not use to be so accessible to strangers.

Maria. Mr Lovel, Hector, is a very gentlemanly young man.

Hector. That's to say, he bows when he comes into a room, and wears a coat that's whole at the elbows.

Maria. It says much more, brother.

Hector. Perhaps so:—but I desire to know his birth, his rank in society, and his title to be in the circle in which I find him now domesticated.

Maria. That question you must ask my uncle, whom,

I presume, is at liberty to invite whom he pleases to his own house. But I see the cause of your anger—his attentions to Miss Wardour; and if you really continue to nourish any affection for Isabella, I own I consider your perseverance as hopeless.

Hector. Why hopeless, my sage sister?—In the present state of Sir Arthur's affairs, Miss Wardour cannot pretend to much fortune; and as to family, I trust the name of MacIntyre—

Maria. But Sir Arthur merely considers us as members of the Monkbarns' family.

Hector. Sir Arthur may consider what he pleases; but any one of common sense will consider, that the wife takes rank from the husband;—and that my father's pedigree, of fifteen unblemished descents, must have ennobled my mother, had her veins been filled with printer's ink.

Maria. Gracious Heaven! if my uncle should have heard you.—(SIR ARTHUR, OLDBUCK, LOVEL, *and* MISS WARDOUR *come forward.*)

Oldbuck. And so our men stood firm upon the left flank, Mr Lovel?

Lovel. They were Highlanders, Mr Oldbuck.—(*Bows to* HECTOR.)

Oldbuck. The question is answered, my young friend. Hector, your hand.—I hate compliments, but I sincerely hope our delicacy will never become so fastidious, as to decline acknowledging the services of our gallant countrymen.

Hector. I am speaking to a military man then?—(LOVEL *bows.*) May I enquire to what regiment Mr Lovel belongs?

Lovel. Certainly, Captain MacIntyre.—(*Presents a card.*)

Hector. It happens strangely that we never should have met before, Mr Lovel?—I know your regiment well, and have served with them at different times.

Lovel. (*Embarrassed.*) I have not lately been with my regiment;—I served the last campaign upon the staff of General Sir Thomas Bastion.

Hector. Indeed! I had an opportunity of knowing the names of the officers who held situations in the

General's family, and I cannot recollect that of Lovel. —(LOVEL *becomes more embarrassed, and the attention of the whole party is deeply attracted.*)

Oldbuck. (*Aside.*) There is something strange in all this, but I'll not readily give him up;—all his actions, language, and bearing, are those of a gentleman.

Lovel. (*Presenting a letter to* HECTOR, *of which he retains the envelope.*) You know the General's hand, in all probability. I own I ought not to shew these exaggerated expressions of his regard and esteem for me; but thus far your doubts shall be replied to.

Hector. (*Glancing over it.*) It is the General's hand, and the contents what any officer may be proud of. But the address is wanting.

Lovel. The address, Captain MacIntyre, shall be at your service, whenever you please to enquire after it.

Hector. I certainly shall not fail to do so

Oldbuck. Come, come, come,—what's the meaning of all this?—What have we got here?—We'll have no swaggering, youngsters;—what the devil, returned from the wars abroad, to stir up domestic strife;—like bull-dog puppies, that worry each other, and bite honest folk's shins that are passing by.

Sir A. I hope, gentlemen, you'll not grow warm upon such a trifle as the back of a letter.

Oldbuck. Warm! Sir Arthur;—that young Celt there, would put himself in a fever, were he doing duty at the North Pole, in an easterly wind.

Hector. Me warm, Sir!—I never was cooler in the whole course of my life.

Lovel. Mr Oldbuck, I have already intruded too long upon you;—I must take my leave.

Oldbuck. What, man, you are not going to leave us on account of that foolish Hector!—Why, he's been a petted child from the time he was in the nurse's arms. —He threw his coral and bells at my head once, for refusing him a lump of sugar. Sir Arthur, take that young firebrand along with you.—Hector, I insist upon it.

Hector. Sir, I obey.—Miss Wardour, I regret most sincerely that this unfortunate misunderstanding should have arisen in your presence, but I must say—

Oldbuck. Leave the room.

Hector. Sir—Mr—Uncle—Maria—I insist—

Oldbuck. Retire, thou epitome of Vesuvius.—(SIR ARTHUR *and* MARIA *force* HECTOR *off.*) Pooh, pooh! —Mr Lovel, don't leave us;—I'll school this shrewish boy by and bye, and put all to rights.

Lovel. Pardon me, Sir, I must; we shall meet soon, and more lastingly, I hope.

Oldbuck. Take heed, young man, your life has been given you for useful and valuable purposes; and not rashly to be exposed, but in the rescue of the innocent, or the defence of your country.

Lovel. But I assure you, Sir, there can be nothing of that nature between Captain MacIntyre and myself.

Oldbuck. Be it so; for otherwise I will stand second to both parties. [*Exit.*

Isab. I hope it is not any unpleasant engagement that deprives Mr Oldbuck of the pleasure of Mr Lovel's company. I hope Mr Lovel will excuse my interference in his affairs; but in the present instance, prudence appears so necessary, that every friend of Mr Lovel's will expect him to employ it.

Lovel. Can my fate be an object of any interest to Miss Wardour?

Isab. When I first saw you in Yorkshire, I repaid the candour with which you told me the mystery that enveloped your birth, by as candidly explaining how hopelessly irreconcileable that mystery would be with my father's pride of family, and would for ever forbid a union, which—

Lovel. Miss Wardour, I see the delicacy of your situation, and will not intrude farther. The time may come which will entitle me to approach without fear, and claim without mystery, all that my heart desires. [*Exit.*

Isab. Alas! I dread Captain MacIntyre's impetuosity, and Lovel's spirit.—Should he fall, how desolate, how hopeless, would be my life. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*A Romantic Landscape, and Ruins of the Abbey of Saint Ruth.*

MR LOVEL *crosses the Stage,* EDIE OCHILTREE *follows him.*

Edie. Mr Lovel,—Mr Lovel,—I wud speak a word wi' ye.

Lovel. Say, and be brief.

Edie. Are ye indebted ony thing to the Laird o' Monkbarns?

Lovel. Indebted?—not I.—What makes you think so?

Edie. Ye maun ken I met that auld wig-block, Caxon, just now, for I gang about a' gates like the troubled spirit—

Lovel. For Heaven's sake, my old friend——

Edie. Canna ye bid me gang to the deevil at ance, Mr Lovel, it wud be mair to the purpose far;—and to speak o' Heaven in that impatient gate!

Lovel. You are either mad, Edie, or have a mind to drive me mad.

Edie. Nane o' the twa, Mr Lovel; but Caxon's awa' to the shirra, at Monkbarns' desire, to tak out a fugie warrant against ye.

Lovel. Generous hearted man,—'tis kindly meant.

Edie. The chield's daft. A fugie warrant kindly meant!

Lovel. Ah, I see Captain MacIntyre coming:—Edie, leave us, I request you.

Edie. I'll do yer biddin, Mr Lovel; but by my faith I'll watch awee.—(*Aside.—Retires.*)

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE.

Hector. Mr Lovel, a word with you.

Lovel. Well, Sir.

Hector. What am I to understand by your telling me, your address was at my service?

Lovel. Simply, Sir, that my name is Lovel, and my residence, for the present, in Fairport.

Hector. And this is all the information you are disposed to give me?

Lovel. I see no right you have to require more.

Hector. I find you, Sir, in company with my sister, and have a right to know who is admitted to Miss MacIntyre's society;—and if you have served, as you say you have——

Lovel. If I have served, as I say I have—

Hector. Such was my expression, Sir. You must know that you owe me satisfaction in one way or other.

Lovel. If that be your opinion, Captain MacIntyre, I shall be proud to give it you, in the way in which the word is generally used among gentlemen.

Edie. (*Comes forward.*) I guess Monkbarns' purpose now.—Oh, bairns—bairns—out and alas! I see it noo.

Hector. What has this old fellow to do here?

Edie. I am an auld fallow, but I am also an auld sodger o' your feyther's; for I served wi' him in the Forty-second.

Hector. Serve where you please, Sir, you have no right to intrude here. Go your ways, or—(*raising his cane.*)

Edie. Haud down yer cane, Captain MacIntyre; I'm an auld sodger, as I said afore, and I'll tak muckle frae yer feyther's son, but no a touch o' the wand whilie my pike staff will haud thegither.

Hector. Well, well, I was wrong, Edie—pardon me, here's a crown for you; go your ways. Why, what the devil's the matter now?

Edie. Bairns—bairns—what are ye come here for?—Are ye come amangst the maist lovely warks o' heaven, amang the peacefu' hills, and the quiet waters, to break his laws that made them? Oh, sirs, hae ye brithers, sisters, feythers that hae tended ye, and mithers that hae traivailed for ye, friends that hae ca'd ye a piece o' their ain heart; and is this the way ye tak to mak them childless, britherless, and friendless? Think on't, bairns—I'm a puir man, but I'm an auld man too, and what my poverty taks awa' frae the weight o' my counsel, grey hairs, and a truthfu' heart, should add to it twenty times.—Gang hame, gang hame, like gude lads.

—Ohon, it's an ill fecht, when he that wins has the warst o't.—(*Retires.*)

Hector. After what has passed before witnesses, Mr Lovel, this interposition comes too late.

Lovel. As you please, Captain MacIntyre, and a circumstance which this good old man has mentioned to me respecting your uncle, renders speed necessary.

Hector. Delay was never a favourite of mine. I shall wait your company a few paces hence. [*Exit.*

Lovel. Hold, let me not forget—I have one duty which must be performed. Edie, I have no friend but you to trust in this dilemma.

Edie. And ye may safely.

Lovel. Should Sir Arthur's affairs fall to ruin, as I fear they must, at the post office of Tannonburgh, you will find a packet directed for you—instantly convey it to Wardour Castle:—and now, Edie, one favour more—on the honour of an old soldier, not one word of what has passed between me and Captain MacIntyre.—Remember, it may be my last request.

Edie. Hard as the task may be, Mr Lovel, I'll promise, and ye sall hae nae cause to regret taking the word o' a Scotsman.—(*Exeunt severally.*)

SCENE IV.—Oldbuck's *Sanctum Sanctorum.*

Enter Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq. *in a green velvet cap, and* Jacob Caxon.

Oldbuck. No, no, don't be alarmed Caxon, I locked the Captain up in his apartment,—so once let the officers lay hold of Lovel, and all is safe.

Caxon. Indeed, Monkbarns, that Lovel's an unco body—naebody kens ony thing about him. Mrs Mailsetter o' the post office, says he receives and answers mair letters than the town-clerk himsel; and then, Sir, he has been observed to tak drawings o' the coast, the three gun battery, the weigh-house, signal-post, and ither government buildings, and in times like these when we are threatened wi' invasion—

Oldbuck. Invasion!—nonsense.

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT *running.*

Jenny. Oh laird, laird,—rin, or, as Miss Grizzle says, the Captain will be guilty of tommyside—

Oldbuck. Tommy-devil—thou womankind, explain thyself.

Jenny. Davie Dibble, the gairdener, has just come in, and has seen Captain MacIntyre walkin arm in arm wi' a brace o' pistols and anithe[illegible]ntleman.

Oldbuck. It's impossible; [illegible]'s lock'd up in his own room.—Caxon, run and cal[illegible]m;—if he don't answer, knock him down.

Caxon. Sir!

Oldbuck. I mean, break open the door. [*Exit* CAXON.

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

Griz. So brother, here's a fine clamjamfry—Captain MacIntyre and Mr Lovel knocking one another's heads about in fine style.

Oldbuck. Where's Molly?

Griz. Out amang a' the steery, seeking for her brother.

Oldbuck. Caxon!

Caxon. (*Without.*) Your honour.

Oldbuck. Where's the Captain?

Caxon. (*Without.*) Jumpit out o' the window.

Oldbuck. Heaven help me! I'm a miserable man.

Enter MISS MARIA MACINTYRE.

Maria. Dearest uncle, there are some Sheriff's officers below, come in search of Mr Lovel.

Oldbuck. Search here—search nonsense.—Get me my hat and cane. (JENNY *runs.*) Call all the servants.—Ring the great bell.—Raise all the womankind.—(JENNY *brings his hat and cane.—He takes the hat, and in his agitation, throws off the velvet cap, putting on the hat without his wig.*)—Heaven help me! I'm a miserable man.—(*Exeunt followed by* CAXON, *who runs across the stage with the wig in his hand, calling after* OLDBUCK, Yer wig, Monkbarns, yer wig,—dinna gang without ye wig.

SCENE V.—*Interior of* MUCKLEBACKIT'S *Cottage.*

MAGGIE *and* PATIE MUCKLEBACKIT *discovered mending a net.*—ELSPETH OF THE CRAIGBURNFOOT *seated by the fire in an old wicker chair.*

Edie. *(Without.)* Are ye within?
Maggie. Aye, aye, come yer wa's, auld Edie.

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

What news do ye bring us?

Edie. Troth little eneugh, Maggie, nae mair than what maybe ye've heard,—the auld Countess o' Glenallan's burial by torch-light at Saint Ruth's.

Maggie. Aye, aye; she ne'er held up her head whan she heard o' the death o' her youngest, and favourite son.

Edie. And the young Earl's wearin awa; and whan he gaes, awa' gaes gear, for there's no anither heir-male they say,

Maggie. Sae I've heard; but, Edie, man, what maks the Glenallan folk aye bury their dead by night?

Edie. 'Tis their way, I tak it, but yer auld gude mither, Elspeth, can tell, I daur say, for she kens mair o' thae Glenallan folk than maist folk.

Maggie. That does she,—mair, they say, than at times she lik'd to think about;—speak till her, Patie, for she's sae auld and deaf, I wud raither hail the coble half a mile aff, and the nor-wast wind whistlin in my teeth. (PATIE *goes to* ELSPETH, *who gazes vacantly on the group.*)

Edie. Eh, but she's an awfu' lookin woman.

Patie. Grannie!—minnie wants to ken what for the Glennallan folk aye bury by candle light, in the ruins o' Saint Ruth.

Elspeth. Is their a Glenallan dead e'en now?

Maggie. We might be a' dead and buried too, for ony thing she wad ken about it.—It's the auld Countess, gude-mither.

Elspeth. (*With great agitation.*) And is she ca'd hame at last,—ca'd to her last account, after her lang race o' pride and power? Heaven forgi'e her.

Patie. But minnie was asking ye what for the Glenallans aye bury their dead by torch-light?

Elspeth. They have aye done sae since the time that the great Earl fell in the sair battle o' the Harlaw.—They did it, to shew scorn that they should die and be buried like ither folks;—for they were a proud and stern-hearted race.—But the warld's changed now, and I hardly ken whether I'm standing or sitting, dead or alive.

Edie. Eh, Sirs! its awsome to hear yer gude-mither break out in that gait.

Maggie. Whisht, Edie, whisht!—See, how her hands and lips are ganging,—now it's working in her head.—Whiles she'll no speak a word in a week; but she'll speak eneugh the night.

Elspeth. Didna some of you say, or did I dream, that Joscelin, Countess o' Glenallan, is dead and buried?

Maggie. Yes, gude-mither, it's e'en sae.

Elspeth. And e'en sae let it be.—She's made mony a sair heart in her time,—aye, e'en her ain son's,—she gar'd him do the thing he has repented a' his life, and will repent, were it as lang and wearisome as mine.

Maggie. What was it, gude-mither?

Elspeth. Ne'er ask what it was; but pray that ye are na left to the pride and wilfu'ness o' yer ain hearts.—Oh that weary and fearfu' night, will it ne'er gae out o' my auld head.—Heaven will avenge on a' wha had to do in't.—She was a hard-hearted woman; but she's gane to her account, and mercy is infinite.

Maggie. She's quiet now, and will speak nae mair.—Patie, let's awa' wi' the nets to yer feyther.—Edie, there's yer auld corner, and yer mess o' parritch.

Edie. Mony thanks;—but Maggie, I'm no just certain I'd like to be left alane wi' that fearsome auld wife.—I dinna think she's canny.

Maggie. Hoot, man, she'll no fash wi' ye.—She'll ken naething now for days to come; and there's a wee drap whisky to mak yourself canty wi' till we come ben.—(*Exeunt* MAGGIE *and* PATIE.—EDIE *goes up to the table, and sits down at it, with his back towards* ELSPETH, *who during his speech, rises, and comes behind him.*)

Edie. Whisky! Eh, that's anither matter! here's their healths, and gude luck to 'em—and here's to

Saunders, he's a weel doen man,—but, lord, I was a little fearsome at the auld wife.—They're no canny cattle at ony time.—I dinna fear ony thing that's life-like, and fairly human, but at times she diana seem a' thegither o' this warld.

Elspeth. (*In a low tone.*) Edie Ochiltree!

Edie. (*Starting round, and dropping his spoon, cup, &c.*) Lord save us! what's that?

Elspeth. Edie Ochiltree, as ye wad e'er deserve mercy, ye maun gang my errand to the house o' Glenallan, and ask for the Earl.

Edie. The Earl o' Glenallan, cummer? ow he winna see ony o' the gentles i' the country, and what likelihood is there that he wud see the like o' an auld gaberlunzie?

Elspeth. Gang yer ways and try; and tell him, that Elspeth o' the Craigburnfoot, he'll mind me best by that name, must see him or she be relieved from her lang pilgrimage, and that she sends him that ring in token o' the business she wad speak o'.

Edie. Weel, gude-wife, I'se do your bidding, or its no be my fault. Gude-day to ye, cummer, and mony o' them. I'll be back about the fore-end o' hairst, and I trust to find ye hale and fare.

Elspeth. This business ended, pray that ye may find me in my grave, for heaven will be avenged on a' wha had to do wi't. (*Retires to her chair.*)

Enter SAUNDERS, STEENIE, PATIE, *and* MAGGIE MUCKLEBACKIT.

Saund. Ah, Edie, man, how's a' wi' ye? Hae ye been skailing your parritch instead o' suppin them? Why, there's been bonnie wark at Monkbarns.—The laird, after running half o'er the country, after twa young scapegraces, just came o'er late to prevent mischief.

Edie. Is Mr Lovel killed?

Saund. Killed—no, he's no killed, he's sound enough; but the lad MacIntyre's gotten a shot i' the shoulder, but its no muckle they say.

Edie. Lord send it may cool the chiel; he's sae proud he canna hand down his head when he sneezes, for fear o' seeing his shoon.

Saund. Ha! ha!—Weel said, Edie; but come, bustle, bustle, Steenie, the tide serves, and we maun be aff to sea, my man.

Edie. Eh, man, ye're no for the sea the night,—it looks stormy.

Saund. See muckle the waur for the fishermen, Edie. But storm or calm, foul or fair, we maun to the sea or starve; and starvin's no very gude for the bairns ye ken.

Edie. It's no very gude for ony body.

GLEE.

O, weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And weel may the boatie row,
That wins the bairnies' bread.

The boatie rows, the boatie rows!
The boatie rows fu' weel;
And lightsome be their hearts that bear
The merline and the creel!

And when our bairns are gotten up,
And age can work no more;
They'll help to gar the boatie row,
As we hae done before.

The boatie rows, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in Monkbarns.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

Oldbuck. Jenny;—Jenny Rintherout. This confound-brained boy, now he's pronounced in no dan-

ger, turns my house out at the windows. I can tolerate this life no longer. All goes to sixes and sevens. A universal saturnalia seems to be proclaimed in my peaceful and ordinary family. I ask for my sister,—no answer;—my niece, Molly,—no answer.—I shout,—I bawl,—I invocate my inmates, by more names than the Romans gave to their deities, and confound me if the sluts of womankind have not given up speaking on purpose to torment me. Jenny; Jenny Rintherout, where's Miss Oldbuck?

Jenny. (*Bawls without.*) Miss Grizzy's in the Captain's room.

Oldbuck. I thought so. And where's my niece?

Jenny. Making the Captain's tea.

Oldbuck. Of course. And where's Caxon?

Jenny. Awa' to the town, about the Captain's dog and gun.

Oldbuck. Confound the Captain. And who the devil's to dress my wig.

Enter Miss Grizelda Oldbuck.

Griz. The Captain, brother——

Oldbuck. Who! you womankind?

Griz. Brother, brother, ye'll cry yourse! as hoarse as a corbie. Is that the way to skriegh when there's a sick person in the house?

Oldbuck. Where's my breakfast, and where's my wig? Am I to die of hunger and cold for fear of disturbing a sick gentleman, who lies six rooms off, and is well enough to send for his dog and his gun,—the one, I suppose, to shoot my turkies, and the other to worry the kittens?

Enter Jenny Rintherout, *with the breakfast things.*

Oh, thou slut of womankind, you're here at last.

Enter Miss Maria MacIntyre.

Maria. Dont be uneasy, dear uncle, you'll have your wig *directly.—Caxon has* returned with poor Juno.

Oldbuck. Juno! Lord preserve me, a lady dog,—a notable addition to the rest of my precious womankind. A delicious household I shall have; but Heaven's will be done. How is Hector—how is the bold lightning?

Maria. Quite well, my dearest uncle. His arm is perfectly easy, and he has no fever.

Oldbuck. For the first time in his life then.

Maria. Indeed, dear uncle, he is quite sensible of the rashness of his own behaviour, and allows that Mr Lovel behaved very handsomely.

Oldbuck. And much good that will do, when he has frighten'd the lad out of the country.

Maria. Indeed, Sir, my brother is not so much to blame. His chief motive in sending Caxon to Fairport so early, was to find some means of conveying a note to Mr Lovel, in which Hector has confessed the rashness of his conduct, and has requested permission to make his personal apologies to your favourite.

Oldbuck. Hector's a bawcock, and a heart of gold.—But did Caxon discover where Mr Lovel was?

Maria. O yes; and he will be here in the course of the day.

Oldbuck. "Richard's himself again."—Hector's a fine fellow;—Juno a fine—dog; and Grizzy a fine woman. Come, come, "let's to breakfast with what appetite we may."

Griz. It's all ready, brother.—(*They all seat themselves at the table.*)

Oldbuck. The thoughts of seeing Lovel again, raises my spirits fifteen per cent. I am bewitched with the rogue's company; as the jolly knight says, "I have swallowed medicines."—That's abominable tea, Molly. —(*A dreadful crash is heard without; various voices in great uproar, and the cracking of a whip.*) Heaven preserve me! what's that?

JENNY RINTHEROUT *rushes in, wringing her hands, in dreadful agitation.*

Jenny. Oh, Sir—Sir—Sir! Dear—dear—dear!

Oldbuck. What the devil's the matter now?

Maria. Has any thing happened to my brother?

Griz. Has the Captain collapsed?

Jenny. Oh, no, the Captain's quite weel; but Juno has broken open the Bangum Shankorum. [*Exit.*

(*A general exclamation of horror.*—OLDBUCK *distracted, paces the stage, followed by* MARIA *and* GRIZELDA.)

Hector. (*Without.*) Juno! Juno! Kennel—kennel.

(*Cracking of a whip heard; another crash.*—OLDBUCK *falls on his knees.*—*Crash again.*—OLDBUCK *faints in* MISS GRIZELDA'S *arms.*)

Griz. and Maria. Oh Lord! he's dying!—Murder!—Jenny!—help!

JACOB CAXON *and* JENNY RINTHEROUT *rush on, followed by* CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE, *his left arm in a sling, and a whip in his right hand.*

Hector. Upon my life, Sir, I'm very sorry; but—gracious Heavens! what's the matter with my uncle?—(*Runs to assist* OLDBUCK, *who reviving by degrees, looks with most melancholy aspect at* MISS GRIZELDA, *and exclaims,*)—Oh Juno! Juno!

Hector. Indeed, Sir, I'm very much concerned, very much indeed, my dear Sir;—but my dog has thrown down a sort of water-jug, which I hear you set some value upon.—(OLDBUCK *starts up and rushes to* HECTOR.)

Oldbuck. If it please Heaven, not the lachrymatory from Clochnaben?

Caxon. Really, laird, I am afraid.

Oldbuck. (*After a pause.*) "Hector, I love you; but never more be officer of mine."

Hector. Why really, Sir, I am afraid I should make a bad figure in a regiment of your raising.—(*All endeavour to soothe* OLDBUCK.)

Griz. Come, Monkbarns, don't be angry about this pumpish blackamytory.

Oldbuck. Leave the room, thou plagues of Egypt.—(CAXON *and* JENNY *run off.*) Not be angry!—My lachrymatory! the main pillar of my theory on which I rested, to shew that the Romans had passed the defiles of these mountains—is gone—annihilated—reduced to such fragments, as might be the shreds of a broken flowerpot!

Hector. I am truly sorry that Juno has committed so

much disorder; but Jack Mainhead, the brother, was never able to bring her under command,—she has more travel than any dog I ever knew.

Oldbuck. Then, Hector, I wish she would travel herself out of my grounds.

Hector. We will both of us retreat to-morrow, or to-day, but I would not willingly part from my mother's brother in unkindness, about a paltry pipkin.

Maria. Oh, Brother! Brother!
Griz. Oh, Captain! Captain! } *Together.*
Oldbuck. A what!

Hector. I say again, a d——d insignificant pipkin.—(*Paces the Stage passionately, followed by* OLDBUCK, *equally enraged.*)

Oldbuck. Harkye, Mr Hector MacIntyre, or Mr Captain Hector MacIntyre, that pipkin, as you are pleased to call it, was the foundation of a treatise, the publication of which would have done more honour to Scotland, than the whole of your ancestry, grandfathers and great-grandmothers put together.—(*Walks about triumphantly, closely followed by* HECTOR.)

Hector. Say, Mr Oldbuck, what you please against me, or what you please against Juno—but not one breath against my great-grandfathers and grandmothers; and if the thing was of such—(*They separate mutually irritated,* MISS GRIZELDA *endeavouring to soothe* OLDBUCK, *and* MARIA, HECTOR.)

Maria. Indeed, brother, you are too passionate.

Hector. How dare any one abuse my great-grandfathers and grandmothers?

Griz. Monkbarns, Monkbarns, ye're owre fashious.

Oldbuck. How dare he call my lachrymatory a pipkin?

Hector. Why, what would you have me call it?—It was just such a thing as they use in Egypt to cool wine, or sherbet, or water. I brought home a pair of them:—I might have brought home twenty.

Oldbuck. What! shaped such as that your dog threw down?

Hector. Exactly, Sir.—They are in my lodgings at Fairport; if I could think they could in any way repay your loss, I'm sure—

Oldbuck. My dear Hector, say no more—(*Grasping his hand,*)—they're mine—I'll take them both.

Hector. Then may I hope, Sir, I am forgiven?

Oldbuck. Oh, my dear boy, you are only thoughtless and foolish.

Hector. And Juno, Sir—

Maria and Griz. Oh, she's only thoughtless and foolish.

Oldbuck. You see, Hector, womankind always stick together. But all is forgiven.

Hector. Then, dear uncle, I should have been sorry and ashamed to propose to you any thing in the way of expiation of my own sins, and those of my friend Juno, that I thought worth your acceptance; but now all is forgiven, will you permit the orphan nephew, to whom you have been a father, to offer you this trifle, which I have been assured is really curious. and which only the accident of my wound has prevented my delivering to you before,—an antique ring, with a cameo, bearing a head of Cleopatra.

Oldbuck. (*Surveying the ring in ecstacy.*) Juno—Juno—Juno—Caxon, take care of Juno. Hector, many thanks, my boy! Maria—Grizzy—look here.

Griz. It's a bonny thing, Monkbarns; but, ye ken, I'm nae judge o' these matters.

Oldbuck. Womankind all over. Believe me, my dear Hector, had I shewn her a yard of flannel, she would have overwhelmed me with queries about its precise texture and price.

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT, *with a letter.*

Jenny. A letter for the Captain.—(MARIA *takes the letter and opens it for* HECTOR, *who reads it.*)—Oh, Miss Grizzy!—Oh, Madam!—for a' I left the pantry door double lock'd, that unlucky brute, Juno, has broken in, and eat up the shouther o' mutton.

Griz. Gracious powers! what will become of us?

Oldbuck. Pooh, pooh, Grizzy, don't fret and fume so, its only a shoulder of mutton.

Griz. A shouther of mutton!—Monkbarns—Monkbarns, it was *the* shouther of mutton, and the only shou-

ther of mutton in the house. I'd sooner hae a' the blackamytories in the warld broken, than ony thing should have happened to that shouther o' mutton. Oh, waes me!—honest Mr Blattergowl, the minister, coming to dinner, and no shouther o' mutton!—

[*Exeunt* GRIZELDA, MARIA, *and* JENNY.

Hector. My dear Sir, I'm very sorry that any thing should have happened to that identical shoulder of mutton that my aunt lays such stress upon, but I'll try that jade, Juno, by a court-martial.

Oldbuck. Then bring it in not proven, to oblige me. If Jupiter himself couldn't rule Juno in Heaven, how the devil can we expect to do it on earth? Besides, as to the animal's unlocking the door, it's all a lie of Jenny; so we must acquit Juno of what the lawyers call a *clanstrum fugit*, and which makes the burglary and privately stealing.—But what say your dispatches?

Hector. A most handsome letter from Mr Lovel, promising to see me in the course of the day.

Oldbuck. All's well, then. Come, Hector, let us go and see what mischief thy canine goddess has committed in my sanctum,—my terrestrial paradise,—and thou shalt hear the anecdote of John o' the Girnell, whose grave we will forth and see.

Hector. (*Aside.*) Heaven forgive me! John o' the Girnell, for the hundreth time. I shall certainly misbehave and lose all my credit.

Oldbuck. (*After finding his cane, comes forward.*) And if you behave well, my boy, thou shalt see my collection of ballads, not one younger than 1700, and are the memoranda and trophies of many a walk through the Cowgate, the Bow, and Saint Mary's Wynd.

Hector. Spirits of my ancestors!

Oldbuck. Curse your ancestors!—I say you shall see—

Hector. Mr Oldbuck, no one but my mother's brother should have used such an expression. My ancestors!—

Oldbuck. Were great and gallant chiefs. I meant no offence.

Hector. I'm glad of it, my dear Sir; for the house of MacIntyre—

Oldbuck. Peace be with them, every man of them.

Hector. Sir, it is d——d hard that you will respect every thing that is ancient but my family.—[*Exeunt* HECTOR *enraged, and* OLDBUCK *endeavouring to pacify him.*

SCENE II.—*The Gates of Glenallan Castle.*

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

Edie. Weel, surely there ne'er was sic a braw propine as this sent to a yerle by an auld fishwife, and thro' the hands o' a gaberlunzie beggar. I made the ring up into a packet for his honour, the Yerle o' Glenallan. Weel, a gude turn ne'er gaes unrewarded. I'll maybe get a bonnie amous that I wad hae miss'd, but for trotting on the auld wife's errand. (*Knocks at the Gate.*)

Enter FRANCIS M'CRAW.

Fran. Fat's the auld feelbody deeing, making sican a din?

Edie. What's that ye're saying, Francie M'Craw? d'ye no mind Fontenoy, and keep thegither front and rear?

Fran. Ohon, ohon, naebody could hae said that word but my auld front-rank-man, Edie Ochiltree. But I'm sorry to see ye in sican a puir state, man.

Edie. Nae sae ill aff as ye may think, Francie; but I say, lad, ye maun serve me. I've a petition to present to the Yerle.

Fran. Hoot, hoot, man, the Yerle will look at nae petition; but I can gie't to the almoner.

Edie. But I hae come a weary way on purpose to deliver it to himsel, Francie; and ye really maun help me at a pinch.

Fran. Ne'er speed then if I dinna; let them be as cankard as they like, they can but turn me awa'; and I was just thinking to ask my discharge, and gang down to end my days at Inverury. [*Exit.*

Edie. Eh, that Francie's a true friend; he'll serve ane at a' ventures, particular whan it canna muckle dis-

oblige himsel.—Aye, there's the hatchment for the auld Countess; an' if a' says be true, the young Yerle's no lang for this warld. And as his brother Gerald's gane dead, a' this bonnie property may gang whistle for an heir.—Braw times thae for the lawyer chiels.—

Re-enter FRANCIS M'CRAW.

Weel, Francie, what news?

Fran. I'm as sure gin ye be Edie Ochiltree o' Carrick's company in the Forty-twa, or gin ye be the deevil in his likeness.

Edie. The deevil!—Lord, man, dinna speak in that gait.

Fran. My lord has been in sic surprise, and sic a swither, as I ne'er saw man in my life.—But he'll see you. I got that job cooket. I thought he wad hae swarft a'thegither; and when he cam to himsel' he ask'd fa brought the packet; and fat trow ye I said?

Edie. An auld sodger,—that does likeliest at a gentle's door. At a farmer's, man, it's best to say ye're an auld tinkler, if ye need ony quarters; for maybe the auld wife may hae something to souther.

Fran. Hoot, man, my lord cares for nane o' the twa, sae I said ye might be a capuchin friar for fat I kenn'd, for ye were dress'd like an auld palmer.

Edie. Me an auld palmer,—Lord forbid! Come, Francie, step out. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—OLDBUCK'S *Sanctum Sanctorum.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ. CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE, *and* MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

Oldbuck. I tell you it's no use talking,—Hector's intolerable, and I'm inconsolable.

Griz. What has happened, Monkbarns?

Oldbuck. Why your precious nephew, Madam, was pretending to argue with me respecting Ossian, and giving me what he calls a translation of that gentleman, when perceiving a phoca, or seal, lying asleep on the

beach, he whips my beautiful walking stick out of my hand, attacks the animal, who elegantly overturning Mr Hector on the sand, walloped away with all the grace of triumph, carrying of my precious stick as the spoils of the field.

Enter JENNY RINTHEROUT.

Jenny. Madam, Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour are come.

Griz. Say I attend them. (*Exit* JENNY.) Come, come Monkbarns, you must not teaze Hector any more about this accident. You must drop the seal, or phoca, as you call it. [*Exit.*

Oldbuck. Get out, you absurd womankind. Hector, my boy, I am a little inclined to suspect, that in one instance you are a fool!

Hector. Sir, if you only think me so in one instance, I am sure you do me more grace than I expected or deserved.

Oldbuck. I mean in one instance, *par* excellence. I have sometimes thought that you have cast your eyes upon Miss Wardour.

Hector. Well, Sir?

Oldbuck. Well, Sir! Deuce take the fellow, he answers me as if it were the most reasonable thing in the world, that he should marry the daughter of a baronet.

Hector. I presume to think, Sir, there would be no degradation in point of family.

Oldbuck. Oh, heaven forbid we should come on family matters again.

Hector. And in point of fortune we're equal.

Oldbuck. The devil you are?

Hector. Yes, Sir, we've neither of us got a farthing.

Oldbuck. Well, that I am afraid may be true; but if I am any judge of sighs and blushes, you may draw off your forces, and beat your retreat.

Hector. There's no occasion to beat any retreat, Sir. No man needs to retreat that has never advanced; besides, Sir, Miss Wardour's too sentimental for me. A fine, dashing, lovely, spirited, black-eyed girl, of five feet five, is the object of my admiration; and without

much self-flattery, I don't believe I need advertise for a partner.

> "There are lasses in Scotland, more lovely by far,
> "That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

Oldbuck. Bravo, my boy, Dashers, eh!—a showy figure, with two cross feathers in her noddle, one red and one green,—a riding habit of the regimental complexion,—one that would drive a grey poney in a gig one day, and review the regiment on it the next.

Hector. D—n the grey poney.

Oldbuck. Well, one that had a taste for natural history, and admired a seal, or a phoca, as your aunt calls it.

Hector. It's a little hard that I should have that cursed seal thrown in my face on all occasions.

Oldbuck. Not so hard, Sir, as the loss of my stick.

Hector. Pretty loss truly,—a twig not worth a pair of drum-sticks.

Oldbuck. Drum-sticks, Sir! Oh, Hector, Hector, thy namesake was born to be the prop of Troy, and thou the plague of Monkbarns. [*Exit.*

Hector. Confound my want of thought. I recollect some story about a Miss Neville. I'd sooner die than give him pain; but then his eternal system of raillery, drives every spark of prudence out of this hotbed of mine, and rather than hear any more of that d—d phoca, I'd exchange to the West Indies on half pay. Ah, my brave antagonist!—

Enter Mr Lovel.

Though almost ashamed to meet you after the late absurdity, in my uncle's name, I most truly welcome your return to Monkbarns; and for myself, I confess, I've been much to blame. The Highlanders, Mr Lovel, are a race wild as our hills, but the errors our impetuosity has committed, our reflection is never ashamed to acknowledge.

Lovel. Captain MacIntyre, the error was mutual, and sincerely do I lament the injury it has occasioned.

Hector. Oh! a hint for me,—nothing more.

Lovel. Captain MacIntyre, your kindness draws from me what other measures failed to extort.—I must apologize to both you and your uncle for my introduction here under a feigned name; but I have this morning received letters, which in a few hours will enable me to satisfy all your inquiries, without injuring those I am bound to respect.

Hector. My dear Sir, at your leisure.—I am not going to make a target of myself a second time.—The enemies of my country shall never have cause to complain of Hector MacIntyre's backwardness; but in private feuds the less we indulge, the better for all parties. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—Miss Grizelda Oldbuck's *Boudoir.*

Enter Miss Grizelda Oldbuck, Miss Maria MacIntyre, *and* Miss Isabella Wardour.

Griz. This room, Miss Wardour, is fitted up after my own taste: 'tis more comfortable than our old crazy, bleak, wilderness of a drawing-room, although, except when honoured with the presence of Sir Arthur Wardour, it is seldom open to gentlemen.

Isab. My father is highly honoured, Madam.

Griz. My brother has his *sanctum* shut up from womankind, and I have my little *sanctum* sacred from the profanation of men-creatures.

Maria. But, aunt, you sometimes entertain Mr Blattergowl, the minister, here.

Griz. Worthy creature!—I do sometimes permit him to enter;—but his cloth is privileged, honest man.

Maria. And my uncle says, his appetite is as sound as his arguments.

Griz. Your uncle is a scurrilous, sarcastic person; and so deficient in his manners, that I dare say he'll affront Sir Arthur as usual, before they separate.—But I must beg pardon, Miss Wardour, for a minute, to see all's going on right, or Mr Oldbuck will make noise enough,—though, to say the truth o' Monkbarns, his bark's wear than his bite. [Exit.

Maria. Well, Isabella, am I not right respecting my poor brother, Hector.—Is not the shrine at which he would worship unapproachable to all but one?

Isab. Maria, what mean you?

Maria. What do I mean?—What do you think of Lovel?

Isab. No more, I entreat you, Maria.—I respect, I admire your brother;—he is brave—honourable—handsome,—but—

Sir A. (*Without.*) Very well, Mr Oldbuck, very well, Sir.—Good day, Sir.

Oldbuck. (*Without.*) Nay, nay; stop, Sir Arthur,—the passage is dark,—you'll tumble down the back stair.

Isab. Good heavens! there's a quarrel between my father and Mr Oldbuck already.

Maria. Some abominable argument about antiquity, I dare say.

Enter SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR *and* JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

Oldbuck. Nay; but stay a minute, Sir Arthur.

Sir A. No, Sir, I shall not stay,—you have insulted, by low bred sneers, the dignity, the learning, and the loyalty of my ancestors, Mr Oldbuck.

Oldbuck. Well, well, I confess I was a little rude; but I beg their, and your pardon.—Come, forget and forgive.—Let's return to reason and our bottle of old port, and confess to the young fellow, Lovel, we have given him a right to think us a couple of testy old fools.

Sir A. Speak for yourself, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck.—I shall not return, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck.

Oldbuck. Aweel, aweel; a wilfu' man maun ha'e his way.

Sir A. And I shall hereafter take care how I honour with my company the descendant of a Westphalian printer, Mr Jonathan Oldbuck. (OLDBUCK *starts offended.*) Come along, Miss Wardour,—the evening, I believe, is fair, and we will walk forward to meet the carriage;—let us begone from this house immediately.

Oldbuck. In that, Sir Arthur, you will do as you please; only, I hope, as I was not aware of the extent of the obligation you did me, by visiting my poor dwelling, I may be excused from not having carried my gratitude to the extent of servility.

Sir A. Mighty well, mighty well, Mr Oldbuck!—Come along, Miss Wardour.—I wish you a good evening, Miss a—a—MacIntyre.—I wish you a very good evening, Mr Printer.—Come—come along, Miss Wardour. [*Exit very angrily.* ISABELLA *remains behind to shake hands with* OLDBUCK, *when* SIR ARTHUR *exclaims without*—"Come along, Miss Wardour!" *at which she exits.*]

Oldbuck. Descendant of a Westphalian printer, indeed!—D—n his stiff-necked impudence!—a tup-headed old ass!

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

Griz. Mercy on me! what's the matter now, brother?—Sir Arthur came flying down stairs with his daughter, brushing past *me* without the least notice, and had like to have tumbled me over backwards!—He's got the black dog on his back again, I think.

Oldbuck. Black dog! black devil!—he's more absurd than womankind. This is all one gets by puffing, and bustling, and putting one's self out of the way, in order to give dinners.—(*Taking up a book.*) Oh, Seged! Emperor of Ethiopia! well hast thou spoken, "No man should presume to say, *this* shall be a day of happiness!—(*A knock at the door.*) Come in!—Who the devil's that now?—(JACOB CAXON *puts his head in.*) Is it you, Caxon? Come in, man.

Caxon. (*Remaining at the door, and in a subdued tone.*) I was wanting to speak to you, Sir.

Oldbuck. Come in then, you old fool, and say what you have got to say.

Caxon. (*Coming softly in.*) I'll maybe frighten the leddies.

Oldbuck. Frighten! what do you mean?—Have you seen a ghost?

Caxon. No, Sir, it's no a ghaist; but I'm no easy in my mind.

Oldbuck. Did you ever hear of any body that was? What reason has an old battered powder-puff, like you, to be easy in your mind, more than all the rest of the world besides?

Caxon. It's no for mysel, Sir; but it threatens an awfu' night! and Sir Arthur, and Miss Wardour, puir thing!

Oldbuck. Pooh! why they must have met the carriage by this time.

Caxon. Na, Sir, they didna gang by the road to meet the carriage,—they went by the sands.

Oldbuck. (*In great alarm.*) The sands! impossible!

Caxon. That's what I said to the gairdener; but he says, he saw them turn down by the Mussel Craig;—and then said I to him, "Davie," said I, "if that be the case, I'm misdoubting, for it's a spring-tide—"

Griz. and Maria. A spring-tide!

Oldbuck. A spring-tide! Gracious Heavens! my poor dear Isabella! and poor Sir Arthur, too!—Rot him! he'd better have stuck to my bottle of port wine! he's pedigree will do him small service against the waters, I fear.—Where's Lovel?

Caxon. The moment he heard the gairdener tell o' the business, he ran off to the tap o' the Cliffs, to see if he can help 'em.

Oldbuck. He's a fine fellow! But I'll go myself. Tell the gardeners and ploughmen to bring ropes and ladders; and keep you the top of the cliff, Caxon.

[*Exit* CAXON.

Go you, sister, and scream like a pea-hen, and call all the help you can together.—(*Pushes* MISS GRIZELDA *out.*)

Maria. And I'll run, and desire Hector to go to Mucklebackit, the fisherman, and make him get out his boat.

Oldbuck. Thank you, thank you, my dear; that's the wisest word has been spoken yet,—Run, run, my love.

[*Exit* MARIA.

To go by the sands! was there ever such madness?—The sands!—Good heaven!—we shall never save them.—we shall never save them. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Stormy View of the Sea Shore, and the precipitous range of Rocks above it.—Thunder.*

Enter SIR ARTHUR, *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

Isab. My dear father, I wish we had waited at Monkbarns for the carriage.

Sir A. I almost wish we had, my love; but after the insult I received, it was impossible.—(*Low thunder, and distant rushing of the wind.*)

Isab. (*With increasing terror, and catching by her father's arm*) I fear, I fear, we are in serious peril!—Look yonder, how rapidly the waters gain upon the sands! We shall be surrounded.—(*As they are going,*)

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE, *hastily, and alarmed.*

Edie. Back! back!—I heard ye were here, by the lad ye sent on for the carriage; and ran as fast as my auld limbs would move, to warn ye back.

Sir A. Cannot we get round by the Halket Head?

Edie. Halket Head!—the sea roars over it like a waterfall. I could scarcely pass it twenty minutes since, the tide was coming in three feet a-breast.

Isab. What is to be done?

Edie. Back, directly; maybe we'll get by Ballyburghness Point, 'tis our only chance.—Tak hand o' my arm, my bonnie leddie; 'tis an auld and frail ane now, but it has been in as sair stress as this yet.

Isab. Thanks! thanks! But should you have come only to perish with us—

Edie. Hout, never mind me, if I can save ye.—Let death tak the ripe corn, so he spare the green; and at the back o' a dyke, or a wreath o' snaw, or in a wave o' the sea, it matters not how the auld beggar dies.—Awa, and mak haste, for Heaven's sake. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*The Sea Sands.—On one side the precipitous rocks, going off in perspective to a great distance. —On the other side the Sands and Clouds.—Storm of Thunder, Hail, and Wind, gradually increasing.*

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE, *supporting* MISS ISABELLA, *and followed by* SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR.

Edie. Come on, come on, Sir Arthur.—Lord sake, ye suld tak shame to be sae frightened, and see yer daughter here, as brave as she's bonnie. This way—

Sir A. Which? Where? What will become of us? My child! My child! Where is she?

Edie. Here, here, Sir Arthur.—Look!—d'ye see yon black speck amang the wallowing waves? While I see as muckle black aboon that as the crown o' my hat, I'll not believe but we may get round Ballyburglinness Point yet. Come, this way,—this way.—(*They advance as if going towards it.—The Storm increases,—a dreadful burst of thunder, lightning, &c.*) Hae mercy, Heaven! the beacon's gane, and there's nae hope!—(*They clamber a little way up the rocks, and the waters rush in upon the stage.*)

Sir A. No help!—What, none!—(*Storm rages.*) My child! My child!—Good man, save us, save us!—I'll give you gold! I'll make you rich!

Edie. Rich!—Look round upon the strife o' waters, —our riches will soon be equal.—(*The waters keep rising.* —ISABELLA *and* SIR ARTHUR *cling in each other's arms; during this,* MR LOVEL *is seen descending the cliff.*)

Lovel. Isabella! Isabella!

Isab. Lovel!

Sir A. What's that?

Edie. It's the screech o' a tammie-norie. I ken the skirl weel.—Eh! there's a man comin' doun the rocks, —tak care o' yer feet there—pit your fit on that muckle blue stane—no that—on here—look—the Bessie's apron —Guide guide us! are there mair to dee?

Lovel. None, none, Edie,—none! On this flat stone we may be safe.—(*Takes* ISABELLA *by the hand.*)

Edie. No lang, I fear; but we'll no perish without a struggle,—(*Voices are heard above, on the summit of the cliff.*)

—Hillihoa! hoa! ho!

Edie. Hark! d'ye hear that?

SAUNDERS MUCKLEBACKIT. (*Above.*) Hillihoa!

Lovel. There's aid at hand!—Come! to the stone! to the stone! Edie! Sir Arthur! help, help, here!—(*They assist in placing* ISABELLA *on the summit of the flat rock; during which* SAUNDERS *and others appear on the cliff, with ropes, chair, mast, torches, &c. &c.*)

Saund. Here, here, lads, quick!—Fix the tackle, and stand clear.—(*By this time,* ISABELLA, *&c. are on the rock, and the tackle being fixed, they begin to lower the chair.—The storm continues, and the waters rise higher up the rock.*) Lower away, lads! lower away!—(*The chair descends;* LOVEL *fastens* ISABELLA *in it;* SIR ARTHUR *is held from interfering by* EDIE.) Yo ho! steadily there!—Tak care o' your rope against the face o' the rock;—there—there—canny now, and we'll hae them up as sae mony kegs o' brandy.—Yo ho! Yo ho!—(EDIE *keeps his eye steadily, and anxiously upon them as they ascend, until a shout is given above.*)

—Hurrah! Hurrah!

Sir A. (*Falling on his knees.*) Thank Heaven!—(*The waves dash and foam over the rocks they have quitted, and rise up to the flat stone; and as the chair is lowering again for* SIR ARTHUR *and* EDIE, *the Act scene falls.*)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—OLDBUCK'S *Sanctum Sanctorum.*

JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ. *and* JACOB CAXON *discovered.*

Oldbuck. A precious night we've had of it, Caxon, and a precious adventure truly.

Caxon. 'Tis the mercy o' Providence, yer honour,

and a great wonder to boot, that ye didna a' perish, baith aboon and below;—yer honour was owre venturesome. If I hadna caught haud o' yer honour's coat tail, you'd have whommeled o'er the cliff, and then there wadna hae been one wig left in the parish.

Oldbuck. There was enough to venture for you old booby.—Wern't the lives of the lovely Isabella, and the gallant Lovel, at stake?

Caxon. Gallant he is, sure enough, as auld Edie said;—he behaved as though he had three lives to lose, and was willin to waste them a', raither than endanger ither folks.

Oldbuck. And wasn't there the descendant of the renowned Sir Gamelyn de Guardooer, to draw up,—the pedigree of a hundred links,—the whole barony of Knockwinnock, dangling on a rope's end. 'Twas lucky, however, that we had beds enough ready for them all after their ducking.—But get thee gone, for here comes Sir Arthur and his fair daughter. [*Exit* CAXON.

Enter SIR ARTHUR, *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

Welcome, my good Sir Arthur, once more to Jonathan Oldbuck's, who rejoices to see his noble foe under his roof again in a whole skin.

Sir A. Mr Oldbuck, if instead of a silly misunderstanding, such as ours was, there had been blood-feud in our families, your conduct last night should heal it for ever.

Oldbuck. Say no more, Sir Arthur,—say no more.

Sir A. I understand, Mr Oldbuck, the young gentleman to whose gallantry and presence of mind we are so much indebted, is a favourite of yours.

Oldbuck. He is, Sir Arthur: and well deserves to be so, I think.

Sir A. You made acquaintance with him, I suppose, in Edinburgh?

Oldbuck. About a fortnight since, we were fellow-travellers from thence.

Sir A. Why then, Mr Oldbuck, my daughter is an older acquaintance of Mr Lovel than you are.

Oldbuck. Indeed! I was not aware of that.

Isab. (*Blushing and confused.*) I met Mr Lovel when I resided, this last spring, with my aunt, Mrs Wilmot.

Oldbuck. And what character did he bear then?—How was he engaged?

Isab. He had a commission in the army, had served with reputation, and was much respected as an amiable and promising young man.

Oldbuck. And pray, young lady, such being the case, why didn't you speak to the lad at once, when you met him at my house?—(ISABELLA *appears confused.*)—I thought my favourite, Miss Wardour, had less of the paltry pride of womankind about her.

Sir A. (*Dignified.*) There was a reason for it. You know the opinions—prejudices, perhaps, you will call them, Mr Oldbuck, of our house, concerning purity of birth. This young gentleman is, it seems, the illegitimate son of some man of fortune; and my daughter did not choose to renew their acquaintance till she should know whether I approved of her holding any intercourse with him.

Oldbuck. Here's my venerable sister—

Enter MISS GRIZELDA OLDBUCK.

Sir A. Miss Oldbuck, I trust that you have not suffered from the alarm we put you to last night?

Griz. I was dreadfully nervous, I confess, with thinking of your being knocked about by sea and wind, like sae mony bunches o' sea-weed;—but you men are hardy creatures, you can go through a' things! To be tossed up and down in that manner—gracious me!—if I had to undergo ony thing o' that nature—that is, ony thing beyond nature, I should have shrieked out, and fainted awa' downright.

Oldbuck. And a fine figure you would have cut, rising on the winds of the night wind, or splashing in the weltering waves like a venerable mermaid; though our fair guest, Miss Isabella, would be no bad representative of that lovely and alluring race—hey! But what news, Sir Arthur, from the mines? How goes on our subterranean Good Hope.

Sir A. Nothing good as yet, but my agent does not despair.

Oldbuck. I do dismally.—I doubt we shall never find copper enough to make a pair of sixpenny knee-buckles.

Sir A. Well, Mr Oldbuck, suppose that failure, you have no great interest in the matter.

Oldbuck. Too much—too much, Sir Arthur; yet for the sake of your fair daughter here, I would consent to lose it all, so you had no more on the venture.

Sir A. (*Rising and aside.*) That stings deeper than he's aware. How shall I confess the downfal of all my golden dreams? Yet it must out at last, and my child know her father's ruin and her own.

Oldbuck. He seems disturbed!—Oh my poor hundred pounds!

Sir A. Hey Mr Oldbuck, you do not doubt, I hope?

Oldbuck. No, no, Sir Arthur, not in the least; but then, there's also the three notes of hand with the interest thereon, amounting to—let me see—

Sir A. About a thousand pounds;—you told me so the other day, Mr Oldbuck.

Oldbuck. More, more, Sir Arthur; another terms interest due since that, makes it eleven hundred and thirteen pounds, seven shillings, five pennies, and three-fourths of a penny sterling. You shall look over the summations yourself.

Sir A. Mr Oldbuck, I—I—I—don't understand—

Isab. There'll be another quarrel in a minute. My dear father, pray attend Miss Oldbuck.—(SIR ARTHUR *leads out* MISS OLDBUCK.)—And come, Mr Oldbuck, you shall be my beau. I am afraid, mermaid as I am, my influence as a syren over you is but small.

Oldbuck. Try me, try me, my dear.

Isab. Listen then to the mermaid's invitation.

SONG.

Follow, follow, through the sea,
To the mermaid's melody!
Safely, freely shalt thou range
Through things, dreadful, quaint, and strange!

And through liquid walls behold
Wonders that may not be told;
Treasures too for ages lost,
Gems surpassing human cost!
Fearless follow, follow me
Through the treasures of the sea!

Thou shalt hear sea music swell
From the Triton's curled shell;
Sea nymphs shall with dance and song
Draw thy charmed steps along,
To the palace glory dight
Of the white arm'd Amphitrite,
Whose coral throne, and amber roof,
Ocean monsters guard aloof;
Fearless follow, follow me
Through the wonders of the sea.

[*Exit.*

Enter JACOB CAXON.

Caxon. Yer honour, yer honour.

Oldbuck. Come, come Caxon, dont tease me now, I must to breakfast.

Caxon. Lord save yer honour, breakfast is put aff, *sine die*, as the provost says—There's been a messenger for Sir Arthur, full gallop frae Knockwinnock; and the Baronet has ordered his horses, and desired me to mak his apologies to you.—Bad news, I fear; but the warst's ahint, Mucklebackit's boat was foundered i' the gale, and his son, Steenie, drown'd, puir lad!

Oldbuck. Steenie drown'd!

Caxon, Aye, puir fallow, little did Mucklebackit ken, when he was hawling up the Laird o' Knockwinnock, that his ain flesh and blood was gaun to the bottom—the sea, as I aye teld him, is as uncertain a calling—

Oldbuck. As the calling of an old periwig-maker that's robbed of his business by crops and powder-tax; —poor Steenie! Well, I must to Mucklebackit and see what can be done for him. Sir Arthur, I am sure, will be liberal.

Caxon. He'll be awa be this time wi' Miss Isabella; and if a' says be right, Sir Arthur has nae muckle to be liberal wi'.

Oldbuck. What! has the storm burst upon my poor

friend, Sir Arthur? Confound those mines of Glenwithershins! He has lost his fortune, and I my poor hundred pounds. Go, Caxon, and send Mr Lovel to me.

Caxon. In what room does he stay?

Oldbuck. The green room, you blockhead!

Caxon. Heaven preserve us, laird, did ye clap the puir young thing, after a' his troubles, into the haunted room!

Oldbuck. Haunted! nonsense. I never heard of any mischief that ever happened in it; but my learned friend, Dr Heavystone, flopping himself too suddenly into an arm chair, in which was a pair of Saxon spurs, somewhat of the longest. Master Caxon, go and call Lovel. [*Exit* CAXON.

Enter EDIE OCHILTREE.

Well, Edie, what's the news with you?

Edie. No muckle, yer honour; only they say there's news come frae Edinburgh for a' the sodger lads to brush them up a bit. I saw the Bailie's servant-lass cleaning his belt and his white breeks. I gave her a hand, for ye maun think she was na o'er clever at it. She says, he's taen up the sword.

Oldbuck. The scales you mean, Edie.

Caxon. (*Without.*) Oh, laird! laird! laird!

Oldbuck. What's the matter now, old curlingtongs?

Caxon. (*Running in.*) Oh, laird, laird! there's a pretty catastrophe, there's no a hair of puir Mr Lovel to be found.

Oldbuck. Not to be found!

Caxon. Not a fraction.

Oldbuck. What's to be done?—Lovel missing,—Hector out a shooting,—and poor Sir Arthur going to ruin.

Edie. Sir Arthur going to ruin!

Caxon. Aye, Edie; waes me, anither of my wigs going.

Edie. Eh! I mind me o' the packet Mr Lovel tauld me o'.—In the name o' Heaven, Monkbarns, get me on to Tannonburgh.—If you wish to save Miss Wardour, get me on to Tannonburgh.

Oldbuck. You on to Tannonburgh.—Save Miss Wardour.

Edie. I dinna ken, that is I canna tell; but get me on to Tannonburgh, and I'll never speak mair o' the prætorium.

Oldbuck. Silence, you plague of Egypt.—Caxon, what's to be done?

Caxon. If yer honour pleases, I can drive auld Edie in the taxed cart; if yer honour will only come and bid Davie Dibble help me.

Edie. In the name o' heaven, yoke the cart, Caxon; and if I am no of some use, less or mair, I'll gie ye leave to fling me o'er Bottle-brig as ye come back again. But ye maun haste ye, man, for time's precious the day.

Oldbuck. But, Edie, I insist that—

Edie. The prætorium, yer honour—

Oldbuck. Caxon, I desire—

Caxon. Tak care o' yer wig, yer honour.

Oldbuck. You couple of fiends, you—

Griz. (*Without.*) Monkbarns, where are you?

Edie. There's womankind, Sir.

Oldbuck. Lord save us! (*They drag him out.*)

SCENE II.—*Interior of* MUCKLEBACKIT'S *Cottage.*

SAUNDERS MUCKLEBACKIT *discovered apart from the rest; his arms resting upon a table, violently compressing his forehead with his hands. The implements of his occupation lying scattered about; his Wife and* PATIE *watching him with an expression of alarm mingled with sorrow.*—ELSPETH *in her chair.*

Patie. Speak to feyther; do, dear mither.

Mag. I darena, lad, he'd only turn awa in silence, or speak sae fierce, I couldna bear it.—Oh, my puir Steenie, to dee sic a death.

Patie. But feyther taks neither rest nor food mither.

Mag. Do you speak then, Patie,—you were always his darling; perhaps he'll hear you.

Patie. Feyther, dear feyther, do come and tak something;—you've eat naething a' day.—Come for our sake, dear feyther, do bear a heart.

Saund. Let me alane, Sir; let me alane. (*Drives him away.*) Na, na, my bonnie man; I didna mean that. I dinna ken what I mean, or what I say the now.

Patie. I'll work for ye, feyther, and love you,—now poor Steenie's gane, mair than ever.

Saund. Ye'll be a braw fallow, Patie, an ye be spar'd; but ye'll ne'er, na ye ne'er can be what he was to me. He has sail'd the coble wi' me since he was ten years auld; and there wasna the like o' him drew a net between this and Buchanness.

Mag. Oh, what an hour is this, and naebody to help me. Oh, gude-mither, could ye but speak a word. Wad ye but bid him be comforted. (*At this appeal* ELSPETH *rises from her chair, and advances towards her son.*)

Patie. See, see, mither, she hears you.

Elspeth. Rise up, my son, and sorrow not for him that is beyond sin, and sorrow, and temptation. I, who do not sorrow—who cannot sorrow for any one,—have most reason that ye should all sorrow for me. (*A knock is heard at the door.*)

Mag. Hegh Sirs, wha is it that can be coming in that gate enow? They canna hae heard o' our misfortune, I'm sure. (*Opens the door, but stands before it.*)

The EARL OF GLENALLAN (*without.*) Is there not an old woman living in this cottage, called Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot?

Mag. Yes; but——

Saund. Wha's that, Maggie? What for are ye steekin' them out? Let them come in. It disna signify an auld rope's end, wha comes in, or wha gangs out o' this house frae this time forward. (MAGGIE *retires.*—*The* EARL OF GLENALLAN *enters, and goes forward to* ELSPETH.)

Earl. Are you Elspeth of the Craigburnfoot of Glenallan?

Elspeth. Who is it that asks about the unhallowed residence of that evil woman?

Earl. The unhappy Earl of Glenallan.

Elspeth. Earl!—Earl of Glenallan,—what Earl?

Earl. William, Lord Geraldin, and whom his mother's death has made Earl of Glenallan.

Elspeth. Light,—light,—quick, more light, that I

may see if this be the right Lord Geraldin, the son of my mistress; him that I received into my arms the hour after he was born,—him that has reason to curse me that I did not smother him before the hour was past. (*Observes him well.*) It's a sair change,—it's a sair change; and whose fault is it? But what are ye seeking from one like me, who only belongs so far to the living, that I am not yet laid in the mould.

Earl. Behold this ring; why did you request so earnestly to see me, and by a token, which you knew I dared not refuse?

Elspeth. I mind it all now.—She's gone, and it shall burden my mind no longer. Children, quit the house, and leave Lord Geraldin alone with me.

Saund. Leave the house!—It's an unco thing to bid a feyther leave his ain house, the very day he's lost his——This is nae day for yer auld warld stories, mither, —neither for laird nor loon, gentle nor semple, will I leave my ain house to please ony body, the very day my poor lad's been laid in his cauld grave. I'll no gang.

Elspeth. My son, as ye would shun hearing a mother's shame and guilt;—as ye would deserve her blessing, and avoid her curse,—I charge you leave me with Lord Geraldin. Obey my words, that when ye lay the moulds upon my head, (and, oh! that the day were come,) ye may remember this hour, without the reproach of having disobeyed the last earthly command that ever your mother laid upon you.

Saund. I'll obey her.—He never disobey'd me in reason or out o' reason, and what for should I vex her.—Heaven bless you, mither,—Heaven bless you. Come awa', Maggie. [*Exit with* Maggie *and* Patie.

Earl. Now, for Heaven's sake, proceed.—Let me though I tremble at my own request, hear what you have to impart.

Elspeth. Eveline Neville—

Earl. I charge thee, woman, name not that name in my hearing!

Elspeth. I must, or how can you understand me?

Earl. If it must be so—proceed.

Elspeth. Your mother hated all that came o' your father's family—all but himself; and doubly did she

hate Eveline Neville, when she perceived a growing kindness between you, and that unfortunate young lady. I was alone in my hut one night, when the Countess, your mother, entered my dwelling, and said, Elspeth, thou and thy fathers have been the faithful and the favourite vassals of Glenallan;—my son loves Eveline Neville;—they are plighted;—should they have a son—I sink from a Countess to a miserable stipendiary.—I who brought land and vassals, high blood, and ancient fame, must bend before this descendant of the hated Nevilles—this girl—this object of my hate;—and I, I answered, hate her equal to thyself.

Earl. Wretch!—What cause of hate hadst thou against a being so innocent and gentle?

Elspeth. I hated what my mistress hated, as was in use with the liege vassals of the house of Glenallan.—Miss Eveline mocked and jested at me;—sneered at my northern speech and habit;—yes, she scorned at, jested at me;—but let them that scorn the tartan, fear the dirk!

Earl. But my mother, my mother!—Say on, in mercy.

Elspeth. She talked of death, but I could not stain my hand in blood;—but I lied—lied like the arch-fiend,—and persuaded your mother to make you believe yourself so near related, that no law would permit your union.

Earl. Powers of mercy,—was it not true? Then Eveline Neville was not the—the—

Elspeth. The daughter you would say of your father. No;—be it torment, or be it comfort to you, know the truth;—she was no more a daughter of your father's house than I am.

Earl. Woman, deceive me not;—make me not curse the memory of the parent I have so lately laid within the grave.

Elspeth. Curse your own deceit.—Had you not transgressed the obedience of a son, by wedding Eveline Neville in secret, our stratagem could not, nor would not have been practised against you.

Earl. Great Heaven! accept my humble thanks.—I may live miserable, but I shall not die stained with

guilt unutterable. If thou hast more to tell, proceed whilst thou hast power to speak, or I to listen.

Elspeth. Yes; the hour when you shall hear, and I shall speak, is indeed waning away. Death has crossed your brow with his finger; and every day his grasp is turning colder at my heart. Interrupt no more, but hear my tale to an end; and then, if ye be such a Lord of Glenallan as I have heard of in my day, make your merry-men gather the thorn and the briar, and the green holly, till they reach to the house roof, and then burn—burn the auld wretch Elspeth, and all that ever put ye in mind that such a creature crawled upon the land.

Earl. Go on, I will not interrupt thee.

Elspeth. Our perjury drove you from the castle, and Miss Neville from her reason. She was put under ward;—the ward slept;—the window was open;—I saw her white form dart from the top of the cliff, like a sea-maw, through the mist;—I rush'd into the tide, grasp'd her in my arms, and bore her to my hut;—there, poor lady, she took the pains of travail before her time, and died in giving birth to a son.

Earl. Gracious Heaven! does the child survive?

Elspeth. I know not. I hastened to inform your mother of the birth, and she consulted with your brother Neville, and her Spanish servant Tereza. What they determined on I know not; but when I returned to my dwelling, the babe was gone.—And now, heir of Glenallan, can you forgive me?

Earl. Ask forgiveness of Heaven, and not of man.

Elspeth. If I have sinned, I have suffered. Has not my house been burnt wi' my bairn in the cradle?—Have not my boats been wrecked, when all others weathered the gale?—The flames,—the winds,—the waters, have all combined to punish the auld wretch Elspeth; and now, that earth is opening to receive me, heir of Glenallan, will you not forgive me?

Earl. (*Is about to quit the Cottage, but suddenly turning to* ELSPETH, *exclaims,*) I forgive thee.—(ELSPETH *screams, and falls upon the Stage.—The* EARL *returns, exclaiming for help.*—SAUNDERS, PATIE, *and* MAGGIE MUCKLEBACKIT *rush in, and form round* ELSPETH; *they raise her.*

Elspeth. (*Wildly.*) Hark! whose voice was that!—Hush! 'tis the Countess calls. Bring me my hood and scarf;—call Miss Neville.—What do you mean by Lady Geraldin?—there's no Lady Geraldin—tell her that; and bid her change her wet gown, and not look so pale.—Tereza—my lady calls us,—bring a light,—the great staircase is as dark as a December midnight.—My lady, we are coming,—we are coming.—(*Dies.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE III.—*Sea Shore, and Fisherman's Hut.*

Enter JONATHAN OLDBUCK, ESQ.

Oldbuck. So, Lovel, was neither carried away by brownies or kelpies.—That fellow is certainly a most mysterious personage.—What, in the name of wonder, could an express want with him at twelve o'clock at night.—It was kind in him, however to desire that I should not be disturbed.

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE *and* ROBERT.

Hector. My dear uncle, here's pretty work at Knockwinnock;—here's Robert from Wardour Castle.

Oldbuck. What! is he come express too?

Hector. Yes, Sir; from Miss Wardour, to say all's up at the Castle.

Oldbuck. Did Miss Wardour say, "All's up at the Castle."

Hector. No, no;—I don't mean that.—She sent him to say——d—n it, how stupid you are.

Oldbuck. Pray, inform Miss Wardour, that I am highly flattered by———

Hector. My dearest uncle, how can you jest at such a moment?—Sir Arthur is going to the devil; the sheriff's officers are after him, and Miss Wardour wishes you to go, and——

Oldbuck. I am obliged to her!—but what can I do?

Hector. Do, Sir!—Jump on Robert's charger that

stands yonder,—turn his head homewards, and he'll be there in five minutes.

Oldbuck. Yes; and where shall I be?

Robert. He's quite a free goer, Sir,—only pulls a little if he feels a dead weight on him.

Oldbuck. He would'nt pull long; for I should soon be a dead weight off him.—Where's Grizzy,—let her go?

Hector. Pooh, pooh!—Come, Robert, give me your whip and spurs.—I have little hope that I can be of any use—but I can shew attention and sympathy in their distress, at least.

Oldbuck. Aye, aye,—and bring them all to Monkbarns;—and hark ye, as to money matters in their adversity, don't stand on trifles.

Hector. That's a kind uncle.—Give me your other spur,—quick—quick.

Oldbuck. My dear boy, remember what Quintus Curtius says.

Hector. Curse Quintus Curtius now;—Knockwin-the word. [*Exit with* ROBERT.

Oldbuck. There they go—well matched;—a mad horse and a wild Highlander—two of the most unruly animals in Christendom—womankind excepted. Now for old Mucklebackit, and see what service I can be of there. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in Knockwinnock Castle.*

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE, *and* MISS ISABELLA WARDOUR.

Hector. Dear Miss Wardour, do not make yourself uneasy; my uncle will shortly find some way to clear the house of these rascals,—and I hear that Edie is on his way to Tannonburgh for some packet of the most essential consequence to Sir Arthur's affairs.

Isab. Alas! Captain MacIntyre, I fear all will be too late; the officers are in the castle, and have seized my father.

Hector. Fear nothing; I have ordered your carriage, and——

Enter ROBERT *and* MR SWEEPCLEAN.

Robert. What! an't I to put the horses to in obedience to my young lady's orders?

Sweep. You must remove nothing here, or you will be liable for all consequences.

Hector. What the devil, Sir, have you the impudence to prevent the young lady's servant from obeying her orders?

Sweep. Captain MacIntyre, Sir, I have no quarrel with you; but if you interrupt me in my duty, I will break the wand of peace, and declare myself deforced.

Hector. And who the devil cares whether you declare yourself divorced or married?—As to breaking your wand, or breaking the peace, or whatever you call it, all I know is, that I will break your bones, if you prevent that lad from harnessing the horses.

Sweep. I take all who stand here to witness, that I shewed my blazon, and explained my character.—"He that will to Cupar, maun to Cupar."

Hector. Why, you rascal——

Isab. For heaven's sake, Captain MacIntyre—(*A clamour without.*—EDIE *heard.*—"Victory!")

Hector. Long life to an old soldier.—Here comes Edie with his budget.

Enter SIR ARTHUR WARDOUR *and* EDIE OCHILTREE.

Sir A. My child! my child! we are yet preserved.—Officer, read that paper.

Sweep. A sist on a bill o' suspension.—I thought it would be queer if ultimate diligence was done against such a gentleman as Sir Arthur.

Isab. Dearest father, whence this good fortune?

Sir A. In a letter from your brother,—read—read—

Isab. (*Reads.*) "Dearest father,—Acquainted with the entangled state of your affairs, judge my happiness at finding myself unexpectedly placed in a situation to give most effectual assistance. My matchless friend, Major Neville, affords me the means and power of relieving you from all your difficulties.—Your ever affectionate son,

"REGINALD WARDOUR."

Sir A. Who can this Major Neville be, to whom we are so infinitely indebted?

Hector. I have seen his name mentioned frequently, and honourably, in the gazette, but have not the honour of his acquaintance.—Now, Mr Officer, why this delay, decamp, or I'll——

Edie. Eh, Captain tak care o' thae messengers,—they're queer deevils.

Sweep. Weel, I'll awa' wi' my party;—but wha's to pay my charges.

Hector. Those who employed you; and so, Mr Sweepclean, sweep yourself, and all your followers, tag, rag, and bobtail, clean out of Knockwinnock Castle.

[*Exit* SWEEPCLEAN.

Sir A. Young gentleman, how to express the obligations I owe to both you and your uncle, I know not; but be assured, that——

Hector. My dear Sir, the obligation you may feel yourself under to my worthy uncle, I have no power to annul; but as to any trivial service I may have afforded, allow me to pass over your manors in August, and gallop over them in October, and you leave me infinitely your debtor.

Isab. What can the military duty be, to which my dear brother alludes?

Edie. Lord, madam, hae ye no heard the French are coming.

Hector. The French, you blockhead!—Psha!

Sir A. I have not had time to look over my lieutenancy correspondence for the week; but from the slight glance I took of my letters, I observed some alarm was entertained.

Edie. Alarm—troth there's alarm—for the provost's gard the beacon-light on the Halket-head be sorted up (that suld a' hae been sorted half a year syne) in an unco hurry, and the council hae nam'd nae less a man than auld Caxon himsel to watch the light.—Some say its to please yer honour and Monkbarns, that wear wigs, some say there's some auld story about a perriwig, that ane o' the bailies got, and ne'er paid for,—ony way, there he is sitting cocking up like a scart upo' the tap o' the craig, to skirl when foul weather comes.

Sir A. Come, Edie, this must be look'd to.

Edie. And a' the bonny engines, and wheels, and the coves and sheughs, down at Glenwithershins yonder, what's to come o' them, Sir Arthur?

Sir A. I hope the men, before they are dispersed, will make a bone-fire of them.

Edie. Gude guide us! burn the engines,—hech, Sirs, that's an unco waste.—Hadna ye better try to get back part o' yer hundred pounds, wi' the sale o' the materials.

[*Exit with* SIR A.

Hector. Be assured, Miss Wardour, should Edie's news of the enemy prove true, you have no reason to be apprehensive concerning the result of the encounter, we are not altogether unprepared, and experience has proved, that the hour of danger is the hour of union. Domestic feuds, opposing interests, and civil strife, are then banish'd from every heart, and our greatest contest is, which shall be foremost in defence of the lasses we love, the parents we honour, and the tombs of the ancestors we venerate. [*Exit.*

Isab. Generous, noble minded man.—We may but little fear the terrors of invasion, while the bonnie tartan waves on our side.

SONG.

O! leeze me on my sodger love,
Bonnie laddie, sodger laddie,
Brave as lion, kind as dove,
Bonnie, &c.
Should he fall in battle strife,
Bonnie, &c.
None beside shall call me wife,
Bonnie, &c.

What becomes a hero's bier,
Bonnie, &c.
More than faithful maiden's tear?
Bonnie, &c.
By the sparkle in his e'e,
Bonnie, &c.
None, I ken, he loves but me,
Bonnie, &c.

Glorious come he from the wars,
Bonnie, &c.
Proud will I be of his scars,
Bonnie, &c.

What rewards a hero's toil,
Bonnie, &c.
More than faithful maiden's smile,
Bonnie, &c.

[*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*Parlour in Monkbarns.*

Enter Miss Grizelda Oldbuck.

Griz. Now only to think what a man my brother is, to bring this Yerl into our house, without speaking a single word to a body;—and there's that silly fliskmahoy, Jenny Rintherout, has ta'en exies, and dune naething but laugh and greet for twa days successfully. I am sure it a' thegither passes my judgment.

Enter the Earl of Glenallan, *and* Jonathan Oldbuck, Esq.

My Lord, your Earlship's room is ready; your Grace's sheets are weel air'd, and I trust your excellency will hae nae cause to regret——

Oldbuck. Get out of the room, you silly old woman.

Earl Let me request, Mr Oldbuck——

Oldbuck. I must beg your lordship's pardon. Grizzle, abscond——

Griz. Brother, brother, his reverence the Earl——

Oldbuck. Womankind get out—(*Forces her out.*)—My Lord, I regret this interruption: My womankind mean well; but they're odd animals at the best, my Lord.

Earl. Mr Oldbuck, your kind forgiveness of the past, will, I fear, involve you in the perplexities of an unhappy man.

Oldbuck. Not at all; let me first ask your Lordship what are your own wishes and designs on this subject?

Earl. First, to vindicate the character of my Eveline, by the publication of our marriage; and then, if possible, ascertain the fate of my poor infant.

Oldbuck. I suspect your late brother, Edward Geraldin Neville, could have much assisted your researches.

Earl. Indeed! what mean you, Mr Oldbuck?

Oldbuck. During my inquiries concerning the event of that deplorable evening, I learnt that a woman and child were carried that night from the cottage at the Craigburnfoot, in a carriage and four, by your brother. Deeming its birth of guilty origin, he doubtless wished to conceal it; but though your brother was a gay and dissipated man, he was too kind and generous to intend any foul play against the—(*The* EARL *sinks upon a chair.*)—Bless me, my Lord, are you unwell?

Earl. Excuse me, Mr Oldbuck, your intelligence affects me deeply. My son may yet survive!—My brother has bequeathed his name and fortune to a young man, a stranger, whom he has long supported. Allow me to retire. I will instantly dispatch a messenger that shall satisfy my doubts. [*Exit.*

Oldbuck. Well, I must confess that latterly my house of Monkbarns here, has been pretty well occupied;—first, a hospital for a wounded duellist;—next, an asylum for drowned people;—now, a refuge for an unhappy nobleman;—the womankind have only to turn it into a lying-in hospital, and then the transformation will be complete.—(*A dreadful noise is heard without of women screaming—drums and shouts are heard in the distance—bells tolling, &c.*)—What the devil's the matter now?

Enter MISS MARIA MACINTYRE *and* JENNY RINTHEROUT.

Womankind in my quarters at this hour of the night!—are you all mad?

Maria. The beacon, uncle—

Jenny. The French coming to murder us—

Oldbuck. What beacon? What do you mean?—(JENNY *runs and draws up a large Curtain at the back of the Stage, and through the window is discerned the Cliffs, with the Beacon burning, and its light reflected on the Sea.*)

Jenny. There—there—the beacon—the beacon

Oldbuck. Heaven preserve us! There's old Caxon blazing, sure enough. Hear ye, womankind! don't stand squalling there, but go and bring me my sword.

Maria. Which of them, uncle?

Jenny. The langest—the langest.

Enter Miss Grizelda Oldbuck *in the greatest alarm, with a helmet on, a shield on one arm, and an ancient musket on the other.*

Griz. So, brother, though the French have evaded us at last, there you stand totally unprepared to receive them; and will see the ladies of your family carried off like the Sabine virgins at the siege of Troy.

Oldbuck. Womankind, be composed. Are ye sure they're come?

Jenny. Sure, sure, owre sure; there are a' the sea fencibles, and land fencibles, and the volunteers, and yeomanry are ganging to Fairport, as if auld clootie were ahint them. (*A loud knocking heard; all start. The knocking continues; and amidst much bustle and exclamation, they arm* Oldbuck, *and place him in front, at the moment that* Captain Hector MacIntyre, Sir Arthur *and* Miss Isabella Wardour, *enter on the one side, and the* Earl of Glenallan *on the other.*)

Griz.
Maria. } Mercy! mercy!
Jenny.

Hector. What, my magnanimous uncle, armed in defence of womankind!

Earl. Good heavens, gentlemen! what's the matter?

Hector. Why, my lord, it appears from the firing of the beacon, that the French, like our prize-money, long looked for, are come at last. (*Bugle without.*)

Enter Edie Ochiltree.

Edie. My lord, my lord, here are a' the Glenallan yeomanry and fencibles, ganging up to the house to learn yer Lordship's pleasure.

Oldbuck. Clap their horses into the kitchen, and the men into the parlour,—this is no time for ceremony.

Earl. Excuse me, my dear Mr Oldbuck,—I will but give some necessary orders, and rejoin you instantly.—Captain MacIntyre, your experience would essentially serve.—Might I request—

Hector. My Lord, I attend you.—(*Exit the* EARL OF GLENALLAN.)—Really, uncle, you are in a most admirable state of equipment,—completely a soldier of all-arms; the shield of Achilles,—the helmet of Paris,—an Andrea Ferrara of Robert the Bruce,—and a matchlock from the armoury of his more pacific Majesty King James the First. Really, Sir, you are an admirable exemplification of ancient and modern warfare, an animated edition of Grose's Military Antiquities. (*Exit.—During this speech,* OLDBUCK *is dreadfully enraged, and is only prevented from assaulting* HECTOR *by the surrounding company.*)

Oldbuck. A rascal; he to speak of military antiquities! —I'll—

Edie. Dinna fash wi' him, Monkbarns; the broadsword and target, are no that bad, when the cry is, "Shouther to shouther, lads; and auld Scotland for ever!"

Isab. Why, your martial spirit is rising again, Edie. I would not have thought that you, Edie, had so much to fight for.

Edie. Me no muckle to fecht for, madam!—Isna there the country to fecht for, and the burn sides that I gang dandering beside, and the hearths o' the gudewives that gie me my bit bread, and the bits o' weans that come toddling to play wi' the auld man? Deil o' my soul, Madam, I may be auld, but I'se do my best.

Oldbuck. Well said, Edie; the country's in little ultimate danger, when the beggar's as ready to fight for his dish, as the laird for his land.—(*Loud shouts are heard without.*)

Enter CAPTAIN HECTOR MACINTYRE.

Well, scapegrace, what is all that noise about?

Hector. Major Neville is arrived, Sir; and his servant informs me the whole is a false alarm.

Oldbuck. How! a false alarm?

Hector. The watchman at the Halket Head was misled by a bonfire, which some idle people had made on the hill above Glenwithershins, just in the line of the beacon, with which he corresponded.

Griz. Then where are the French, Hector?

Hector. Fast asleep at Paris, I suppose, aunt.

Edie. Sir Arthur,—Monkbarns,—the hill abune Glenwithershins!—The auld machinery has made an awfu' bleeze.

Oldbuck. But who is this Major Neville?

Sir A. The gentleman who has so nobly assisted the house of Knockwinnock in its adversity.—He is a friend of my son's, and I have since learnt is adopted heir to the late brother of Lord Geraldin's.

Oldbuck. What! Geraldin Neville of Neville Hall, Yorkshire!—Tol de riddle lol.—Then he's found,—he's found.—Where is he?

Hector. His Lordship can best inform you. Not a glimpse could I catch of the Major; for the instant the Earl heard his name, he carried him off in double quick time.

Oldbuck. Huzza! huzza!—he's found.—The heir of Glenallan's found.

All. Found.

Oldbuck. Aye, found; and see here comes Lord Glenallan, and—what the devil!—Lovel!

Enter the EARL OF GLENALLAN *and* LORD GERALDIN.

Gerald. Aye, my worthy, my benevolent friend,—your own obliged Lovel.

Earl. Or, in other words, Mr Oldbuck, William, Lord Geraldin.

Oldbuck. (*Much affected.*) Son of—— Young man, for your own sake, for your father's sake, and for the sake of your dear—dear— Heaven bless you.

Griz. Allow me, my Lord, to offer my—

Oldbuck. Womankind, be quiet. My Lord, having

found your son, allow me to find him a wife.—Hey, Miss Wardour?—She blushes.—Well, a maiden blush does make womankind divinities. Aha! old Truepenny! we are all, I believe, indebted to thee, my old blue-pigeon, who brought us the good news.

Earl. I owe him a debt of gratitude too, for being the first who brought me the tidings of great importance, and would willingly offer him a place of comfortable retirement for life.

Edie. Hoot, hoot, my Lord, ye maunna shame me wi' yer kindnesses.—I'm the idlest dog that ever lived! A beggar I am, and a beggar must remain; and if I were to retire, and lay down my vocation, it would be a public loss.

Oldbuck. Right, Edie, it would;—so we'll take care you are always comfortable. And now, we must *all* be beggars here; and I hope THE ANTIQUARY will be forgiven, especially by WOMANKIND.

FINALE.

AIR,—"*Highland Lad, and Lowland Lassie.*

Gerald.—Now Fortune's fickle wheel at rest,
Her crowning favour still is wanted;
For we are ne'er completely blest,
Till your approval here is granted.

Maria.—Sincé our's to night an anxious cause is,
And hearts like yours can know no pauses,
Whene'er to bounteous deeds alive,
Oh crown our efforts with applauses.
Chorus.—Now Fortune's, &c.

Edie.—A beggar I by trade may sue,
And not in vain I'm sure to night here;
For every face around I view,
With mirth and kindness beaming bright here.

Isab.—Dear friends then, while your hearts are glowing,
To us extend their kind bestowing;
And I will pour the sweetest song,
The song from grateful bosom flowing.
Chorus.—Now Fortune's, &c.

Oldbuck.—Can you resist her? faith I can't,
O bless your pipe, you little fairy;
For her sake, Womankind! Oh grant
Your kindness to the Antiquary.

Isab.—Were mine indeed the power of fairy,
With spell and song I'd charm and cheer ye,
Until for all our sakes you'd grant
Your kindness to the Antiquary.
Chorus.—Now Fortune's, &c.

FINIS.

LEITH:
Printed by R. Allardice.

DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

No. V.

FORTUNES OF NIGEL;

OR,

GEORGE HERIOT.

Mr MURRAY

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH

— AS —

GEORGE HERIOT.

THE

FORTUNES OF NIGEL;

OR,

GEORGE HERIOT.

A

HISTORICAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED NOVEL OF THE FORMER TITLE,

BY THE

AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh

Knife-grinder.—Story! Lord bless you! I have none to tell, sir.
Poetry of the Anti-Jacobin.

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

MR MURRAY,

AS

GEORGE HERIOT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED, 1823.

mes the First, King of England and Scotland, ... Mr Denham.
illiers, Duke of Buckingham, ... Mr Gordon.
he Earl of Huntinglen, ... Mr Faulkener.
igel Olifaunt, Lord Glenvarloch, ... Mr Pritchard.
ord Dalgarno, ... Mr Calcraft.
aster Maxwell, Deputy Chamberlain Mr Lee.
aster George Heriot, ... Mr Murray.
aster David Ramsay, maker of watches and horologist to his Majesty, ... Mr Duff.
aster Reginald Lowestoffe, a templar Mr Hillyard.
aster Andrew Skirliewhitter, ... Mr Boddie.
ichard Moniplies, ... Mr Mackay.
nkin Vincent, ... Mr Miller.
rancis Tunstall, ... Mr Power.
illie, ... Miss Murray.
ptains of the Guard, ... Mr Aikin and Mr Croly.

ALSATIANS.

cob Hildebrod, Duke of Alsatia, ... Mr Weekes.
ptain Colepepper, ... Mr Bland.
rapbois, the miser, ... Mr Mason.
empseed, ... Mr Ebsworth.
he Drawer, ... Mr Holmes.
uill, ... Mr Rawlins.
uckle, ... Mr Barnes.

The Lady Hermione, ... Mrs Eyre.
Mrs Margaret Ramsay, ... Mrs H. Siddons.
Martha Trapbois, ... Mrs Renaud.
Mrs Suddlechop, ... Mrs Nicol.
Mrs Christie, ... Miss Rae.
Monna Paula, attendant upon Hermione, Mrs Mackay.

THE

FORTUNES OF NIGEL.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Interior of* DAVID RAMSAY'S *Shop.*

(*Shouts without.*)

Enter MASTER DAVID RAMSAY.

David. Here, Jenkin Vincent!—Francis Tunstall!—Vincent!—where the devil are you all?—Here's brave doings, when London 'prentices can take into their heads to give the slip at every cry.—(*Cries without,* "Clubs! Clubs!")—Clubs! Clubs!—what have 'prentices to do with clubs?—to interrupt me just when I was on the point of finding out the perpetual motion?—I will switch them both when they come back—I will, by the bones of the immortal Napier!

Enter MASTER GEORGE HERIOT.

Heriot. Why, Davie, my old acquaintance, what ails you?

David. Why, what ails me, Mr George? why, every thing ails me.—My apprentices are turned into mere goblins,—they appear and disappear like spunkies, and have no more regularity in them than a watch without a scapement.—I might as well live in Fairy-Land, as in Farringdon Without. If there's a ball to be tossed up, or

a bullock to be driven mad, or a quean to be ducked for scolding, or a head to be broken, Jenkin is sure to be at the one end or the other of it, and then away skips Francis Tunstall for company.—Oh! Master George! they have just now interrupted me in the deepest calculation ever mortal man plunged into; and all on a cry of murder in the streets—nothing more.

Heriot. Well, then, you must take patience.

David. Patience!—

Heriot. Why, man, you deal in time, and can make it go fast and slow at pleasure, you can afford to lose a little now and then.—But here come your boys, and bringing in a slain man betwixt them, I think—here has been serious mischief, I am afraid.

(*Shouts.*)—*Enter* JENKIN VINCENT, *and* FRANCIS TUNSTALL, *bearing* RICHARD MONIPLIES.

David. The more mischief the better sport for these devils.—What are ye bringing a corpse here for, ye fause villains?

Jenkin. He's not dead yet, Sir.

David. No! carry him into the apothecary's then.—Why did you bring him here?—D'ye think I can set a man's life in motion again, as if he were a clock or a timepiece?

Heriot. Nonsense;—let him stay where he is;—he seems only in a swoon.

David. Swoon!—and what business had he to swoon in the streets? Only, if it will oblige you, Master George, I would take in all the dead men in St Dunstan's parish.

Jenkin. (*Aside.*) And the living ones too, if you could, old Pendulum.

David. Why, what's that you're muttering, you rascal? Bring a chair.—(VINCENT *and* TUNSTALL *place* RICHIE *on a chair.*)

Heriot. So; remove his cloak.

Rich. (*Recovering.*) What's your wull?

David. How are you, friend?

Rich. Haud a wee there, my man. What sort o' usage ca' ye this, gentlemen, to a stranger and a so-

journer in your town? Ye hae broken my head—ye hae riven my cloak—and now ye are for restraining my personal liberty,—and now ye say, How's a' wi' ye, freend? My certie, they were wiser than me, that counselled me to wear my warst claithing in the streets o' Lunnon; and if I could hae got ony things waur than these mean garments—

Jenkin. Which would have been difficult.

Rich. D'ye think sae?—Now I think they wad hae been e'en ower gude for the gripe o' men sae little acquainted wi' the laws o' honest civility.

Jenkin. Truth to say, the good gentleman's clothes look as if they would not brook much handling.

Heriot. Silence, Sir;—the black ox has not trode on your foot yet.—You know not what lands you may travel in, or what clothes you may wear, before you die.—Never mock the stranger, or the poor.

Rich. I *am* a stranger, Sir, that's certain; but as for my being poor, I think I needna be charged wi' poverty, till I seek siller o' somebody.

Heriot. You see, David, a Scotchman never complains while he possesses——

David. (*Abstracted.*) Millions, and tens of millions—

Heriot. I fancy now, Jockey, if a stranger were to offer you a noble, you would chuck it back at his head.

Rich. I am nae mair Jockey, Sir, than you are John. My name, if ye maun ken it, is Richie Moniplies; and I come o' the auld and honourable house o' Castle Collop, weel kenn'd at the West Port o' Edinburgh.

Heriot. Indeed!—And pray, what is that you call the West Port?

Rich. The West Port, an' it like yer honour, is ane o' the gates o' our city,—as yonder arches at Whitehall form the entrance o' the king's palace here; only that the West Port isna built o' brick, being o' stonern wark, and mair decorated wi' architecture and the policy o' bigging.

Heriot. Well said, my friend; and I suppose you'll next tell me you have at Edinburgh as fine a navigable river as the Thames, with all its shipping.

Rich. The Thames!—Lord save your honour's judg-

ment. Man, if ye were only to see the Water o' Leith, and the Nor-loch—

Heriot. Or the Pow-burn, and the Quarry-holes, and the Guse-dub, fause loon!—It is such land-loupers as you, that, with your false and fair fashions, bring reproach on our whole country.

Rich. Gude forgie me, I took yer honour for an Englisher!—But I hope there was naething wrang in standin' up for ane's ain country's credit in a strange land, where a' men cry her down.

Heriot. Well, never look grave on it.—As you have found a countryman, so have you found a friend, if you deserve one,—and especially if you answer me truly.

Rich. I dinna see ony thing o' gude it wad do me to speak ought else but truth.

Heriot. By your face, you are a son of old Mungo Moniplies, the flesher, at the West Port.

Rich. Yer honour is a witch, I think.

Heriot. And how dared you, sirrah, to uphold him for a noble?

Rich. I dinna ken, Sir,—I hear muckle about an Earl o' Warwick, in these southern parts.—Guy—I think his name was; and he has great reputation here for slaying dun cows, and boars, and such like:—now I am sure my feyther has killed mair cows, and boars, not to speak o' bulls, calves, sheep, ewes, lambs, and pigs, than the hail baronage o' England.

Heriot. You are a shrewd fellow; but chain your tongue, and take care of saucy answers. Your father was an honest man, and the deacon of his craft.—I am sorry to see his son in so poor a coat.

Rich. Troth, so am I, Sir.—For sin' the king left us—honest man! Edinburgh has been as dull as ony thing. There's hay made at the Cross, and a dainty crap o' fouats in the Grassmarket;—there's as muckle grass grows where my feyther's stall stood, as might hae been a gude bite for the beasts he was used to kill.

Heriot. You seem well recovered now.—Can you walk?

Rich. Bravely, Sir.

Heriot. Well, well; call at my house, as you will find

from the direction you will receive here: and if I can serve you, I will.

Rich. I'll do that, Sir;—that is, if my honourable maister will permit me.

Heriot. And what is your master's name?—Nay, do not tell me, if it is a secret.

Rich. A secret that there is little use in keeping;—only ye ken that our northern stomachs are owre proud to ca' in witnesses to our distress. No that my maister is in mair than present pinch, Sir, having a large sum in the royal treasury;—that is, the king is awing him a lot o' siller,—but it's ill getting it frae the like o' him.—My maister is the young Lord Glenvarloch.

Heriot. Lord Glenvarloch!—You his follower, and in such a condition! The good old house of Glenvarloch, that stood by king and country five hundred years!

Rich. Yer honour may say five thousand.

Heriot. I'll say what I know to be true, and not a word more.—Where does your master lodge?

Rich. Weel, if it like yer honour, we put up in a sma' house, at the fit o' ane i' the wynds that gang down to the water side, wi' a decent man, John Christie, a ship-chandler, as they ca't. His feyther comes frae Dundee. I wotna the name o' the wynd, but it's right anent the muckle kirk yonder: and yer honour will mind, that we pass only by our family name, o' simple Mr Nigel Olifaunt, as keepin' oursels retir'd for the present, tho' in Scotland we be ca'd the Lord Nigel.

Heriot. Aye, aye, your master does wisely, sirrah.—I will find out your lodgings, tho' your direction be none of the clearest.—Here, take this—hasten home, and get into no more affrays.

Rich. Nae fear o' that now, Sir, ha'ing a charge about me.—Gude day to ye, my kind countryman. (*Goes up to* DAVID RAMSAY, *who is sitting busied in calculation.*) Good day, Sir.

David. Pshaw!

Rich. Pshaw! That's an unco queer answer! Good day,—good day. [*Exit.*

Heriot. Good day.—There goes a lively picture of

Scotch pride and poverty.—But you mark me not, friend Davie!

David. Not directly;—for as the sun goeth round the dial in twenty-four hours, add for the moon fifty minutes and a half.

Heriot. Ha, ha, ha! Fifty minutes!

David. I crave your forgiveness, Master George, and heartily wish you good even.

Heriot. Good even, man!—Why thou hast not yet bid me good day.—Come, old friend, lay by these tablets, or you will crack the inner machinery of *your* skull, as our friend yonder has got the outer case of his damaged. Good even, quotha! I mean not to part with you so easily: I came to get my four hours nuncheon from you, man, besides a tune on the lute from my god-daughter, Mrs Marget, and then I'll away to my new acquaintance.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—Nigel's *Apartment at* Mrs Christie's.

Nigel *and* Mrs Christie *discovered.*

Mrs C. Do, pray, cast care away, and mend your breakfast, Sir.

Nigel At a word, my kind hostess, I cannot.—I am anxious about this knave of mine, who has been so long absent in this dangerous town of yours, as he had papers of importance with him. Pray fetch me my cloak and rapier, and ask thy husband to teach me the way to a magistrate, that proper search may be made.

Mrs C. A magistrate! Faith I'll shew you to one myself, and sooner than my husband, who, to say truth, is but a slow man in his motion.

Rich. (*Without.*) Weel, weel, I'll gang up the stairs.

Mrs C. But here comes Richie himself. [*Exit, and*

Enter Richie Moniplies.

Nigel. Now, in Heaven's name, tell me where you have been, and how came your clothes so torn? What

barns-breaking have you been at? You have been drunk, Richard, and fighting.

Rich. Weel, Sir, I've been feghting in a sma' way, but for being drunk, that's a job ill to manage in this town, without siller to come by liquor; and as for barns-breaking, the deil a thing's broken but my head. A wheen mislear'd rascals abused my country; but I think I clear'd the causey o' them. However, the haill hive was o'er mony for me at last, and I got this eclipse on the croun, and wi' your Lordship's leave—

Nigel. Obey my orders, Richie, and forget the Lordship for the present, and tell me the name of the friend who was to introduce you into the king's presence.—You were very mysterious on the subject.

Rich. Weel, Sir, I didna like to tell ye his name and quality at first, because I thought you would be affronted at the like o' him having to do in your Lordship's affairs. But mony a man climbs up in court by waur help. It was just Laurie Linklater, that was my feyther's apprentice lang syne, ane o' the—yeomen o' the kitchen.

Nigel. A yeoman of the kitchen!—A scullion!

Rich. Ah, but Sir, consider that a' your great friends hung back; your Lordship maun consider, that a scullion, if a yeoman of the king's maist royal kitchen may be ca'd scullion, may weel rank wi' a maister cook elsewhere, being that king's cauf is better than ither fo'ks' corn, ye ken.

Nigel. Well, well, proceed;—you are right, and I was wrong.—I have no choice of means, so that they are honest.

Rich. Laurie is as honest a lad as ever lifted a ladle; no but what I dare to say, he can lick his fingers like ither fo'ks, and reason gude. But, in fine, for I see yer honour is waxing impatient, he brought me to the palace, where a' was asteer for the king going out to hunt a hawk on Blackheath, I think they ca'd it.—And there was a horse stood with all the quarries about it, a bonny grey as ever was foal'd; and the saddle and the stirrups, and the curb and bit a' burning gowd.

Nigel. Fool!

Rich. Weel, it may be that I'm wrang, but I'm sure that they were silver gilded at least.

Nigel. Torture!—Why trifle with my anxiety thus?

Rich. Weel, weel, Sir, down cam the king wi' a' his nobles, dress'd out in his hunting suit o' green, doubly lac'd, and laid down wi' gowd.—I minded the very face o' him, though it was lang since I saw him in Auld Reekie.

Nigel. To the point, Richie.—

Rich. By my certie, friend, thought I, times are changed since ye came rinning down the back stairs o' Holyrood House, wi' your breeks in your hand, without time to put them on, and Frank Stuart, the wild Earl o' Bothwell, hard at your haunches; and if the auld Lord Glenvarloch hadna cast his mantle about his arm, and taken bluidy wounds, mair than ane, in yer behalf, he wadna hae craw'd sae crouse the day.

Nigel. My poor father!—he did indeed, fight bravely for the King.

Rich. Aye, that he did, Sir; and the very thought o' that, made me bang in amang the crowd o' Lords.—Laurie thought me mad, and held me by my cloak-lap, till the cloth rave in his hand; and so I banged in right afore the King, just as he mounted, and cramm'd the siffication intil his ain hand.

Nigel. He read it then?

Rich. No: that is, no exactly.—He opened it in amaze; and just as he saw the first line, I was minded to mak a reverence, and I had the ill luck to hit his jaud o' a' beast on the nose wi' my hat, and scaur the creature, and she swarv'd aside; and the King that sits nae muckle better than a draff pock on the saddle, was like to coup right o'er upon—

Nigel. Confusion!

Rich. My certie, there was plenty o' that. He flung down the paper amang the beast's feet, and cried, "awa' wi' the fause loon that brought it." "Treason," cried the Lords, and they grippit me.—They spak o' scourging me; and I cried mercy as loud as I could; and the King, when he had righted himsel on the saddle, and gathered his breath, cried, "Do him nae harm, he's ane o' our

ain Norland stots, I ken by the rowt o' him.—Gie him a copy o' the proclamation, and let him gang hame to his ain country before waur come o't." And they a' laughed, and rowted loud enough.

Nigel. So end all my hopes.—You should have been more cautious.

Rich. Aye, sae Laurie told me after the job was dune. —He told me then, that I suld hae held up my hand to my brow, as if the grandeur o' the King, an' his horse-graith thegither, had casten the glaiks i' my een, and mair jack-an-ape tricks I suld hae played, instead o' offering the sifflication, as if I had been bringing guts to a bear.—"Aweel, aweel, Laurie," said I, "it may be as ye say; but since I am clear o' the tawse and the porter's lodge, sifflicate wha like, diel hae Richie Moniplies, if he come sifflicating here again." And awa' I cam wi' the proclamation for my prize.

Nigel. (*Reads.*) What do I behold!—Hark ye, Richie,—in this paper the Lords of the Council set forth, "That in consequence of the resort of idle persons of low consideration, from his Majesty's kingdom of Scotland to the English court, thereby disgracing their country in the estimation of the English;—these are to prohibit the masters of vessels, and others, in every part of Scotland, from bringing such miserable creatures up to court, under pain of fine and imprisonment."—Oh, shame of an injured country!—testimony of an ungrateful prince!

Rich. It's a damn'd shame.

Nigel. Well, honest Ritchie, your attempt was kindly meant, though it has failed;—but go, take some refreshment, and we'll talk of the rest afterwards.

Enter MRS CHRISTIE.

Mrs C. Here is an elderly gentleman, would speak with your honour.

Nigel. With me?—Who can it be?—Has the knave told my residence to any one?—Say, I will see him.

[*Exit* MRS CHRISTIE.

Sirrah, you have told no one where I lived?

Rich. How could I tell him, when I didna ken the name o' the wynd mysel?

Enter MRS CHRISTIE, *shewing in* GEORGE HERIOT.

Rich. I declare, it's that decent man I saw the-now at that shop.—Here help me awa' wi' the things.

[*Exit with* MRS C.

Nigel. Leave us.—Sir, I have the honour—

Heriot. I hope your Lordship will excuse the rudeness—

Nigel. Sir, your business.

Heriot. I hope you will forgive me this rudeness, my Lord; but I was endeavouring to trace in your youthful countenance, the features of my good old Lord—your excellent father.

Nigel. I have been reckoned like my father, and am happy to see any one that respects his memory;—but the business which calls me to this city, is of a hasty, as well as of a private nature, and—

Heriot. I understand your hint, my Lord, and shall not be guilty of long detaining you.—My errand is almost done, when I have said that my name is George Heriot,—warmly befriended, and introduced into the employment of the royal family of Scotland, more than twenty years since, by your excellent father,—and that I am not ignorant of the mortgage over your estate, which, if unredeemed by a certain day, will occasion its forfeiture for a sum not above a fourth of its value; it is my duty—it is my pleasure—to wait on the son of my respected patron,—and as I am somewhat known both at the court and in the city, to offer him such aid in the furthering of his affairs, as my credit and experience may be able to afford.

Nigel. I have no doubt of either, Master Heriot; and thank you heartily for the good-will with which you have placed them at a stranger's disposal;—but my business with the court is ended.

Heriot. Indeed! so soon, my Lord! it is usually weeks, months, nay, years, ere the court and a suitor shake hands and part.

Nigel. My business, Sir, was summarily dispatched.

—In answer to a respectful application for the re-payment of large loans, formerly advanced by my father for the service of the state, his Majesty sends me that proclamation, classing me with the paupers and mendicants from Scotland, who disgrace his court in the eyes of the proud English.—Had not my father stood by him, with heart and hand, as well as fortune, his Majesty might never have seen the Court of England himself.

Heriot. I beg your Lordship's pardon,—may I take the liberty to enquire, by whom was this application presented? for the distaste taken at the messenger will sometimes extend itself to the message.

Nigel. By my own servant.

Heriot. What! my friend of the ancient house of Castle Collops, West Port, Edinburgh.—He seems a shrewd fellow, and doubtless a faithful; but——will your lordship grant permission that I speak a few words to your domestic.

Nigel. I see little good it can do; but the interest you take in my misfortunes seems sincere, and therefore —(*Goes to the side and calls.*)—Moniplies!—

Enter RICHARD MONIPLIES.

Heriot. Allow me to ask a few questions of your Lordship's groom.

Rich. His Lordship's page, if you would speak according to the letter.

Nigel. Hold your saucy tongue, and reply distinctly to the questions you are to be asked, if you would not have it end in the whipping-post.

Rich. That's e'en a bad resting place; so come awa' wi' your questions, Maister George.

Heriot. Well, Sir, I'm given to understand, that you, yesterday, presented to his Majesty's hand a supplication, or petition, from this honourable Lord, your Master?

Rich. Troth, there's nae gainsaying that, Sir; there were enow to see it besides me.

Heriot. And you pretend that his Majesty flung it from him with contempt.—Take heed, for you were

better up to the neck in your favourite Nor-loch, than tell a leasing where his Majesty's name is concerned.

Rick. There's nae occasion for telling a leasing about the matter. His Majesty o'en flung it frae him, as if it had dirted his royal fingers.

Nigel. You hear him, Sir?

Heriot. Hush!—Stay, fellow, and answer me this further question.

Rick. I maun gang and finish my breakfast.

Heriot. When you presented the petition, gave you nothing with it?

Rick. Ou, what should I gie wi't, ye ken, Maister George?

Heriot. That is what I desire, and insist to know.

Rick. Weel, then, I am no free to say, that maybe I mightna just slip into the King's hand, a wee bit sifflication o' mine ain, alang wi' my Lord's—just to save his Majesty trouble,—and that he might kill twa birds wi' ae stane.

Nigel. A supplication of your own, you varlet!

Rick. Ou, dear aye, my Lord;—we puir bodies hae our bits o' sifflications as weel as our betters.

Heriot. And pray now, what might your worshipful petition import?

Rick It's a lang story to tell, Sir; but the upshot is, it's a scrape o' an auld account due to my feyther's estate by her Majesty, the king's maist gracious mither, when she lived in the Castle; and had sundry providings and furnishings forth o' our booth,—whilk nae doubt was an honour to my feyther to supply, and whilk, doubtless, it will be a credit to his Majesty to satisfy, as it will be great convenience to me to receive the same.

Nigel. Why, what is this?

Rick. A' as fact as death.—Here's the double o' the sifflication.

Nigel. Siffly devil!—Silence, knave!

Heriot. (*Reading.*) "Humbly sheweth,—um—um,—his Majesty's maist gracious mither,—um—um—justly addebted and owing the sum of fifteen merks, the compt whereof followeth:—Twelve nowts' feet for jellies,—ane lamb, being Christmas,—ane roasted capin

in grease, for the privy chamber, when my Lord of Bothwell suppit in private wi' her Grace."

Nigel. Ass! Dolt! Fool!—You have destroyed me.

Heriot. I think your Lordship can hardly marvel that his Majesty gave this petition a brisk reception; and I doubt not, most juvenile page, that you took care to present your own supplication first.

Rich. I'm no just free to say, but maybe wi' the dirdum and confusion, and the leapin' here and there o' the skeigh brute o' a horse, I believe I cramm'd them baith into his hand, cheek by jowl, and maybe my ain was uppermost;—and say there was aught wrang, I'm sure I had a' the fright, and a' the risk—

Nigel. And shall have all the beating, you rascally knave.

Heriot. Pray be calm.—Retire, sirrah, and I'll make your peace.

Rich. Na, na; if he likes to strike the lad that has followed him a' the way frae Scotland out o' pure love, for I think there has been little fee between us,—just let my lord be doing, and see the credit he will get by it;—and I wad rather, (mony thanks to you though, Maister George,) stand by a lick o' his batton, than it suld e'er be said a stranger cam between me and the son o' his feyther. [*Exit.*

Nigel. There never was a man so plagued with a malapert knave. He is shrewd and faithful, and has given proofs of his affection for me; but so uplifted in his own conceit, that whatever blunder he commits, his self-love still lays the blame with me, and nowise with himself.

Heriot. Cherish him, my Lord, nevertheless; affection and fidelity are rarer qualities now, than when the world was younger. Yet trust him, my good Lord, with no commission above his birth or breeding; for you see yourself how it may chance to fall.

Nigel. You would say he was no fit messenger to a king's presence. Yet what could I do? I know not why I should be ashamed of speaking the truth—I had no dress suitable for appearing at Court.—I am determined to incur no expenses which I cannot discharge, and you, Sir, would not have advised the son of your

late friend to have stood at the palace door, begging for what, in right, was his.

Heriot. Oh, no, no, my Lord; that were indeed unseemly. Yet give me your petition, and trust me that the king will take up this matter as you would have him;—but should he fail to do so, even then I will not give up the good cause.

Nigel. How can I return your goodness?

Heriot. By assisting me in return.

Nigel. Most willingly.

Heriot. Well, my Lord, I am a goldsmith, and live by lending money, as well as by selling plate.—Now, I am ambitious of putting an hundred pounds out at interest in your hands; and for my guerdon, when my mediation proves successful, and your fortunes are re-established, you shall order your first cupboard of plate of George Heriot.

Nigel. You would have but a bad pay-master, Master Heriot.

Heriot. I am not at all afraid of that, my Lord; and I am glad to see you smile again.—And it emboldens me to make a small request, that you will dine with me to-day, and see a few curiosities of mine.—My mule there, for I must Westward Hoe.—Put up your money, my Lord;—it is not well to be seen with such chirping goldfinches in the lodgings of London;—for the young men here quickly make an end of their father's fortunes.

Nigel. I hope yours will make a better termination.

Heriot. I hope it will, my Lord; I hope it will. It has pleased Heaven to try me sorely with the loss of two fair children.—Alas! and a-well-a-day!—Yet I am resigned; and the wealth which Heaven has given me, shall never want inheritors, while there are orphan lads in auld Reekie. [*Exeunt, severally.*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*An apartment in* DAVID RAMSAY'S *House.*

Enter MRS MARGARET RAMSAY.

Marg. The more I see of this young nobleman, the more his appearance increases the emotions his gallantry first inspired—Ah! Margaret! is it prudent to admit so idle a passion into your heart? But I am afraid it is too late to ask that question.

Enter MRS SUDDLECHOPS.

Mrs S. Good morrow, sweet flower of neighbours.—What ails thee, child?

Marg. Nothing, Dame.

Mrs S. Nothing, lady bird! and do you use to send for your friends after this fashion for nothing?

Marg. It was not I who sent for you; no, it was that old fool of a servant, Jenny; she has been stunning my ears these two hours about you, and mother Redcap.

Mrs S. Mother Redcap! me and mother Redcap?—an old fool, indeed—that couples such a respectable middle aged comely woman as myself, with such a besom-ridden witch. But, come, my pretty neighbour, tell me what you are weeping about, and then let Dame Ursula alone for a cure.

Marg. Nay, an ye be so wise, Dame Ursula, and can cast nativities as you profess, you'll not need me to tell what I ail?

Mrs S. Nay, then give me thy pretty hand,—I see brave lines here;—pleasure and wealth, and such equipages as shall shake Whitehall.—Oh! have I touched you, and smile you now, my pretty one.—Aye, truly; why should he not be Lord Mayor?

Marg. Lord Mayor?—Pshaw!

Mrs S. And why pshaw at my Lord Mayor?—Marry-come-up, and away with us!

Marg. Come, come, Ursula, do not be angry, and I'll tell you the truth.—I've fixed my mind upon a nobleman—

Mrs S. A nobleman!—The maiden's crack'd!

Marg. Now hear me.—A few evenings since, as I was returning home, accompanied only by my maid, I was accosted rudely by some men in masks, who would have forced me away with them, had not my cries attracted a young and gallant stranger, in the Scottish garb, who came to my assistance, and freed me from the danger.

Mrs S. But how discovered you his name?

Marg. I saw him at the house of George Heriot, my god-father, and he's no other than the Lord Glenvarloch.

Mrs S. Marry, Heaven forfend! this is the very devil, and something worse!

Marg. How mean you?

Mrs S. Why, know ye not what enemies he has at Court? You had better make your bridal bed under a falling house, than think of young Glenvarloch.

Marg. He is unfortunate—I knew it—I divined it—there was sorrow in his voice when he said even what was gay—there was a shed of sorrow even when he smiled—he had not thus clung to my thoughts had I seen him in all the mid-day glare of bright prosperity.

Mrs S. Romances have crack'd her brain!—She's utterly distraught—loves a Scotch lord, and loves him better for being unfortunate. Mistress, I am sorry, but this is a matter in which I cannot serve you.

Marg. How, Ursula! you dare not be so base as to desert me now you have drawn the secret from me. All I request of you is, to inquire what brings this young nobleman to Court.—But come, Ursula; here is a ring of value in pledge, that when my fortune is in my own hands, I will redeem the token with fifty broad pieces of gold.

Mrs S. Gad-a-mercy, you are a generous girl,—not but you are heartily welcome to my services without fee or reward.

Marg. Oh, yes; and now serve me, Ursula, and that is but an earnest of the future kindnesses that I

will do for you.—I have heard, by accident, that he lodges in one—John Christie's,—a ship-chandler,—near Paul's Wharf.

Mrs S. Well, lady-bird, your accidental information seems pretty accurate.—A ship-chandler's, near Paul's Wharf;—truly a proper lodging for a young baron.—But cheer up, Mrs Margaret, he'll mend his fortune, or he comes not northward.—Fare you well.—Ere four-and-twenty hours have passed, you shall have tidings of me.—Fare you well.

Marg. Farewell; and heaven assist you. [*Exit.*

Mrs S. So, so, my pretty maid,—sits the wind in that quarter?—Glenvarloch was it that crossed our plan, and saved you from Dalgarno?—The devil speed him;—a beggarly supplicant;—this shall to my friend, Master Andrew Skirliewhitter.—No, no, I'll none of Glenvarloch.—Dalgarno pays like a prince; and if my wits fail not, his shall ye be fair Mistress Margaret. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*The* KING'S *Private Apartment.*—KING JAMES *discovered reading.*

Enter MAXWELL.

Max. Master Heriot, so please your Majesty—(*advancing nearer.*)—Master Heriot, so please your Majesty—(*still advancing, and louder.*)—Master Heriot—

King. Hoot, hoot, man; why need ye bawl sae loud?—Master Heriot? admit him *instanter*, Maxwell. Have ye harboured sae lang in the Court, and no learned that gold and silver are every where welcome.

[*Exit* MAXWELL.

Enter GEORGE HERIOT.

King. Weel, Jingling Geordie, what new clattertrape hae ye brought us to cheat your lawful prince out o' his siller?—Eh?

Heriot. Heaven forbid that I should come for such disloyal purpose.—I have brought a piece of antique plate for your Majesty's inspection.

King. Body o' me, man, let's see it;—let's see it, Heriot.

Enter MAXWELL, *with a Piece of Plate.*

Ah! I see wisdom, virtue, valour, and learning upon it, vera appropriate to oursel,—vera adequate, and vera becomin.—And wha's handy-work may it be, Geordie?

Heriot. It was wrought, and please your Majesty, by a famous Florentine—Benvenuto Cellini; and the price one hundred and fifty pounds, if it please your Majesty to make present payment.

King. A hundred and fifty pounds, man! and as mony witches and warlocks to raise them.—My saul, Jingling Geordie, ye are minded that your purse shall jingle till a bonny tune.—How am I to tell you down one hundred and fifty pounds, when ye ken that my vera household servitors, and the officers of my mouth, are sax months in arrear?

Heriot. I shall be happy to wait your Majesty's convenience,—the money lying at the ordinary usage.

King. Spoken like an honest and reasonable tradesman, Geordie. We maun get anither subsidy frae the Commons, and then make ae compting of it. So awa' wi't, Maxwell,—awa' wi't.—(*Exit* MAXWELL *with Plate.*) And now we are secret, my gude auld friend, Geordie, I do truly opine, that the hail wisdom o' Scotland left it, when we took our travels southland here.

Heriot. The wise, Sire, naturally follow the wisest.—But may I ask your Majesty, how our countrymen have incurred your Grace's censure

King. They are a' gane daft, man,—frantic,—clean brain-craz'd. I canna keep them out o' the Court, by a' the proclamations that my heralds roar themselves hoarse wi'. Yesterday, nae farther gane, just as we were mounted, and ready to ride forth, a real Edinburgh gutter-blood,—a ragged rascal, every dud upon wha's back was biddin' gude day to the ither, wi' a coat and a hat that wad serve for a pease bogle,—thrust into our hands some supplication about debt, owing by our gracious mither; whereat the horse spangs on end, and but for our admirable sitting, Geordie, wherein we are

thought to excel maist princes in Europe, as well as subjects, I promise you, we had been laid end-lang alang the causeway.

Heriot. Your Majesty is their common father, and therefore they are the more emboldened to press into your gracious presence.

King. I ken I'm *Pater Patriæ* weel enough; but that's nae reason they should squeeze my puddings out, and divide the inheritance. Od's death, Geordie, there is not a loon amang them a' can deliver a supplication as it suld be done, in the face of Majesty.

Heriot. I wish I knew the most beseeming method of doing so, that I might instruct my poor countrymen in better fashions.

King. By my halidome, ye are a ceevelized fallow, Geordie; a ceevelized fallow; and I carena if I fling awa' as muckle time as may teach you. Bring me my chair. Gang farer that way, Geordie.—First, then, you shall approach the presence, shadowing your een wi' your hands thus.—Vera weel, Geordie, that's done in a comely manner.—Come nearer, now, Geordie,—nearer now. Then, Sir, ye shall kneel, and mak as if you would kiss the hem o' our garment, or our shoe-tie.—Very weel enacted, Geordie;—very weel indeed.—Whilk we, as willing to be debonair and pleasing towards our lieges, prevent thus, and motion you to rise.—(HERIOT *attempts to rise, the* KING *prevents him.*)—Dinna be in sic a hurry, Geordie; whilk haeing a boon to ask, as yet you obey not, but gliding your hand into your pouch, bring forth your supplication, and place it reverentially in our open palm.—HERIOT *places* NIGEL'S *petition there.—The* KING *starts up.*)—What means this, ye fause loon?—Hae I been teaching you the manual exercise, that you suld present your piece at our ain royal body, and in our very cabinet.

Heriot. I hope your Majesty will pardon me acting the lesson you have condescended to give me, in behalf of a friend.

King. Get up, Geordie;—ye're a' gane daft!—Thou art a faithful servant, and were it for thy own behoof, man,—but for a friend;—Lord save us!—these friends come by hundreds, ilk ane after anither.

Enter MAXWELL.

Max. So please your Majesty—

King. Sir, it disna please me!—Gang into the anti-room wi' your lang lugs.—(*Exit* MAXWELL.)—Cocks-nails!—Geordie, but we believe we lived happier in auld Holyrood than here. *Cantabit vacuus.* We had little to care for—nae petitions there; for, body o' me, I had naething to gie.

Heriot. Yet does your Majesty remember the awful work we had to collect silver vessails and gold work, to make some show before the Spanish ambassador?

King. Vera true,—vera true, Geordie;—and I mindna the name o' that Lord that lent us every unce he had in his house?

Heriot. I think if your Majesty would condescend to glance your eye over that paper, you will recollect the name.

King. Aye!—sae ye say, man.—Glenvarloch! Glenvarloch!—that was his name indeed;—I mind him weel.—*Justus et tenax propositi*, which you may render, Geordie, a just man, but as obstinate as the vera deevil.—Glenvarloch!—My Lord Huntinglen o' the Court here, and he were bitter foes; but I made them cross palms thegither on that memorable and blessed day, the nineteen o' September, when I feasted the feudal lords, and made them a' join hands in our presence.—It was nae sma' sport, Geordie, to see how the carles girned as they clappit loofs thegither. By my saul, I thought some of them, mair especial the Hieland chiels, wud hae broken out in our ain presence. But we caused them to march hand in hand to the Cross o' Edinburgh, ourself leading the way, and there drink a blythe cup o' kindness wi' each ither, to the staunching o' feud, and the perpetuation o' amity.—Auld John Anderson was provost that year;—the carle grat for joy; and I declare, the very bailies and councillors danced bare-headed in our presence, like five-year-auld colts.—Glenvarloch!—aye! a braw fellow that,—he lent us siller.

Heriot. Of which, Sire, his son now begs payment.

King. Od's death, man! what need he dun us? I

mind the thing.—That's enough between prince and subject!—We're not *in meditatione fugæ*, Geordie!

Heriot. But his extreme necessities compel him.—He is in danger of losing his estate for less than half its value, in virtue of an unredeemed wadset.

King. Heaven's bread, man! that maunna be.—We maun suspend the diligence, by writ, or favour, or otherwi s——

Heriot. An it please your Majesty—the Scottish lawyers say there is no remedy but paying the money.

King. Od's fish! that's what thae fellows always say.—Ye maun try the city, Geordie.

Heriot. I am afraid that the city's funds at present are but low.

King. And our Exchequer is as dry as Dean Giles's discourses.—*Ex nihilo nihil fit.*—Geordie, it's ill takin' the breeks aff a wild Hielandman.—Them that come to me for siller, maun tell me how to come by it.—The city—the city—ye maun try the city, Geordie,—and dinna think that ye're to be ca'd Jingling Geordie for naething.—Dinna haggle about terms,—get me the loan, and *in verbo regis.*—I'll pay the lad;—and between you and me, Geordie, the brave auld estate o' Glenvarloch shall be redeemed.—But wherefore comes not the lad himsel?—Is he comely?—Is he presentable in the presence?

Heriot. No one can be more so, Sire; but then——

King. I understand, Geordie!—*Res angusta domi,*—puir lad—puir lad.—His feyther had a right true leal Scotch heart.—Hark ye, Heriot, let the lad hae twa hundred punds to set him out: and, here, take this carcanet o' Balas rubies as the pledge,—ye've had them often enough before, ye auld Levite that ye are.—I'll gie the money the next subsidy.—Why do ye hesitate?—The deil's in your nicety, Geordie; may not a king's word serve for twa hundred punds?

Heriot. Yes, and please your Majesty, but not for detaining the crown jewels.

King. You are as preceese as a Puritan in form, but a mere Nullifidian in the marrow o' the matter.—But, come, follow me, and let the Glenvarlochides appear at court *instanter.* Oh, Geordie, Geordie,—is it no hard,

that nane o' ye ever come to me but *ex proposito*.—each man to see how muckle he can mak out o' his loving sovereign?—Follow me, Geordie. [*Exit.*

Heriot. Now, then, to conduct Nigel to the royal presence, while the King's in a humour to feel for his distress. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*St James's Park.*

Enter LORD DALGARNO *and* ANDREW SKIRLIE-WHITTER.

Dal. Talk not to me, thou paltry knave! In all thy tribe unmatched as rogue, as thief, and liar.—But take heed,—thou had'st better parley with the devil himself than with Dalgarno.—Did'st thou not swear to me, that Margaret Ramsay should be mine, and has she not escaped? But I deserved no better; as the man says in the play, "What had I to do to trust such a dish of skim-milk with so honourable an action?

Andrew. Nay, nay, my noble Lord, bethink yourself; if a first attempt has failed, a second may succeed.

Dal. A second? No, slave! the falcon which I trust again must hold the partridge which he pounces on;—but thou,—thou tallow visaged, thick-pated rogue, must give the leading of the plot to that bully Colepepper, who fled at the first stroke from a city prentice—who signs himself——

Andrew. Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch.

Dal. What say'st thou!—Glenvarloch!

Andrew. The same, my Lord;—he was the gallant who rescued Margaret.

Dal. Wretch! Glenvarloch here! and I kept ignorant of his arrival?—'Sdeath, villain, if thou play'st me false——

Andrew. Be patient, my good Lord; I knew not of it till this morning, when my old patron, Master Heriot, gave me a paper to copy fairly, which I found was a petition to the king for payment of some monies due by his Majesty to the young Lord Nigel.

Dal. Death and distraction!—Nigel intend to force his way into the royal presence, to claim the money due on his estate.—If he succeeds, I'm lost;—if he redeem the mortgage which I gave to Buckingham, my hopes are crushed, and the once proud Dalgarno becomes the scorn of courtiers, and prey of debtors.

Andrew. Nay, nay, hear me, my Lord.—Should the petition be presented, with your interest at the Court, you may well delay the time, till millions would be vain to wrest the lands from your possession.

Dal. Well bethought of:—on Buckingham I can depend.—Leave me, sirrah, leave me.—Stay,—secure those papers, and have them ready.—When I require them, I will send for them.—(*Exit* ANDREW.)—Now then, to the Court.

Enter MAXWELL.

Max. My Lord, your servant.—What news to-day?

Dal. Nothing extraordinary, I believe, Master Maxwell.

Max. Indeed! Then your Lordship has not been at the Court to-day.—Indeed, your honoured father has been expressing an anxious wish to introduce you to an ancient friend.

Dal. A friend, Sir; of whom speak you?

Max. It was a pleasing sight to see your worthy and respectable father reconciling, and presenting with his own hand, Nigel, Lord Glenvarloch, to the King's own Majesty.

Dal. Did my father?—Did the Earl of Huntinglen do this?

Max. By my word did he; and his Majesty was pleased, most graciously, to grant some petition, as I think, of the Lord Nigel's, respecting some lands—a mortgage.

Dal. Confusion! By whom was Nigel conducted to the presence?

Max. By his true friend, Master Heriot; and who, as I learn, had in some measure forestalled his Lordship's suit.—But here they come.

Enter GEORGE HERIOT *and* NIGEL.

Nigel. To yourself, and the unexpected interposition of Lord Huntinglen, I owe entirely this sudden condescension of his Majesty. My petition has been granted, ere I dared anticipate its inspection.

Dal. Honoured and renowned Master Heriot, your very humble slave and servant.

Heriot. Too much courtesy, my Lord, is often the reverse of kindness.

Dal. I merely meant, Master Heriot, by my homage to entreat your protection. You are become, I understand, a solicitor of suits,—a promoter of pennyless men of quality.—Have the goodness to introduce me to the notice of the high-born nobleman who is honoured and advantaged by your patronage.

Nigel. If you mean *me*, my Lord, I *am* honoured by the patronage of Master Heriot; for he's a man deserving of the worthiest note. If you would insult me, do it through myself alone.

Dal. Hey-dey, what passion is this? Why, this is King Cambyses' vein. I fear, young gentleman, you have frequented the theatres too much of late.—Nay, nay, good Master Heriot, flush not; let your pupil go and feed upon soup and sallad, and drink succory water, 'twill cool his blood, then go to bed at sunset, and defy the foul fiend.

Nigel. Insolent!—I wear a sword, shall vindicate my cause, and punish your presumption.

Max. My lords!—my lords!—let me remind you that the royal park is no place to quarrel in.

Nigel. I will make my quarrel good, wherever I meet my enemy.

Dal. Does the churl mean to frighten me with the torrent of loud words? You shall have quarrelling enough, my fiery spark; but let us choose another time, and fitter place.

Heriot. Nay, nay, my Lord, consider the danger;—to draw in the royal park, is an insult offered to the king himself.—The punishment is dreadful.

Nigel. No form shall teach me to endure unmerited

insult. Though a subject, I am not a slave; and I should but disgrace my king and country tamely to submit to such unmerited contempt. Draw, my Lord, if you have the courage to defend yourself!—(*Draws.*)

Dal. If I have the courage!—Were not this place sacred—

Nigel. (*Strikes* DALGARNO.) Coward!

Dal. Your life, Sir, your life shall answer this.—(*Draws—they fight.* HERIOT *and* MAXWELL *interfere.—Guards, &c. rush in from all quarters.*—LOWESTOFFE *enters, and forces off* NIGEL.)

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*A Tavern in Alsatia.*

DUKE HILDEBROD, CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER, TRAPBOIS, HEMPSEED, QUILL, BUCKLE, *&c. discovered drinking.*

Cole. Bravo! ha, ha, ha! bravo, most noble duke.

Hild. Thanks, thanks, my valiant lads of the dice, the sword, and the bottle!—My true Alsatians, who can stride, swear, and swagger, with any gentleman, let him come from what quarter of the compass he will.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Hild. Gentlemen, both civil and military, for, thank Heaven, our society embraces gentlemen of all denominations; and has had its changes and revolutions, like greater kingdoms.—Our traditions and records, speak of twenty revolutions within the last twelve years, in which the state has completely changed from absolute despotism to republicanism; not forgetting the intermediate stages of oligarchy, limited monarchy, and even gynocracy; for I myself (shame to our manhoods be it spoken,) remember Alsatia governed for nearly nine months by an old fish-wife.

All. Oh!

Cole. Ay, so please your most noble and magnificent Grace;—after her deposition we came under the dominion of a broken attorney, who dissolved our courts of equity, and established the civil law.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Cole. He was dethroned by a reformado captain, who, trying to establish a monopoly of ale and tobacco, was deposed, and succeeded by our present most noble, most magnificent, and unlimited monarch, Jacob Hildebrod, Duke of Alsatia.

Hild. (*Rising.*) Whom Heaven long preserve!

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Hild. Gentlemen, civil and military—Captain Colepepper has designated me your unlimited monarch; but, no, I disclaim such tyranny—and I do hereby convene this present assembly into a permanent, and most honourable council of state, who shall regularly meet for their morning's draught at seven o'clock—convene a second time at eleven for their *ante-meridean*, or whet, and assemble in due conclave at the hour of two afternoon, and then sit with patriotic anxiety, consulting for the good of the public, and drinking at the public expense, for the better government of this mighty kingdom, till midnight.

All. Ha, ha, ha!

Hild. When all shall separate, and meet again in the morning, *in statu quo ante bellum.*

All. Bravo! bravo!

Hild. But peace, my noble hearts, here comes Reginald Lowestoffe of the temple, a freeman of this province,—and with him a stranger, I perceive.

Enter Reginald Lowestoffe *and* Nigel.

Easy chairs and large flaggons for the gentlemen.

Lowes. No, no; ere we proceed to the more solemn ceremony of drinking, to aid which, I hereby in my friend's name, order a gallon of Rhenish—

All. Bravo!

Lowes. I have to request his admittance to the benefit of sanctuary, and other immunities of Alsatia, as a

grand compounder; here tendering his double fee of matriculation.

Cole. Upon what grounds claims he his freedom?

Hild. We are not entitled to demand the same, seeing he hath laid down his garnish, he is entitled to our protection.

Cole. (*Starting up.*) Word of denial—sovereign duke—word of denial—

Hild. On thy allegiance, stop thy clapper; it shall be so.—Freedom of speech you all shall have, but don't make too free.—(*Breaking his pipe over* COLEPEPPER'S *head.*) Fetch me the ducal register.

Nigel. Must I endure this mummery? Fortune! Fortune! whither wilt thou lead me?

Hild. What is his name?

Lowes. Master Nigel Graham.

Hild. Master Niggle Grim.—Stand forward Master Niggle, and hear your register.—

"Your suppliant, by name,
The bold Niggle Grim,
For fear of mishap,
From a shoulder tap;
And dreading a claw
From the talons of law,
That are sharper than briars:

His freedom to sue,
And rescue by you—
Through weapon and wit,
From warrant and writ,
From bailiff's hand,
From tipstaff's wand,
Is come hither to Whitefriars.

Fetch me pen and ink. (QUILL *brings them.*) Now, some one write, Master Niggle Grim's name. (QUILL *does so.*) Here, that's my signature. (*Makes a large cross with his pen on the paper.*)

Lowes. I know it is the custom of this old and honourable republic——

Hild. What, republic?

Lowes. Limited monarchy,—I crave your grace's pardon,—to consider all their proceedings over a proper allowance of liquor.

Hild. But it has not yet been settled, what are the limits.

Lowes. And as it is the same thing to this honourable conclave, whether they drink first and determine afterwards, or whether they determine first and drink afterwards, I propose, your grace, with the advice of your wise and potent senators, shall pass your edict, granting to mine honourable friend, the immunities of the place, and assigning him a lodging, whereupon I will presently order you a rundlet of Rhenish, with a corresponding quantity of neats' tongues, and pickled herrings, to make you all as glorious as George-a-Green.

All. Hurra!

Hild. Bravely spoken, Master Lowestoffe.—Trapbois, to you I assign the entertainment of Master Niggle Grim.

Trap. Aye, aye, upon a just consideration.—

Hild. O, certainly, most cautious.—Now, then, to administer the oath, and then adjourn to the pickled herrings.

SONG AND CHORUS.

By spiggot and barrel,
  By bilbo and buff,
Thou art sworn to the quarrel
  Of the blades of the huff;
For Whitefriars and its claims,
  To be champion or martyr,
And to fight for its dames,
  Like a knight of the garter.

—(*The* ALSATIANS *all march off, following* DUKE HILDEBROD.—NIGEL *and* LOWESTOFFE *go off on the other side with* TRAPBOIS.)

SCENE II.—*An apartment in* TRAPBOIS' *house.*

Enter TRAPBOIS, NIGEL, *and* MARTHA TRAPBOIS.

Trap. Your honour's welcome to Alsatia;—your honour shall want for nothing here, upon a due consider-

ation.—Martha, (*Beckons her aside.*) Martha, do you think that he looks like an honest man?—what think you?—Do not harbour him an he look not honest.

Martha. For shame, father; for shame.—Master Grahame, 'tis best to be plain with you at once;—my father is an old—a very old man, and his wife, somewhat weak. For myself, I am a lone woman, and care little to see or converse with any one.—If you can be satisfied with house-room, shelter, and safety, you shall have them, and that's a bold word in this unhappy quarter; but if you seek deferential observance and attendance, I tell you at once, you will not find them here.

Nigel. I am not wont to thrust myself upon acquaintance, madam, or give trouble; nevertheless, I shall need the assistance of a domestic, to assist me to dress; perhaps you can recommend me to such.

Martha. Yes, to twenty; who will pick your purse while they tie your points, and cut your throat while they smooth your pillow.

Trap. I will be his servant, for a due consideration.

Martha. By your leave, Sir, it cannot be agreeable to a daughter to hear a father speak thus.—If you are really a gentleman, let me shew you to your apartment.

Nigel. Can there be danger in the assistance of a serving-man?

Martha. Young gentleman, you must know little of Whitefriars, to ask such a question.—Look round you.—Can a castle be better guarded?—yet bolts, and all these defences, are too weak to protect our lives from the murderous blood-hounds, attracted by the unhappy report of my poor father's wealth.

Trap. Speak not of that, or I'll beat thee—beat thee with my staff.—I am but a poor man,—a very poor man, that am willing to do any honest turn upon earth for a modest consideration.

Martha. Therefore, be warned of the life you must lead.—The poor charewoman will assist you; but the wise man is his own best servant and assistant.

Nigel. It is a lesson that I thank you for, and will study.

Martha. You will do well; and as you seem thankful for advice, I, though I am no professed counsellor

of others, will give you more.—Lead the way, father, lead the way. (*Exit* TRAPBOIS.) Make no intimacy with any one in Whitefriars;—borrow no money, on any score, especially from my father; for, dotard as he seems, he will make an ass of you.—Last, and best of all, stay here not an instant longer than you can help it.—

Re-enter TRAPBOIS.

Trap. What say you, Martha?

Martha. Come, Sir, let me shew you to your chamber. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in* HERIOT'S *house.—The* LADY HERMIONE *discovered sitting at a Table.*

Enter MONNA PAULA.

Monna. Lady, Mistress Margaret Ramsay would speak with you.

Hermoine. Conduct her to me. [*Exit* MONNA.

Enter MARGARET RAMSAY *and* MONNA PAULA.

Leave us, Monna Paula.—(*Exit* MONNA.)—Come hither, Margaret, and sit beside me.

Marg No; I'll stand thus, under your favour, lady.—I had rather you heard me without seeing me.

Hermione. In Heaven's name, Margaret, what can you have to say, that may not be uttered face to face, to so true a friend as I am.

Marg. I've done very wrong, lady, and you'll be very angry with me, and so will my dear father;—but I cannot help it,—he must be rescued.

Hermione. HE! maiden;—that little word does in some shape explain your blushes. Who is it, Margaret, to whom you have thus rashly attached yourself;—for rashly I fear it must be?

Marg. It is the young Scottish Lord Glenvarloch, Madam.

Hermione. The young Lord Glenvarloch!—you are distracted.

Marg. I knew you would say so:—another person has told me so:—all the world will tell me so.—Indeed I've sometimes been inclined to tell myself so;—but it cannot be helped. Look at me, lady; for I will now come before you, and tell me if there is madness or distraction in my look and word, when I repeat—I have fixed my affections on this young nobleman.

Hermione. If you would avoid misery, Margaret, match with your equal.

Marg. Oh, you're quite right, Madam, but my love is unfortunate.—He has drawn upon a nobleman in the Royal Park, and I fear is now in——

Hermione. In prison?

Marg. Oh, no, no, Madam, worse,—in the sanctuary at Whitefriars—they speak of a warrant from the Lord Chief Justice.—This I know, and yet I cannot rescue him;—cannot rescue him, without your help, lady.

Hermione. My help, maiden?

Marg. Yes; a small sum will ensure his safety.—With two hundred pounds he could escape to his own country.

Hermione. And you would accompany him?

Marg. Now Heaven forgive you for the unjust suspicion, lady.—No, I shall never see him more; but I shall have saved him,—and that thought will be happiness for ever.

Hermione. Margaret, you are about to do a generous action; but, mark me, whatever may be the danger of the Lord Glenvarloch, you must not peril either fame or person in this rash attempt.—Young and artless like yourself, I became the wife of a villain, who deserted me in a strange country.—I have since been blessed with affluence.—Serve this young lord; but, oh, Margaret, look for no gratitude in return.

Marg. No, lady, I look for no recompense, but the rapture of having saved him.

Hermione. Come, Margaret, you shall have this money, but must act by agency,—nor deign to mingle in any enterprise unbefitting your sex or character.—Come, Margaret. [*Exeunt.*

Enter GEORGE HERIOT, LORD DALGARNO, *and Officers.*

Heriot. Nay, nay, my Lord, I pray you stand back. —This house is mine, my Lord; and however humble its possessor, its rights shall not be invaded with impunity.

Dal. Master Heriot, the mistaken condescension of his Majesty, has made you of late strangely forget your station.

Heriot. My Lord, when men of power forget the respect which is due to the humble, they must not wonder that the humble sometimes forget to honour them according to their rank.

Dal. Base trafficker! these sneers become you not. I am empowered to search the house.—Lord Nigel, as you well know, lies here; if I condescend to back the investigation is my concern, I have the king's warrant for my conduct;—therefore stand back.

Heriot. My Lord, this house is my castle; and till I peruse the warrant, I will not stir a step.

Dal. Dare you dispute my word?—Force open the door!

Heriot. My Lord!—my Lord!—stay, and not disgrace your rank by an act of such baseness. Lord Nigel is not here; but if you dare to persist, the best of you shall have cause to repent his usage of George Heriot.

Dal. Another word, and with my own hand, I'll—(*Rushes up, and forces open the door, and discovers* HERMIONE *and* MARG.)—Death and confusion, Amelia!

Hermione. Gracious Heavens! my husband!

Heriot. Your husband, lady!

Dal. 'Tis false,—the ravings of a maniac. I know her not.

Heriot. Unhappy man! like an ill blight you wither all around you; but doubt not, you shall repair her wrongs.—Avoid disgrace by penitence.

Dal. Silence!—Dost thou make terms with me;—to bend and cringe behind a vile impostor.—This is some cunning wile to stop my search after your favourite, Nigel. But tremble, Heriot; dare not to protect that

woman, or advance her cause, nor tempt the vengeance Dalgarno will inflict. [*Exit, followed by* OFFICERS.

Marg. Look up, lady, he's gone. Look up, 'tis Margaret speaks.

Hermione. Oh! how have I deserved this usage?

Heriot. Come, lady, to your chamber.—Margaret, go with us; and doubt not but the king will right you.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An apartment in* DALGARNO'S *house.*

Enter LORD DALGARNO *and* ANDREW SKIRLIE-WHITTER.

Dal. A thousand curses light upon you all.—Amelia is returned.—Didst thou not, villain, for whose assistance I have so dearly paid—didst thou not swear that in Genoa she breathed her last, and now she rises like a fiend, to blast my hopes for ever.

Andrew. Nay, patience, my noble master, and list. The marriage by which you gained possession af Amelia was a false one; therefore a little bravery clears you there.

Dal. Well, base hound; but Nigel has escaped my vengeance. The mortgage over his estate, which you obtained to gratify your hatred, will shortly be redeemed; upon the warrant granted by the king, Heriot will obtain the money;—and Nigel emerge from his concealment, and defy my power.

Andrew Yet hear me. The hare is more within our toils than ever.

Dal. What mean you?—Speak.

Andrew. That bully Colepepper, now harbours in Alsatia; and from him I learn one Grahame has taken refuge there.

Dal. Well, Sir, proceed; your eye speaks more than your tongue.—Be plain, Sir; I comprehend you not.

Andrew. Indeed!—What if Grahame should be an assumed name?

Dal. It is,—it is Glenvarloch. This instant I will de-

nounce him to the king, and tear him from the covert he has chosen.

Andrew. Be patient yet, my Lord;—rashness will lose what caution will secure. The warrant granted by the king, without the which, no money can be raised, or mortgage be redeemed within the time, must be with Nigel. Heriot has it not, I know; and also know that he is ignorant where Nigel is concealed.

Dal. Trifle not, Sir,—trifle not with me. Say boldly at once what you do propose.

Andrew. To secure that warrant, and the land is yours. I know the house that Nigel stays in, and the old miser it belongs to.—The night is dark, and should the worst occur—should Nigel fall, 'tis but an Alsatian brawl.

Dal. Thou double villain! Wouldst thou counsel me to murder?

Andrew. Your Lordship strikes not the blow.—But if the blow be not struck, Heriot will find out Nigel,—redeem the land,—and make your Lordship's fortune something worse than nothing.

Dal. Distraction! fiends!—I know not how to act. I am within the toils, and cannot 'scape.—Haste! haste! secure those papers before Nigel leaves the sanctuary. My trusty Lutin, on whom I can depend, shall aid you. Haste, I say; and, at any price, save me from the snare which now surrounds me.

Andrew. Fear not, my Lord.

Dal. Begone, I say. (*Exit* ANDREW.)—Fear not!—Oh it is the curse of guilt to fear most, where most compelled to trust—Besides, what surety have I for this caitiff's tale? May he not prove as false to me, as for my gold he has done to others? The warrant once in his possession, how are my fortunes bettered?—the knave will make his bargain of it, and laugh at me with impunity. What can I do?—But one course remains; disguised as Lutin, I myself will follow, and, with my own hand—Oh, how am I debas'd—thus forc'd to league with wretches I despise;—but when Dalgarno forgives an injury, or forgets revenge,—then let him be branded as a slave and coward. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—NIGEL's *apartment in* TRAPBOIS' *house.*

NIGEL *discovered reading.*

Nigel. How disgraceful it is to be thus compelled to herd with bullies, and with outlaws; to share the abode of the veriest wretches in nature:—An abode, which, while it offers an asylum, gives my own assent to the blot cast upon my name and honour, by the mistaken notions of a strange country.—Lowestoffe, I see has sent my trunk.—(*Opens it.*) Aye, here is the royal warrant; and, fortunately, my pistols.—(COLEPEPPER *enters behind, starts, and exit.*) What noise is that?—(*Rain heard.*)—'Tis but the storm without. Ah! my faithful Ritchie! were you but here I should not want a friend. —(*Sits.*) Come, once more for reading. This desolate and gloomy chamber, but increases the bitter melancholy of my thoughts.

TRAPBOIS. (*Without.*) Murder! Murder!

Nigel. Gracious Heavens! what mean those cries.

Enter TRAPBOIS *in his sleep, in great agitation.*

Trap. Martha, there are thieves in the house, and they will not speak to me.

Nigel. Perhaps you are mistaken.—Thieves!—Do not alarm yourself. Where are they?

Trap. Now they drag them from me—my gold—my ingots.—Save them,—hold them fast.—Help! help!

Enter MARTHA TRAPBOIS.

Nigel. What means this apprehension?

Martha. My father walks in his sleep, and his fears of robbers are so great, that he frequently wanders about the house in this way. You must not be alarmed.—(*Goes up to her father, and endeavours to arouse him from his stupor.*) Father! father! father!

Trap. Martha! Martha! Is it you?—Ha! ha! ha!

—Hush! I thought the kites were amongst us;—but I have—I have nothing to lose. I am poor, miserably poor!—

Martha. Come, father, let's away.—We prevent the gentleman from retiring to rest, and it is very late.—Come,—come.—(TRAPBOIS *retires up the Stage.*)

Nigel. Why not persuade your father to quit this place, since he is so apprehensive of his safety?

Martha. There's no safety for him in a quarter where the law could have its free course; and I would rather see him dead, than dishonoured.—(*Observes* TRAPBOIS *examining* NIGEL'S *box.*)—For shame, father! for shame!—Let's away.—(*Forcing him off.*)

Trap. E—Ere we go, Sir, you must know it is the usage of this sanctuary to pay the rent in advance.

Nigel. Oh, fear me not.—There—there are two pieces of gold.—Now leave me—I wish to be alone.—(*Sits, and takes up the book.*)

Martha. Nay, one piece, father; one piece in conscience is enough for the gentleman to advance. Take that back, Sir.—(*Throws one piece on the Table.*)

Trap. Daughter, are you mad!—are you mad!—the money's mine. He gave it me for a consideration.

Nigel. (*Hastily.*) Yes, yes.—I have paid the money, and want it not again.

Martha. Do with it what you please; but if you are fool enough to pay more than is reasonable, my father, at least in my presence, shall not be knave enough to take it.—Come, father, away.

Trap. Not without my money;—not without my money.—(MARTHA *forces him off.*)

Nigel. Miserable old man!—And yet 'tis from that very misery springs his sole happiness. This narrative, strange and shocking as it is, possesses interest. It teaches us how, lured by gold, revenge, irregular ambition, man, setting nature and humanity both at defiance, has broken into the very tabernacle of life. It tells how such deeds of blood have been discovered and revenged. The brutes of the field, the birds of the air have told the secret; the elements have conspired to reveal the deed;—and e'en the grave has yawned that the spirit of the murder'd man might call revenge.—

(TRAPBOIS, *who has re-entered during this speech, now removes* NIGEL'S *pistols.—He starts up and draws his sword.*)—Whence this intrusion? Old man, declare yourself.

Enter MARTHA TRAPBOIS.

Martha. For shame! your sword on a man of eighty years and more!—Is this the honour of a Scottish gentleman? Give it me to make a spindle of.

Nigel. Stand back—I mean your father no injury; but I will know what has caused him to prowl around my arms all night.

Martha. Your arms! Alas, young man, all the arms in the Tower of London cannot, by him, be compared to that piece of money which I threw on the table of a young spendthrift, too careless to put what belonged to him into his own purse.

Trap. It's mine,—it's mine.—I'll part with my life rather than with my property.—It's mine,—it's mine. He gave it me for a consideration.

Nigel. Let him have it, mistress, and leave me in quiet.

Martha. Well, well; I'll account with you for it—but be not so free with your money.—The view of it will bring the steel to your throat,—you understand me.—Once more, good night.

[*Exeunt* MARTHA *and* TRAPBOIS.

Nigel. She is right; and I will profit by her advice. A wise man is his own best servant and assistant.—Her looks are stern and forbidding, but a gnarled tree may bear good fruit, and a harsh nature may give good counsel. —(RICHARD MONIPLIES *enters cautiously, muffled in a cloak, advances, and taps* NIGEL *on the shoulder,—he turns suddenly round.*)—Again disturbed!—Who are you?

Rich. (*Throwing off the cloak.*) Richie Moniplies, at your service, o' Castle Collops, West Port, Embro'.

Nigel. Richie!—how, and whence came you?

Rich. Hush! that will be explanation hereafter,—but we havena a moment to lose.—Haste ye—I hae a

boat in readiness, and before morning you shall be safe.

Nigel. My faithful Moniplies.

Rich. There's mischief in the wind.—Hush! there are footsteps upon that stair!—What's to be done?

Nigel. There is another passage leads to the Court yard.—Aye—this.—

Rich. Then a's right as nine-pence.—Whisht! whisht!

[*Exeunt at a side door.*

Re-enter TRAPBOIS.

Trap. He has retired to rest, and fool-like has left his casket,—let me see—(*opens it.*)—Ha! here it is—a warrant on the Scottish Exchequer, granted to Lord Glenvarloch for forty thousand merks.—Ha! ha! ha! this is a consideration.—Lord Glenvarloch will redeem it at a glorious price;—this is balm to me!—this is balm to me!—(*Sitting down to examine the casket.*)—Let me see!—let me see!

Enter CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER *and* LORD DALGARNO *disguised.—They advance towards* TRAPBOIS.—DALGARNO *seizes the casket.*

Hold, thieves!—take my life rather, take my life!—(DALGARNO *stabs him—he falls.*—NIGEL *and* RICHIE *rush on.*—NIGEL *engages* DALGARNO, *who rushes out at the door.*)

Enter MARTHA TRAPBOIS.

Martha. Oh, heaven! they have murdered him!—(*Bends over the body.*)

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I.—*The Royal Park at Greenwich.—Hunting horns heard at a distance.*

Enter NIGEL *and* RICHARD MONIPLIES.

Nigel. How was it that you discovered my retreat, and so providentially preserved me?

Rich. Atweel, my lord, I'm no just free to tell ye;—but after yer clamjamfry in the Park, I wasna lang o' finding out yer retreat; and by the aid o' a bonny lassie, wha gied me the siller, and a stout 'prentice lad to row the boat, here ye are;—but ye maunna ask her name, for I've sworn upon the book, an' canna divulge.

Nigel. How shall I ever repay your generosity?

Rich. My generosity!—If I can trust the blink o' a bonny lass's e'e, she'll tak yer Lordship for a receipt in full. (*Horns.*)

Nigel. 'Tis the King.—He is come here to see them chase the hart.—Ritchie, leave me for a while, I must speak with his Majesty.

Rich. What the deevil,—speak till his Majesty! why that will be rushing wilfully into danger:—scauding yersel, as Laurie Linklater wad say, wi' yer ain ladle.

Nigel. It signifies not talking of it, my good friend, I must take my risk;—my honour peremptorily demands it.—They may maim me, or beggar me, but they shall never say I fled from my accusers.—(*Horns nearer.*)—The King approaches;—pray leave me.

Rich. Then I maun gang, I suppose;—ye ken the auld saw—a wilfu' man.—Fareweel.—(*aside*)—I'll awa to Mistress Martha Trapbois, and her crinkum crankums.—Fare-ye-weel, my lord;—(*aside*)—but if I'm no mista'en, I'll see the King as weel's yer Lordship.

[*Exit.*

Enter KING JAMES.

King. Deil ane o' the lazy loons was in at the hart kill-

ing but mysel.—It was a bonny beast,—three inches o' white fat upon the brisket,—prime!—prime!—(NIGEL *advances, and kneels to the* KING, *who turns suddenly round, and appears somewhat alarmed.*)—And wha may ye be, freend?—ye're nane o' our train.—In the name o' goodness, wha the deevil are ye?

Nigel. An unfortunate man, sire.

King. I daur say that, or I wad hae seen naething o' ye. My lieges keep a' their happiness to themsels—let but the bowls row wrang wi' them, and I'm sure to hear o't.

Nigel. And to whom else can we carry our complaints, but to your Majesty, who is heaven's vicegerent over us.

King. Right, man, right;—vera weel spoken. But, od's death! ye sald leave the vicegerent some quiet too.

Nigel (*Throwing off his cloak.*) If your Majesty will deign to look on me, you will see one whom necessity makes bold to avail himself of an opportunity which may never again occur.

King. Glenvarlochides himsel! as sure as I am christened Jamie Stuart.—Here's a bonny spat o' wark, and me alane, and on foot too.

Nigel. (*Placing himself between the* KING *and the entrance.*) Forgive me, that I detain your Majesty;—hear me but a moment.

King. I canna hear ye now, man.—I'll hear ye best on horseback.—I canna hear ony body on foot,—and it's no seemly to stand cheek for jowl, confronting us that way.—Bide out o' our gate, now, we charge ye, on yer allegiance.

Nigel. By that crown which you wear, and my ancestors so oft have defended—worthily fought for, I conjure you to be composed;—hear me but a moment.

King. Od's, life, we shall be assassinated by this desperate—avaunt, sirrah!—We are a free king, and will not be controlled by a subject.—Hillo—ho—ho—

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, MAXWELL, *Attendants, Huntsmen, &c.*

Buck. What is all this?

King. What is it? It is treason, for what I ken, or for a' you care, Steenie! I might hae been murdered!

Buck. Murdered! Secure the villain! By heaven, it is Olifaunt himself! (NIGEL *is secured.*) Are you wounded, my liege,—are you wounded?

King. No that I ken o',—no that I ken o';—but search him—search him.—I'm sure I saw fire-arms under his cloak.—I'm clean sure o' that.

Max. (*After having searched* NIGEL, *produces two pistols.*) Look here, my lord.

Buck. Away with him!

King. Aye, awa' wi' him;—I've had enough o' him. But do him nae bodily harm. [*Exit* NIGEL, *guarded.*

Buck. Let me see these pistols.—(*Endeavouring to ascertain if they are loaded.*)

King. Dinna meddle wi' thae snaphances, Steenie; they may gang aff o' their ain accord, whilk aften befalls;—and for Heaven's sake, put up your dirks, swurds, and skeans. I'm reckoned as brave as maist folks; yet I profess to you, I could never look on a bare blade, without blinking and winking. There canna be a waur prospect for a lawfu' king, wha wishes to reign in love, and die in peace and honour, than to hae naked swurds flashing in his e'en.

Buck. I profess neither love nor favour to the young man; but I cannot but imagine that your Majesty was something hasty in apprehending personal danger from him.

King. By my saul, Steenie, ye are na blate to say sae. Do ye think I dinna ken the smell o' powther? Wha nosed out the gun-powther plot, think ye? I puzzled it out, when ye were a' at fault like mongrel tykes; and trow ye that I canna smell powther?

Enter Officer and Guards, bringing in MARGARET RAMSAY, *disguised in male attire, prisoner.*

What the deevil's in the wind now?—Mair treason!—My certie, a king's nae sinecure.

Officer. So please your Majesty, we found this youth behind a thicket. We questioned him, but could obtain no answer.

King. Whence, and what are ye, my mannie?

Marg. An unworthy creature kneels before your Majesty, and humbly hopes you will graciously condescend to peruse these papers.

King. I'd's death! Petitions spring up like mushrooms.—What's this? Supplication for the Lord Glenvarloch.

Buck. Search the boy,—he too may be armed.

King. Hout, tout, tout; stand back, stand back—(*To the Guards.*)—Hand, hand, Steenie! ye're daft. Let him alane.—Come here, my—my mannie.—(*Looks into* MARGARET'S *face frequently during this speech, and always turns away smothering a laugh*) The Glenvarlochides shall ha'e fair play;—and, indeed, now the hurry's ower, we dinna think he meant aught ill against our royal person; and touching his ither offences, we will look closely into the matter. But for yoursel, my mannie.—Come here, some o' ye, tak that laddie to my lady—(*Whispers Officer*)—and say, our royal self will be there *instanter*.—Gang awa', my mannie, gang awa'.

Marg. Heaven bless your Majesty! and may you never know the sorrow I have endured; and long may you be spared to reign in peace, and impart felicity. Heaven bless your Majesty!

[*Exit with Officer and Guards.*

King. It's my maist royal opinion, that that laddie's a lassie. This Glenvarloch seems to hand a' our subjects in tow against us.—Petitions rise like mushrooms. Now for the ither paper.—What's this?—(*Reads.*)—"The Lord Dalgarno—villainy—Hermione." 'Sdeath! Steenie,—this Dalgarno, though a friend o' yours, is, I fear, nae better than he should be. But justice shall be done.—Steenie, my man, here's matter for your heeding. Haste, you wi' us.—Maxwell, send for the Earl o' Huntinglen;—say he maun speed. (*Exit* MAXWELL.) This is a bonny spat o' wark indeed! The deevil's in thae English;—they heap a' upon my shouthers. In Scotland, Steenie, they settle a' these matters themsels;—a dirk and a claymore, and my Majesty may gang whistle.—But here, whate'er gangs wrang, the puir king maun pay the piper. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An apartment in* DALGARNO'S *house.*

Enter LORD DALGARNO *and* ANDREW SKIRLIE-WHITTER.

Dal. Nigel arrested,—accused of seeking the king's life,—imprisoned in the tower. Fortune! I thank thee,—my vengeance is complete.

Andrew. Not quite, my Lord. Heriot has found some easy friends, and has redeemed the mortgage.

Dal. Shallow-baited fool! This rash attempt dooms Nigel to the scaffold,—his lands reverting to the crown;—doubt not my interest will secure the property. Now mighty Master Heriot, how vain will be all your endeavours to wrest the lands from my possession.—(*A knock without.*) How now,—who's there?

Andrew. 'Tis Maxwell from the court. I live in fear.—

Dal. So will not I.—Retire, coward, and wait your orders. [*Exit* ANDREW.

Enter MAXWELL, *with Papers.*

Now, your errand, Master Maxwell?

Max. This warrant from his Majesty demands your lordship's presence in the Chapel Royal, for the purpose of reuniting yourself, by a lawful marriage, to the Lady Hermione.

Dal. And am I—Dalgarno—to become the tool of a capricious—

Max. Pray hold, my lord, I can go no further than my office; which obliges me to state, that unless you stand ready to obey the commands, not only of your sovereign, but also of your honoured father, my Lord of Huntinglen, you must consider yourself an exile from the presence, and this country too, for ever.—This paper, by his Majesty's command, I leave for your inspection; and further add, the king expects your lordship speedily. [*Exit.*

Dal. And hangs on such a thread the favour of his Majesty?—Be compelled to marry her?—Never! ne-

ver!—How would the summer flies that buzz around the Court laugh to see the proud Dalgarno, who revelled in the fairest smiles of beauty, forced to a marriage which his heart abhors; and all to indulge the caprices of a doting monarch. Let's see, what says the record? —Aye, wealth indeed to gratify the veriest miser that e'er—what do I see?—do not my eyes deceive me?—It is here—Hermione is mine.—Yes, proud beauty, this record secures thee mine, though a thousand superior beauties lay prostrate at my feet. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Apartment in the Tower.*

Enter GEORGE HERIOT *and* MARGARET RAMSAY.

Heriot. Ay, ay, my lady; come hither, and tell me how it was I found you in Lord Nigel's apartment?

Marg. Alas, and well-a-day! it was against my will, god-father.

Heriot. Will me no wills, lady.—What brought you to the Tower here?

Marg. Alas! and if I must speak the truth, I went to Greenwich this morning with Monna Paula, to present a petition to the king on the part of the Lady Hermione. Monna Paula was afraid to go alone, and so I assumed this dress to be her guard.

Heriot. Yes; her guard!

Marg. And when we got there, there was a cry of murder and treason raised. Monna Paula ran one way, and I ran another.—The guards ran after us, and they caught me, and took me before the king, who sent me here, and here I am, god-father.

Heriot. And a pretty devil's dance you have made of it, god-daughter; but tell me, maiden, did the Lady Hermione know of this fair work of yours?

Marg. Oh, no; not a word. She thought one of our apprentices went with Monna Paula.

Heriot. And why went he not, forsooth?

Marg. (*Hesitating.*) He was otherwise engaged.

Heriot. And think ye the king knew what you were when he sent you here?

Marg. I don't know; but he looked at me, and smiled at me, and winked at me, very oddly. I know not what to think.

Heriot. Gad's-life! had it been his grand-father, the Red Tod of Saint Andrews, as Davie Lindsay used to call him; by my faith, I should have had my own thought of the matter: but our royal master, Heaven bless him, is baith douce and temperate. Could not the Lady Hermione have waited my time?—Ah, woman! he needs a double stock of patience, who meddles in your affairs. But come away, my pretty Peg-a-Ramsay, and let me consign you to your father. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in St James's.*

Enter GEORGE HERIOT *and* MAXWELL.

Heriot. Through your good offices, Master Maxwell, I must see the king.

Maxwell. His Majesty is now in close conference with a strange man; but having given orders for your admittance, I will inform him. [*Exit at door in centre.*

Heriot. Thankye.—So Nigel, tells me, that in this Alsatian brawl, the royal warrant has been lost. If so, farewell then to the fair lands of Glenvarloch,—frith and forest,—lake and stream.

Enter KING JAMES *from centre door.*

King. Ah! Jingling Geordie, ye ken a' the privy doings o' our court, and hae done sae these thirty years; but, by my saul! the warld grows waur and waur every day.—This business o' the Lord Dalgarno, and your freend, the Lady Hermione, beats a'.

Heriot. Thinks your Majesty that his Lordship will do that lady justice?

King. Troth, man, he was like to brazen us a' out Steenie, Baby-Charles, and our haill council, till I spak o' the tocher; and when I shewed him the schedule o' her warldly substance, as ye ca'd,—by my kingly crown, he lap like a cock at a grossart; and e'en now, my Lord Bishop o' Winchester, is making them ane, tho' Heaven

help the bride o' sic a harden'd villain as Dalgarno.—O! but, Maister Heriot, if we aright remember, we opignorated to you certain jewels o' the crown, for a certain sum of money lent.—Did we, or did we not?

Heriot. Indisputably, your Majesty was pleased to do so.

King. Weel, Sir,—weel, Sir, I propose restoration o' the sum lent, and I demand to be repossess'd o' the jewels so opignorated, or laid in wad.

Heriot. I call heaven to witness, that I am totally harmless in this matter, and that I would willingly lose the sum advanced, so that I could restore those jewels, you so justly prize.

King. 'Sdeath, man! are we to suffer the loss o' our precious *cimelia?*

Heriot. All strict search has been made, may it please your Majesty.—So please you, the person with whom they were pledged has been murdered,—his daughter has fled with all his wealth,—hue and cry has been sent out every where, and it has been found impossible to recover them.

King. Difficult you mean, Geordie,—difficult.

Heriot. Impossible, your Majesty.

King. Difficult, Sir; for look there, Jingling Geordie!—(*Shewing the jewels.*) Ha! ha! ha!—By my saul, the man looks as if he took his native prince for a warlock! we that are the very *malleus maleficarum*, the contunding and contriturating hammer o' a' witches, sorcerers, magicians, and the like.—I declare he thinks we are taking a touch o' the black art oursel.—(RICHIE MONIPLIES *laughs without.*) Tod Lowrie, come out o' yer den!

Enter RICHIE MONIPLIES, *Laughing immoderately.*

But whisht, man,—whisht!—Ye needna nigher that gait, like a courser at a caup o' corn.

Rich. Aye, just look at them, Maister George, they're a' right and tight, sound and round.

Heriot. So please your Majesty, this is Richie Moniplies.

Rich. O' Castle Collops, West Port, Embro'.

Heriot. A mere domestic.—This money can never be honestly at his disposal.

Rich. And what for no, Maister George Heriot? Do ye think naebody should spraickle up the brae but yourse1?

King. Weel said, Tod Lowrie!—Geordie, ye're sae damnably ready wi' ye're gold ends o' wisdom, and sae deevilish backward wi' ye're gold ends o' siller, that I was determined to hae a hair i' your neck.—Geordie, your ain cloak was thin enough when you cam here, my man; though you hae lined it gay and weel now.—Ha! ha! ha!

Rich. Ha! ha! ha!

King. (*To* RICHIE.) Whisht!—whisht! Sir. Speak out, my man, speak the truth, and shame the de'il.—Are ye possessed o' plenary powers to dispose of the redemption money, as to delay of payment, or the like?

Rich. Full power, an it like your Gracious Majesty; trusting that your Majesty's grace will be kind to me in ae sma' favour.

King. Ou aye, the auld terms;—plack for plack, eh? umph!

Rich. Ou aye, just giff gaff,—niffer for niffer, yer grace.—The owner o' these monies places them at your Majesty's command, free o' a' pledge or usage, as lang as it is your royal pleasure, hoping your Majesty will condescend to show some favour to the noble Lord Glenvarloch.

King. How, sir! how, sir!—Sell our justice! sell our mercy! and we a crowned king, sworn to do equal justice to a' our subjects.—But, that ye're a puir ignorant body, I wad gar them rin a red-het airn through your tongue *in terrorem* o' ithers.—Awa' wi' him, Geordie;—pay him plack an' bawbee out o' our monies that ye hae in your hands, and let them care that come ahint.—(*Retires up the Stage.*)

Heriot. Master Moniplies, you improve in your sifflications.

Rich. Never fash your thumb about that, Maister George Heriot; but tell me when and where I am to sifflicate you for eight hundred pounds sterling, for which these jewels stand engaged?

Heriot. When you bring me the right owner of the money, Sir; whom it is important that I should see, on more accounts than one.

Enter MAXWELL.

Max. My Liege, his Grace of Buckingham has sent me to inform your Majesty, that the nuptial ceremony of the Lord Dalgarno, and the Lady Hermione, is concluded; and that they now attend your Highness' pleasure.

King. Bid them attend me here. Heriot, remain;—your presence may be wanted. For that fellow, Maxwell, awa' wi' him! awa' wi' him!

Rick. (*To* MAXWELL.) I attend you. Weel, plague on ye, Maister Heriot, for a cunning auld skinflint. But de'il be in me, if I be nae even wi' ye yet.

[*Exit with* MAXWELL.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *the* EARL OF HUNTINGLEN, LORD DALGARNO, *and* LADY HERMIONE.

Hermione. Most gracious king! accept the tribute of an injured woman, whom your commands have saved from misery. Heaven bless your Majesty!

King. Ye are wedded then?

Dal. Aye, my liege; and still I could caper though in fetters. Well, I see all eyes look cold on me, and it is time I should withdraw. The sun shines elsewhere than in England. But first I must ask how this fair lady is to be bestowed? Perhaps within the palace of his grace of Buckingham.

Buck. My Lord Dalgarno—

King. Whisht! Steenie;—whisht!—We'll hae nae barn's breaking here.

Dal. Or, as before, this worthy citizen—

Hunt. Hold thy ribald tongue.—The Lady Dalgarno shall remain as a widow in my house:—A widow as much esteemed, as if the grave had closed over her unworthy husband.

Dal. If you, my Lord, can wish me dead, I cannot, though your heir, return the compliment. Few, per-

haps, can say as much. But I will convince you ere I go, that I am a true descendant of a house famed for its memory of injuries.

Buck. I marvel your Majesty will longer brook his insolence.

King. Whisht! Steenie;—whisht! Let's hear the frontless loon.

Dal. Only, Sir, that but for one single line in this schedule, all else that it contains could not have bribed me to take that woman's hand into mine.

King. That line maun hae been the *summa totalis* then.

Dal. Not so, Sire; though the sum total might have even moved your Majesty;—but it would have little charms for me, save that I see here an entry which gives me the power of vengeance over the family of Glenvarloch; and learn from it, that yonder pale bride, when she put the wedding-torch into my hand, gave me the power of burning her mother's house to ashes.

King. What's he making a' this din about, Jingling Geordie?

Dal. This friendly citizen here, hath expended a sum belonging to my lady, and now to me, in acquiring a certain mortgage, or wadset, over the estate of Glenvarloch; which, if it be not redeemed before to-morrow at noon, will put me in possession of the fair demesnes of those who once called themselves our house's rivals.

King. Is this a fact, Geordie?

Heriot. I fear, your Majesty, it is too true.—The Lady Hermione having advanced the money for the original creditor, I was obliged, in honour and honesty, to take the rights to her; and doubtless, they pass to her husband.

King. But, odaflesh, man,—the warrant,—where's our royal warrant?

Heriot. It is lost, my liege!—it is not to be found.

Dal. You tell me newal but I will take no advantage.

Hunt. Do not be a bold villain, since thou must be one, and seek revenge with arms, and not with the usurer's weapons.

Dal. Pardon me, my Lord;—pen and ink are now my surest means of vengeance.—But, as I said before, I will take no advantage.—I will await in town till noon to-morrow: if any one will pay the redemption money to my scrivener, with whom the deeds lie, the better for Lord Glenvarloch; if not, I travel with all dispatch to the north, to take possession.

Hunt. Take a father's malison with you, unhappy wretch!

King. And a king's too, wha is *pater patriæ*.

Dal. I must submit to my fate, and shall bear both my burdens lightly. The sun shines elsewhere than in England, and exile though I may be, I shall still carry your Majesty's picture with me; for, go where I will, I shall never again see such another king. [*Exit.*

Hunt. Will your Majesty permit us to retire? Come, my daughter, retire with me, and we will seek that peace above, which fate denies us here.—[*Exit with* LADY HERMIONE.

King. (*Wiping his eyes.*) Puir thing!—Puir thing!—she's nigh demented, or she wad hae kenn'd that a man that cou'd wrang a bonnie lassie wadna stand upon trifles. But, Geordie,—ha! ha!—when I heard Steenie there laying doun the law about the sin o' dissimulation—(*The* DUKE *hearing his name mentioned, advances towards the* KING, *who lowers his voice.*)—and lecturing on the crime o' incontinence, de'il hae our royal saul, but I couldna help thinking on the auld Scotch proverb, "Satan reprovin' sin." Whisht, Geordie, whisht!—(*Patting the* DUKE *on his back.*)—Come awa', Steenie;—come awa', my man.—Come awa'.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I.—SKIRLIEWHITTER'S *Office.*

ANDREW SKIRLIEWHITTER *and* WILLIE *discovered at a table.*—SKIRLIEWHITTER *looking over papers.*

Andrew. There is no outlet which law can suggest—no back door of evasion? None.—And if the lands of Glenvarloch are not redeemed before it ring noon, Lord Dalgarno has them a cheap pennyworth.—Willie, what's o'clock.

Willie. Half after eleven has chappit some time, sir.

Andrew. Go to your desk without.—(*Exit* WILLIE.)—The Whitefriars was a profitable business—Dalgarno paid richly;—but it has become unsafe since then.—That villain, Colepepper, too, I fear him.—Hark! what noise was that? When the death of that old villain, Trapbois, comes into my head, I can scarcely hold my pen.—Willie!

Enter WILLIE.

A cup of distilled water.

Willie. Ou ay, Sir. [*Exit.*

Andrew. If men should see me in this way?—

Re-enter WILLIE *with a glass, gives it to* ANDREW *and exit.*—ANDREW *drinks.*

—So, now, I can face the devil.

Enter RICHARD MONIPLIES, LOWESTOFFE, *a* TEMPLAR, *and two Porters, bearing bags of money, which they place upon the table, and exeunt.*

Rich. Can ye? If ye can face the deevil, Maister Skirliewhitter, ye'll be the less likely to turn your back on a sack or twa o' siller, whilk I hae ta'en the freedom to bring ye.—Sathanas and Mammon are near a-kin.

Andrew. I—I—I cannot guess what you mean, Sir.

Rich. Then I'll tell ye. I've just brought you the redemption money o' the Glenvarloch estates; and here, in good time, comes Maister Reginald Lowestoffe, and anither honourable gentleman o' the Temple, to be witnesses to the transaction.

Andrew. I—I incline to think that the term is expired.

Rich. But I'm inclined to think, that ye're nae better than ye suld be.—It wants a quarter o' an hour by every clock in the city.

Andrew. I must have time to examine the money by tale and weight.

Lowes. Aye, do so at your leisure.—We have already seen the contents of each sack told and weighed, and we have put our seals on them. There they stand in a row, twenty in number, each containing three hundred yellow hammers.—We are witnesses to the lawful tender.

Andrew. Gentlemen, I pray you abate your haste.—Let me send for Lord Dalgarno—or rather, I will run for him myself.

Rich. (*Intercepting him.*) The de'il a fit ye's gang, my man. Maister Lowestoffe, keep the door fast.—In plain terms, Andrew, ye may send for the deevil if ye will, wha', I take it, is the mightiest lord o' your acquaintance, but from hence ye stir not till ye hae answered our propositions, by rejecting or accepting the redemption money lawfully tendered.—There it lies,—tak it, or leave it, as you like. I ken the law is mightier than ony lord in Britain, and see that ye dinna trifle wi' it, or it may shorten yer lang lugs for ye.

Andrew. Nay, gentlemen, if you threaten,—I cannot resist compulsion.

Lowes. No threat at all, a little friendly advice only; you forget, honest Andrew, that I have seen you in Alsatia.

Andrew. Gentlemen, I will sign the receipt.—Remember, I take the money on your report.

Rich. Write, ye fause loon! write.—(ANDREW *writes.*)

Andrew. I have insisted neither upon tale nor weight—if I suffer loss——

Rich. Sign, or I'll throttle you—

Andrew. Should there be deficiency——

Rich. Sign, you deevil's limb you, sign.—(ANDREW *signs.—The clock strikes twelve.—He endeavours to regain the receipts, but* RICHIE *prevents him.*) Weel banged brave hammers!—Gude luck to the chiel that made you, and lang life to the Lord Glenvarloch!

Lowes. Fillip his nose with a gold piece, Richie.—Take up the papers, and now wend we merrily to dine thou wot'st where.—

Rich. Weel, Maister Lowestoffe, let's awa'.—(*As they are about to exeunt.*)—

Enter LORD DALGARNO.

Dal. How, now, sirrah! whom do you follow at present?

Rich. Whomsoever goeth before, my Lord.

Dal. No sauciness, you knave;—I desire to know, if you still serve Nigel Olifaunt?

Rich. I am a freend to the noble Lord Glenvarloch,—and a gude freend, if ye kend a'.

Dal. Then tell him, sirrah, I travel northward tomorrow, by Enfield Chace; and shall linger a while by Camlet Moat.—He knows the place; and if he be aught but an Alsatian bully, will think it fitter for some purposes than the Park. He is, I understand, at liberty, or shortly to be so. If he fail me at the place nominated, he must seek me in Scotland, where he will find me possessed of his father's estate and lands.

Rich. Humph!—There are twa words to that bargain. I shall do yer errand, my Lord.—(*Aside.*) Whilk is to say, the deevil a word he shall hear o't frae me. Gude day, my Lord; and I wish ye lang life to enjoy the lands o' Glenvarloch.—[*Exeunt* RICHIE, LOWESTOFFE, *and* TEMPLAR.

Dal. (*Observing* ANDREW *sitting at the table lost in fear.*)—"The devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon!" as the man says in the play; "where got'st thou that goose look?" What! hast thou not a word of oily compliment to me on my happy marriage?—not a word of most philosophical consolation on my disgrace at court?

Andrew. My lord, I am glad;—that is, I am sorry—

Dal. Glad and sorry! That is blowing hot and cold with a witness. Hark ye, you picture of petty larceny personified, I am to-morrow northward hoe! At four, afternoon, I am to be at Camlet Moat, in the Enfield Chase. To-night, most of my retinue set forward.—The papers!—the papers!—Come, dispatch.

Andrew. My lord, the—the papers of the Glenvarloch mortgage—I—I—I have them not.

Dal. Have them not! Hast thou sent them to my lodging, thou varlet? Did I not say I was coming hither?—(ANDREW *points to the bags.*)—What mean you by pointing to that money? What villainy have you done for it? It is too large to be honestly come by.

Andrew. Your lordship knows best;—it is your own—it is—it is—

Dal. (*Seizing him.*) Not the redemption money of the Glenvarloch estate! Dare not say it is, or I will, upon the spot, divorce your pettifogging soul from your carrion carcase!

Andrew. My lord, my lord, for mercy's sake! It was the law's act, not mine; what could I do?

Dal. Doest ask? Why, thou snivelling dribblet of damnation, were all thy oaths, tricks, and lies spent? Thou shouldst have lied, cozened, outsworn truth itself, rather than stood betwixt me and my revenge! But mark me. I know more of thy pranks than would hang thee.

Andrew. (*Aside.*) And then how fares your lordship? Come, my lord, storm not thus at your faithful servant. All that art and law can accomplish, I will try.

Dal. Well, well, take that money hence.—But, no; I will not trust thee. Send me this gold home presently to my lodging. I will still forward to Scotland, and it shall go hard but that I hold out Glenvarloch castle against the owner, by means of his own ammunition.

Andrew. And would not your Lordship desire a fair partner on your journey?

Dal. What mean you?

Andrew. How, my Lord, is Margaret Ramsay quite banished from your thoughts?

Dal. Margaret Ramsay!—what of her?

Andrew. Simply this, my Lord,—that aided by my trusty agent, Mrs Suddlechop, if you direct your course by Charing, you may chance to find the maiden in old Hempseed's cottage.

Dal. Can it be possible?—How hast thou effected this?

Andrew. Know, then, 'twas Margaret's agency that rescued Nigel from Alsatia;—'twas she presented the petition, which caused your hated marriage, and now deceived by honest Mrs Suddlechop, and your faithful Andrew—'tis Margaret hastens to old Hempseed's cottage, there to devise new schemes to aid Glenvarloch. Meantime, I have devised some papers from which it will appear Nigel contrived her flight.

Dal. 'Sdeath! My challenge to Nigel will interfere with this;—but no,—all else shall be sacrificed for revenge on this fair one.—Then remember, the hour was passed ere payment was tendered,—and see thou hast witnesses of trusty memory to prove that point.—Now, Northward Hoe, my horse there—knaves my horse.

[*Exit.*

Andrew. How am I shackled!—How throw off this vindictive fiend, who knows my practices too well to spare me, should I dare refuse him.—How cursed is my lot, just when fortune smiled upon me, to have this spend-thrift lord, come like a storm, and blast my sunshine.

Enter CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER,—*he strikes* ANDREW *on the shoulder, who starts up.*

Is it you?

Cole. Who else should it be?

> "Thou son of parchment, got betwixt the ink-horn
> And the stuff'd process-bag,—that mayest call
> The pen thy father, and the ink thy mother,
> The wax thy brother, and the sand thy sister,
> And the good pillory thy cousin allied.—
> Rise, and do reverence unto me, thy better."

Andrew. Not yet down in the country, after every warning!—Do not think your grazier's cloak will bear you out, Captain,—no, nor your scraps of stage-plays.

Cole. Why, what would you have me to do? Would you have me starve?—If I am to fly, you must eke my wings with a few feathers.—You can spare them, I think. Besides, you were as deep in as I.

Andrew. Not so, by heaven! I only thought of easing Glenvarloch of some papers, and a trifle of his gold,—and you took the old man's life.

Cole. Who undid the private bolts of the window when you visited him in the morning? So satisfy yourself, that if I am taken, I will not swing alone.—Pity Jack Hempsfield is dead—it spoils the old catch—

> "And three merry men, and three merry men,
> And three merry men are we,
> As ever did sing three parts in a string,
> All under the triple tree."

Andrew. For heaven's sake speak lower.—Is this a time or place to make your midnight catches?—How much will serve your turn?—I tell you I am but ill provided.

Cole. You lie.—One of those bags will do for the present.

Andrew. I swear to you, that these bags are not at my disposal.

Cole. Not honestly, perhaps; but that makes little difference betwixt us.

Andrew. I swear to you, I must pay them over to the Lord Dalgarno, and he is Northward Hoe within this hour.———But I meant nothing.

Cole. Thou liest.—I saw thee pause like a setting-dog.—Thou wilt say as little, and make as sure a sign, as a well-bred spaniel.

Andrew. All I meant to say, Captain, was, that his servants go by Barnet, and he himself talks of resting at the cottage of old Hempseed.

Cole. Aha! Comest thou to me there, my boy? Why, this is better than cock-fighting!

Andrew. I see not how it can advantage you, Captain; but, however, my lord cannot ride at a fast pace, his page rides the sumpter horse, which carries all that weight.—Dalgarno looks sharp to the world's gear.

Cole. And others look as sharp, Master Andrew.—Let me see;—Black Feltham, and Dick Shakebag.—We shall want a fourth.—I love to make sure, and the booty will stand parting;—besides what I can bucket them out of.—Give ye god-den, ere to-morrow you may hear news. [*Exit.*

Andrew. More blood! more blood!—I thought to have done with it.—But this time there was no fault with me—none;—and then I shall have the advantage. If this ruffian falls, there is a truce with his tugs at my purse-strings.—If Dalgarno dies, as is most likely; for though he is as much afraid of cold steel, as a debtor of a dun, this fellow is a deadly shot behind a bush.—Then am I in a thousand ways, safe—safe—safe.—

[*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Street.*

Enter RICHARD MONIPLIES, LOWESTOFFE, *and* TEMPLAR.

Lowes. Will you deliver this challenge of Dalgarno to the Lord Glenvarloch?

Rich. Na, na, my man; I received it wi' a mental reservation, that I wad in nae way peril my ain true lord wi' siccan a scrapegrace; besides, he is na out o' the Tower yet. His Majesty has pardoned him for the assault upon his ain gracious person, but there is still muckle stir about that collishangy in the Park there.

Enter MAXWELL, *and Officers.*

Max. Friends, can you direct me to one Master Andrew Skirliewhitter, a scrivener, hereabouts?

Rich. Troth, can we, sir; and a precious knave he is!

Max. You may say that, friend. I have a warrant against his person, and that of the proud Lord Dalgarno, for being accessaries to the murder of old Trapbois.

Rich. Say ye sae?—Then I'se alang wi' ye. I hae some interest in that same Trapbois, and will direct you to the scriviner.—Just stap out, and we'll follow.—(*Exeunt* MAXWELL *and Officers.*)—Lowestoffe, will ye alang?

Lowes. Aye, to be sure; for a dinner, or a fray, a true templar is always ready.

Rich. And I was born and bred where cracked crouns are plentier than haill anes. By my certie! for a bicker, or a collishangy, there's nane can match the lads o' Auld Reekie. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*Interior of* HEMPSEED'S *Cottage.—A large window, through which the moon is seen.*

Enter HEMPSEED.

Hemp. What devil's deed has Dalgarno now in hand? But it's easy to guess—bright eyes, black locks, and a fair cheek;—and it's also easy to guess why the maid is sent here, where a shriek would no more be heard, than at the depth of five hundred fathoms beneath the ground. (*Opens a side door.*)

Enter MARGARET RAMSAY.

Marg. Tell me, tell me in mercy, what is to be the conclusion of the violence that has forced me here? Oh, take ransom and have mercy! Gold will give thee pleasure, but to destroy me would only bring remorse. My father will satisfy your utmost wishes. Yet ere it be too late, have pity, and do not wrong a helpless, a broken-hearted creature.

Hemp. You plead in vain, young woman. You have to deal with those who have neither scruples nor pity. Farewell.—(*Going.*)

Marg. Oh, stay, stay; Your age,—your presence may be some protection.

Hemp. The presence of an angel would be no protection against Dalgarno.

Marg. Dalgarno!

Hemp. Aye, Dalgarno; even now his eye is upon you.—(DALGARNO *opens the door.*)—And even if I had the will, I possess not the power to save ye. His myrmidons are near; and though your promises are great, and might tempt a man not so needy as myself,—yet promises are but words—words but breath—and the performance—

Dal. (*Advances, and throws down a purse.*) Doubtful when delayed. There, take thy reward, and leave us.

Marg. No, no; do not leave us. For Heaven's sake do not depart!

Dal. (*Presenting a pistol at* HEMPSEED.) Another instant, and it is thy last. Obey my orders quickly, or fear my vengeance.

Hemp. You may repent this, haughty lord, ere long.

[*Exit.*—DALGARNO *bolts the door.*

Marg. In mercy speak, what is to be my fate? (*kneels.*)

Dal. Kneel not to me, fair lady; you are in the presence of your captive, and not your jailor. From those bright eyes Dalgarno must receive that doom, which you fear from him.

Marg. Oh, my Lord Dalgarno, what wouldst thou with me? There can be nought in common betwixt us. You are a nobleman, howe'er unworthy of the rank, is the deed you have now committed. I, the daughter of a lowly, but an honest man. Thy wife thou can'st not make me; and though thy insolence of pride and power may help to dazzle a weak woman's heart, never, so help me Heaven, shall the cheek of my parent be mantled with a blush!—Never shall the tear dim his eye, for the misdoings of his child!—Let me pass, my lord.

Dal. Well and bravely preached, fair lady.—Now hear me: I have hitherto spoken mildly. Provoke me, and my language shall be that of the conqueror. Weak as ye are, your cunning has dared to thwart my intentions; and by plotting with Hermione, made me thy deadly foe.—Note the result. Foiled, vanquished, you are now my prisoner; yet, forbearing to exert my power, if, under shelter of the night, you fly to Scotland,—wealth and unbounded pleasure shall be yours;—if you refuse, force shall obtain what you deny to my entreaties.

Marg. Stand back, my Lord,—stand back. My strength indeed you may subdue, for Heaven made woman weak, and trusted her defence to man;—but aloud I will proclaim thee to the world, and every noble shall hold thee in abhorrence, thou stain to knighthood!

Dal. Keen-witted girl!—strange that a heart so cold to me, should beat so warmly for Glenvarloch. Start not:—another lover might feel jealousy while he touched that string; but my purpose is not to be crossed by a passion so puerile—so hopeless. He is in my power, and ere this time surrounded by my emissaries.

Marg. Save him! save him!—In mercy save him!

Dal. I can,—I will!—But your love alone can purchase his protection. I am not the romantic fool, to avert the fate of him who stood between me and my hopes. Again I utter, in my hands is his fate. Consent, and Nigel lives,—refuse, he dies, and you not nearer to your freedom.

Marg. No, no, you do not mean it;—your intentions cannot be so cruel.

Dal. Flatter yourself with that hope till you find it fail. I hate Glenvarloch;—revenge is a banquet for the gods. Still shall it be mine, and thus by force—

Marg. Hold! hold!—mercy! mercy!—Is there no help? my screams—

Dal. Your screams are vain. Nor Heaven, nor man, can save thee now.—(*As he is rushing towards her,* COLEPEPPER *fires.—He falls dead.*)

Marg. Gracious Heaven! he is murdered!

Enter CAPTAIN COLEPEPPER, BLACK FELTHAM, *and* DICK SHAKEBAG.

Cole. Seize the girl, while I search for the money.—Feltham, fasten the door.

Marg. Merciful Heaven! for what am I reserved? In mercy let me depart.

Cole. No; be silent, and you are safe. But here must you abide, till my good friends and I are Eastward Hoe!—(*Horn without.*) What's that? Look out, Feltham.

Felth. 'Tis Hempseed's whistle. I hear the sound of many feet.

Marg. Ha! then succour's near.—Help! help!

Cole. Silence! or this shall—

Max. (*Without.*) This way! 'Tis down this path.

Rich. (*Without.*) Na, I'll gang down this gate.

Felth. There's no time to lose. Dead men tell no tales, nor women either.

Cole. I would not like to destroy the girl.

Rich. (*Without.*) I'm no right yet, I'm thinking.

Cole. They are at hand—it must be so. Let's strike ere she suspect us.—Do you the deed, Feltham. Since the last shot, my hand trembles—

Felth. And your heart too. No matter, I'll—(*As he is about to stab* MARGARET—)

Enter RICHIE MONIPLIES.

Rich. Stand back! ye damn'd scoundrel!—The first man o' ye that offers to wrang the bonnie lassie in my presence, deil hae me, but I'll crack his crown.

Cole. He is but one,—upon him!—(*As they are rushing upon* RICHIE, MAXWELL, LOWESTOFFE, *and Officers enter, who secure the robbers.*—RICHIE *knocks down* COLEPEPPER.)

Lowes. Bravo, Richie, man, there lies sin, felled like an ox.

Rich. It's no the first ox I've fell'd; but there's nae reason ye suld upbraid me wi' my up-bringing, Maister Lowestoffe.—But there's nae time to crack jests now,—Here's Lord Dalgarno murdered, and bonnie Mistress Margaret in a swoon,—haste wi' her to some safe place.—(MAXWELL *bears her off.*)—My freend Colepepper's mair frighten'd than hurt, but wull ye use yer shanks, or wull we try to mak ye.—(*The Officers raise* COLEPEPPER, *and bear him off.*)

Lowes. What will we do with his gay Lordship here,—at last he is quiet?

Rich. Then, dinna ye disturb him wi' yer irreverend jests.—He was the last o' an auld and honourable house; and wi' a' his fauts, was as brave as the very

deevil.—Here, help me to carry him frae this den.—(*They attempt to raise* DALGARNO'S *body.*)—Eh! he's a heavy load o' iniquity; so we'll leave him and auld cloutie to settle accounts wi' ane anither. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment in the Tower.*

Enter NIGEL, *reading a paper.*

Nigel. Justly they exonerate me from a charge of treason against his majesty, but still doom me to punishment for striking that villain Dalgarno, within the precincts of the court.—Well, my fortitude shall not desert me. (*Noise.*) What! new intrusion!

Enter GEORGE HERIOT.

—Ha! My good friend, Master Heriot!

Heriot. No courtesies to me, my Lord, I come not for them.

Nigel. What new offence have I committed?

Heriot. Demand me nothing, my Lord, but tell me at once, what is become of Margaret Ramsay? Where s she carried?

Nigel. Gracious heaven! come you to ask a prisoner of Margaret's safety?

Heriot. She's gone. One Mrs Suddlechop, who, it appears, has been your go-between, has lured her from the house of her father.—Affect surprise as you will, my Lord, 'tis true; and were you at liberty, I would allow you the odds of your youth, and make you deeply repent having injured the honour of George Heriot.

Enter KING JAMES, *the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, MAXWELL, MARGARET RAMSAY, *and Attendants.*

King. Jingling Geordie, how daur ye presume to put yoursel into siccan a damn'd passion! I'll allow naebody to be in a passion here but mysel! But tak yer god-daughter, safe and sound frae our hands, and then hear

yer ain true sovereign's lawfu' decision. This maiden petitioned in an honest way, for the Glenvarlochides.—A thought occurred to us, that we wad shut them up in the same prison cage thegither, and listen wi' our ain royal lugs to their discourse, my Lord Nigel.—The puir lassie's breaking her heart for you, man; she has suffered much to save you,—mair, Jingling Geordie, than ye ken o' yet.—Nigel, we feel that you deserve our love; and so, instead o' taking yer right hand frae ye, we allow it to remain *in statu quo ante bellum*,—adding this bonnie lassie inti' the bargain.

Nigel. (*Kneeling with* MARGARET.) My liege, never but with life, shall the gratitude of Nigel cease.

Rich. (*Sings without.*)

> "Here's a health to the King,
> Wi' his malmsey nose!"

King. My malmsey nose!

Rich.
> "Here's a health to the King,
> Wi' his malmsey nose,
> And his ale dripped hose—
> And sing hey ding-ading."

King. What the deevil's a' that din for?

Enter RICHIE MONIPLIES.

Heriot. Know ye the presence, sirrah?

King. Whisht! Geordie, whisht!—Why this is Moniplies!

Rich. O' Castle Collops, West Port, Embro'.—His Majesty kens me.

King. Troth do I freend, and reason has I,—for ye saved my balas rubies.

Heriot. Which were pledged with the murdered usurer, Trapbois.

King. But tell me, honest man, how you cam by these rubies,—tell me that?

Rich. Frae my ain true wife, wha now waits without to be presented to yer Majesty in her bridal gear.

King. Bring her before us.

Rich. What, ho! Mistress Moniplies! come into the sacred presence.

Enter MARTHA, *Dressed in Black Velvet, and* LOWESTOFFE.

May I sifflicate yer Majesty to be gracious unto her?

King. Saul o' our body! but she looks wondrous grim.—How the deevil did you come by her, man?

Rich. In the auld Scottish fashion, my liege. She is the captive o' my bow and my spear. There was a convention that she should wed me when I avenged her feyther's death,—so I went forth,—slew,—and took possession.

Martha. Peace! I prythee, peace! Let us do that for which we came.—(*Producing parchments.*) I take this royal presence, and all here to witness, that I restore the ransomed lordship of Glenvarloch to the right owner, as free as ever it was held by any of his ancestors.

Lowes. I, so please you, witnessed the redemption of the mortgage; but I little dreamt by whom it had been redeemed.

Rich. Nae need ye should; there wad hae been sma' wisdom in crying roast meat.

Martha. (*Giving a Paper to* NIGEL.) This paper is also your property.

King. Body o' me! Our sign manual for the money, which was sae lang out o' sight. I command ye tell me—

Rich. May it please yer Majesty, my deceased gudefeyther, though a gude carefu' man in the main, had a touch o' warldly wisdom about him, that at times marred the uprightness o' his walk. He liked to dabble amang his neebour's gear, and some o't wad at times stick to his fingers in the handling.

Martha. For shame! For shame!—Since the infamy of the deed must be told, be it at least briefly.—(*To* NIGEL.) Yes, my Lord; the piece of gold was not the

sole bait which brought the miserable old man to your chamber that dreadful night.—His object, and he accomplished it, was to purloin this paper.—The wretched scrivener was with him that morning, and I doubt not, urged the doating old man to this villainy, to prevent the ransom of your estate. If there was a yet more powerful agent at the bottom of the conspiracy, God forgive it to him at this moment, for he is now where the crime must be answered!

King. Where is that scrivener?

Max. My liege, he is in custody.—He it was, in hopes to save himself, directed us where we might find the Lord Dalgarno, and rescue this fair lady.—He also confesses the truth of what the usurer's daughter has advanced.

King. Why, man, now ye hae married sic an eldorado, ye suld be ca'd Monypennies, and not Moniplies.

Rich. The Monypennies is a fine family, my liege; the only loss is, there are sae few o' the name.

King. Troth, Mistress Bride, for a fule,—for a fule, your gudeman has a ready wit,—a very ready wit.

Martha. There are fools who have no wit, and fools who have, and are great fools notwithstanding.—I was condemned to seek a protector, and I thank heaven that I have come by no worse.

King. Sensibly said, Mistress Martha,—sensibly said;—and by my saul I'll try if I canna mak him better.—Kneel down, Richie,—Steenie, lend me your rapier,—hout, tout, man, dinna flash it out that gate, man, as if ye were about to rin it through me!—(*Putting the sword on* RICHIE's *left shoulder.*)

Buck. The right, your Majesty,—the right.

King. Ou ay, the right.—(*Strikes* RICHIE *awkwardly.*)—Rise up, Sir Richard Moniplies, o' the honourable house o' ——

Heriot. Castle Collops—

King. Ou ay,—Castle Collops.—Ha! ha! ha!

Rich. (*Strutting into a corner.*) West Port, Embro'.

King. And now, my lords and lieges, let's awa', and see what the cooks hae been doing for us; for I daur say, by this time, the cock-a-leekie's cooling.—But stop, Geordie; stop, my man.—We're a' fallible creatures,

Kings as weel as ither folks.—(*To the audience.*)—I hope our kind friends here will not only forgie mine, but a' the ither misdoings o' the night; and I trust they will tak our royal self, and the lieges here, under their most especial protection, in memory o' that freend to the ORPHAN and the FATHERLESS,

HONEST GEORGE HERIOT.

FINIS.

LEITH:
Printed by R. Allardice.

DRA

FROM

NOVELS, T

OF

THE AUTHOR OF

No.

PEVERIL OF

MISS S. BOOTH

AS

FENELLA

Drawn and Engraved for the National Drama by W. H. Lizars and
Published by James L. Hope 14 Infirmary Street Edinburgh 1832

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK;

A

MELO-DRAMATIC PLAY,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED ROMANCE OF THE SAME NAME,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

"If my readers should at any time remark that I am particularly dull, they may be assured there is a design under it." *British Essayist.*

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

MISS S. BOOTH

AS

FENELLA.

EDINBURGH:

PRINTED FOR JAMES L. HUIE,

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1823.

[redacted]

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED, 1823.

Charles the Second, King of England,	Mr. Denham.
George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham,	Mr. Pritchard.
The Duke of Ormond,	Mr. Gordon.
Sir Geoffrey Hudson,	Miss Clara Nicoll.
Sir Geoffrey Peveril,	Mr. Mackay.
Julian Peveril,	Mr. Bland.
Topham, Gentleman Usher of the Black Rod,	Mr. Mason.
Captain Selby,	Mr. Lee.
Jerningham, Valet to the Duke of Buckingham,	Mr. Miller.
Sampson, Steward to the Countess of Derby,	Mr. Boddie.
Lance Outram, Gamekeeper to Sir Geoffrey Peveril,	Mr. Murray.
Cutler,	Mr. Hillyard.
Mathew Chamberlain,	Mr. Weekes.
First Fisherman,	Mr. Ebsworth.
Second Fisherman,	Mr. Power.
Major Bridgenorth,	Mr. Faulkner.
Christian,	Mr. Calcraft.
Bertram, Confidant to Christian,	Mr. Duff.

Servants, Soldiers, Miners, &c.

The Countess of Derby,	Mrs. Renaud.
Lady Peveril,	Mrs. Eyre.
Alice Bridgenorth,	Miss Halford.
Deborah Debbitch,	Miss Nicol.
Dame Ellesmere,	Mrs. Nicol.
Dame Chamberlain,	Mrs. Mackay.
Marian,	Miss Rae.
Cicely,	Miss J. Nicol.
Nell,	Miss Eyre.
Madge,	Miss M. Nicoll.
Fe	Miss S. Booth.

PEVERIL OF THE PEAK.

ACT. I.

SCENE I.—*A romantic Brook in the Isle of Man, with the exterior of Black Fort, and distant view of Holm Peel Castle, bounded by the ocean.*

Enter several FISHERMEN, *and their* WIVES, &c.

First F. Well, neighbours, here has been a plot detected at the Castle, to murder the Countess of Derby; and one of the villains is in custody.

Second F. Ay, ay, neighbour wiseman; but let us away to our boats, and let it be a long pull, a strong pull, and a pull altogether.

GLEE.

Farewell, merry maidens, to sing, laugh, and reel,
We must dance in the waves with the porpoise and seal:
The breeze it shall pipe, so it pipes not too high,
And the gull be our songstress whene'er she flits by.

We will sing while we bait, and sing when we haul,
For the depths of the ocean have plenty for all:
There's turbot for gentlemen, and skate for the carl,
And wealth for bold Derby, both Countess and Earl.

[*Exeunt.*

MUSIC.—*Enter* JULIAN PEVERIL, *with a fishing-rod in his hand, followed by* DEBORAH DEBBITCH.

Deb. I tell you it must not be—times are altered—people are altered: it was all very well for you and Alice to play and romp together when you were children; but now you

are grown up 'tis quite another thing: so go your ways, go your ways, and don't think of transgressing in future.

Jul. Nay, Deborah, but where's Alice?

Deb. Where you will never see her, Master Julian; you may satisfy yourself of that—why can't you go somewhere else a-fishing? you'll be the death of me,—*(Fans herself.)*—that's what you will; for if Dame Christian should learn that *you* have chosen to make your visits to her niece, Mrs. Alice would soon be obliged to find other quarters, and so should I.

Jul. Come now, Mistress Deborah, be good-humoured; consider, was not all this intimacy of ours of your own making? did you not make yourself known to me the very first time I strolled up this glen with my fishing rod, and tell me you were my former nurse, and that Alice had been my little playfellow ere I left the Peak to pursue my education with the young Earl of Derby here, in the Isle of Man.

Deb. Well, and if I did renew our acquaintance, did I bid you fall in love with her? and then for you to hint at such a thing as marriage—at your age, too—while I—ugh!

Jul. Come, come, I know you will forgive me; thou wert ever the kindest, prettiest nurse in the world, and have said a thousand times Alice and I were born only for each other.

Deb. O! no, no, Master Julian, no, no, no; I may indeed have said your estates were born to be united; and sure enough they might be, were you to marry Alice Bridgenorth: but then you know there's the knight your father, and her father Major Bridgenorth, ready to cut each other's throats about church and state matters; then there's her old aunt, who watches us like a fox, and wears eternal black grogram for that unlucky Colonel Christian, who was shot by command of the Countess of Derby for rebelling against her supreme government here: ah, Master Julian, that's a matter not soon to be forgiven by the Christians or the Bridgenorths—your family is upon the warmest terms with the Countess here; you are her very page—d'ye think they forget that? begone; away, away; no longer must you come hither—its dangerous for you to do so. [Going.

Jul. *(Detaining her.)* Nay, but Deborah, sweet Deborah, you have never seen the ring I bought for you at Paris—I will put it on your finger myself—there, Deborah—wear it long in remembrance of Julian Peveril, your foster-son, whom you *once* loved so well, and took such care of.

Deb. *(Admiring the ring, and then giving him a kiss.)* Ah! you were a darling child! it signifies my denying you nothing—but then Miss Alice herself refuses to see you.

Jul. Is it possible?.

Deb. Yes, indeed: for when I saw you coming along the bank of the brook, with your fishing rod in your hand—here he is again, said I—then I must not see him, said she—and ran away, like a young deer, into her own bed-room, and bolted the door after her.

Jul. O! go to her, Deborah! only go—only try; tell her I have a hundred things to say,—tell her I have no doubt but we may yet be happy.

Deb. Nay, I assure you 'tis all in vain; she'll not see you.

Jul. Well, well, tell her I go,—go for ever,—go where she will never hear of me again—where no one shall hear of me again.

Deb. O! the father! what will become of Sir Geoffrey? and your lady mother? and me, and Alice, and all of us, if you go so far as you talk of? now I'll be sworn Alice likes you better than she says,—and I know she accustomed herself to sit and look the way you used to come up the stream, and ask me if the morning were good for fishing,—and all the while you were on the Continent, she scarcely smiled once, except when she got your two beautiful long letters.—O! I'm quite sure she loves you.

Jul. Once, indeed, I thought so; but as it is, farewell for ever!

Deb. Now don't be in such haste; I'll go up to her and tell her of your distress, and bring her down if 'tis in woman's power to do it.

Jul. My dear excellent Deborah! Heaven reward you for such kindness.

Deb. Come, come, cheer up; never yet faint heart fair lady won. *[Exit.*

Julian. May Heaven speed you.—Oh, Alice, let me gain your love, and blessed with such a prize, what should withstand my youthful ardour!

SONG.

For if no faithless action stain
  Thy true and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
  And glorious by my sword.

I'll serve thee in such noble ways
  As ne'er were known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with bays,
  And love thee more and more. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in Black Fort, antique windows and chimney-piece, over the latter the picture of a Cavalier with buff scarf, sword and bible, cropped hair, &c.*

Enter ALICE BRIDGENORTH.

Alice. Yes, Julian is here again; I must—I will stifle these emotions which rise in my bosom; notwithstanding Deborah's assertions, that circumstances may one day conspire to bless us, alas! when I reflect on the opposite principles of our parents, I feel convinced, that on the summit of madness only can I associate with hope; can I cherish ideas which may eventually not only wreck my happiness, but his peace.

SONG.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel,
  When hope shall be for ever flown,
No sullen murmurs shall reveal,
  No selfish murmurs ever own.

Nor will I through life's weary way,
  Like a pale drooping mourner move,
While I can think my secret tears
  May wound the heart of him I love.

Enter JULIAN PEVERIL.

Jul. Dearest Alice! to what am I to attribute this unlooked for coldness? why am I doomed to obtrude myself into that presence, to which, till this day, I was ever welcome?

Alice. Consistently with my duty, Julian, we have met too often; we must endeavour, if we would not be eternally wretched, to remember each other only as friends.

Jul. Beloved Alice, you overrate the impediments which lie betwixt us; they must, they shall give way.

Alice. I have no mother to intercede with my father, Julian; *no*, we can never become united. I am now convinced, that were I to acknowledge a passion mutual to the one you profess, it must be a hopeless one.

Jul. Major Bridgenorth, by my mother's account, is a worthy and an estimable man: let me know where to find him, Alice, and you shall soon hear I have not feared to plead my cause with him.

Alice. The information you require, Julian, is not mine to give—my father, you know, rarely visits this seclusion—his steps are secret, and his arrival always unlooked for.

Jul. Then, by heaven, I will watch his arrival on this island, and in this house; and ere he has locked thee in his arms, he shall answer to me on the subject nearest my heart.

Enter MAJOR BRIDGENORTH, *abruptly.*

Major. Then demand that answer now.

Alice. (*Sinking at his feet.*) Father! father! I am not to blame.

Major. (*Raising her kindly.*) Of that anon; meantime, my child, retire to your apartment: I have that to say to this youth which will not endure your presence.

Alice. (*Throwing her arms around him.*) O! do him no injury; he meant me no wrong.

Major. Go—go to thy own chamber—compose thine own passions—learn to rule these—and leave me to deal with this stubborn youth—(*He conducts her to the door,*

as Julian continues to gaze at her.)---You seeme
now, sir, anxious to learn where I was to be found.

Jul. Such—sir—was—was my wish, therefore
plied to Alice.

Major. Now known to you for the first time—an
to understand you?

Jul. *(Bashfully.)* By no means—I have been k
to your daughter for many years—

Major. And have long been attached to her.

Jul. Sir!

Major. Young man, think you that, the father
only child, I could have suffered Alice Bridgenorth
last pledge of one who is now an angel in heaven, to
remained in this seclusion, without the surest knowled
her material actions?

Jul. If then you have known of this intercourse so
may I not hope it has met your approbation?

Major. Had I deemed aught in your visits here
dangerous tendency, my daughter had long since
removed.

Jul. Then I may dare to—

Major. Nay, hear me: perhaps you know, that i
protector's time I was the antagonist of your father's
ciples, but not of his person.

Jul. I have ever heard that you had been my fa
friend and neighbour.

Major. Ay, when he was in affliction, and I in
perity, my services, my property was at his comma
how did he repay me? first by protecting from my
resentment the cruel Countess of Derby, at whose
mand the brother of my beloved wife was shot as a tr
in the court of Holm Peel Castle.

Jul. Had she thrown herself upon his protection—

Major. *(With more composure.)* These I recall n
the bitterness of my heart—yet to thee should they b
lated, if only to prove the inconsistency of thy desir
when, with mine own sword, I did pursue the murd
—when I had nigh overtaken her—whose naked we
was it barred my vengeance? it was your father's—
can you answer to all this? or how can you reconcile
your present ideas?

Jul. Is it not nobler to pardon the
to imitate it? Was it more than char
defend one who threw herself upon hi

Major. We have no right to grant
hands with one who hath poured for
brethren: these things I point out to
you how utterly impossible in the ey
ed man would be the union which
but Heaven hath ere now opened a
holds no means of issue—you love Al
not unite her to your family—of you
—he is what the times and the couns
have made him; but your mother—

Jul. My mother!

Major. I cannot decidedly say na
but for whom I had been childless.
poor wife brought me, Alice alone
rest, one after one, a prey to fell co
the grave; and lastly, in giving birth
partner of my existence perished. I
fant—I felt that she too, a victim t
would soon be snatched away; but
your honoured mother, who was wi
at the moment of her death, took h
reared her up with yourself, and rosy
to bloom upon her cheek---thank Go

Jul. Then, dear sir, may not a m
for that——

Major. The protection which you
Countess of Derby, made me resolve
nection: I took away my child, an
tendence of the same nurse, Debora
cretly to this island, where most of
abode. Little thought I then, Julian
ther would eventually send his son to
son of a murderess, the young Earl
Peel Castle, so near my Alice.

Jul. As little thought I, when firs
which ripples round these walls, to c
water, to find again the lost comp
Surely, sir, since Heaven decreed th
not refuse to sanction my affection.

Major. Young man, have I not dealt candidly with you? The sentiments of your house and mine are at present too wide asunder—thy religion and thy politics are at present too much unlike my own. Reply not now, but go, and peace be with you. [*Exit* JULIAN.

Enter DEBORAH DEBBITCH.

Deb. Some rude fellow, who is but little acquainted with good manners, thrust this letter into my hand, and galloped off without speaking a word. What is such a fellow good for?

Major. To be trusted. Follow his example. Learn to rule thy tongue, or you remain not in this house.

Deb. (*Aside.*) Brute! rule my tongue indeed! But this is always the way with your great patriots; they allow nobody the freedom of speech but themselves.

[*Exit.*

Major. (*Reads.*) "Our plans have failed. Bertram has suffered himself to be surprised, and he is now a prisoner in the dungeons of Holm Peel Castle. Some new enterprise must be concerted to relieve him. The papers with which he was intrusted are now in possession of the hated Countess of Derby, and must be redeemed thence, or the ruin of our plot is certain.—CHRISTIAN." What is to be done? The Countess will to a certainty forward those papers to the king, and our great plot will fall, and with its failure crush our dearest friends. Measures must be taken to prevent their arrival in London; for once there, inevitable ruin must ensue. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An apartment in Holm Peel Castle.*

Enter SAMPSON, *and Vassals, dragging in* BERTRAM *prisoner.*

Samp. Bring him along—bring the fratracide before me. A pretty knave, indeed, to be plotting against our noble lady; but you shall swing for't, be assured, most villanous—so bring him along;—yet stay, here comes mistress Fenella, our lady's favourite. [Music.

Enter FENELLA. *She is advancing to* SAMPSON, *but on observing* BERTRAM, *starts.*

Samp. Aye, mistress Fenella, saw you ever such a hang-dog;—there's murder in the glance of his left eye, felony at the tip of his nose, and perjury in every twist of his villanous mouth; in short, his face is a pocket edition of the Newgate Calendar.

Enter a Vassal.

Vassal. Mr. Sampson, look to the prisoner,—take him to the western Tower. *(During this Fenella goes to Bertram, and converses with him by signs. Sampson turns round suddenly.*

Samp. Mistress Fenella, no tampering with the prisoner. —But I forgot, she's deaf and dumb, poor helpless animal; a poor wretched dependent on my lady's bounty. *(Music. —Fenella, in action, reminds Bertram to be silent, and exits.)* That little girl's the devil; so much mystery,—so much gloom,—she hasn't a smile for any soul in the house but Master Julian. Well, well, all's well that ends well; so bring the knight of the ugly mug along with me. Oh, you diabolical looking miscreant! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Gothic room in Holm Peel Castle.*

Enter the COUNTESS OF DERBY *with papers, attended by two Officers.*

Count. Sirrah, bid them look well to the north bastion, and hasten its repairs. *(Exit 1st Officer.)* While you, good captain, order extra guards to watch against surprise. *(Exit 2d Officer.)* Will the persecutor's cry ne'er be stilled? ne'er slacken its impious endeavours to avenge the just death of that unhallowed traitor, whose name and infamy should alike have been extinguished with his blood? Can I doubt but that the conspiracy which these records mention is a mere bubble, set at random by the colleagues of wretches, who never cease in their vengeful efforts to raise even the simple tenants of this poor island to re-

bellion? Is it not enough that an ungrateful king chose to inflict upon our land a fine that we punished a monster, whose very blow was levelled at his own diadem, but that our loyal name must be mingled with a list of malcontents in a plot against the royal life, whose name and glory we have shed our best blood to preserve? O, England! England! pride and glory of the world! if in thy monarch we find only ingratitude, where shall we look to meet the reward of valour, or the deserts of patriotism? *(During this speech Fenella has entered unperceived by the Countess, and listens to her soliloquy.—The Countess suddenly turns round.)* How now! who dares intrude upon my privacy? *(Music.—Fenella lays her hand upon her heart, and points out, bowing low to the Countess.)* Julian comes: I am prepared to speak with him—I am alone. Alas! in my agitation I forget Fenella hears me not. *(Music.—As the Countess waves her hand, Fenella answers by a smile, bows, and goes out.)* How pitiable, yet how enviable is the fate of my poor pensioner, Fenella: deaf and dumb, she lacks that delightful intercourse which sweetens the existence of noble souls, but she is equally a stranger to accents which imbitter the best moments of humanity. *(Music.—Fenella ushers in Julian Peveril. The Countess motions her angrily to retire—she stirs not—Julian takes her hand, and mildly entreats her to obey—she lays her hand upon her heart, bows, and exits.)*

Jul. Madam, you desired to speak with me?

Count. I did. Julian, you perceive changes in the castle since you left it?

Jul. I perceive, madam, that the guards are doubled, and preparations making for defence. I have also heard of some conspiracy upon the island. Is it possible that aught can threaten danger to you, lady?

Count. Danger, boy! danger has track'd my steps for years: yes, Julian, for when all England had submitted to the protector's triumph, I, a hapless widow, still waved the royal standard above these towers; nor had it ever been torn down, but for the treachery of a villain, who had eaten of our bread and drank of our cup from childhood, the traitor Christian.

Jul. Were you betrayed through him, madam?

Count. Through him I was seven
dungeons of my own castle; and I
there sooner than consent to relinqui
only son. I was firm, and Heaven
The islanders were soon loaded wit
new masters; they had been deceived
beneath the yoke of their tyrants, til
restoration of our second Charles t
ancestors; then it was the spirit of l
this island, and I was again its sover

Jul. And Christian——?

Count. He was publicly shot to d

Jul. This decided act drew, as I l
the king.

Count. The king was new in the r
less to offend his friends than his e
graceful warrant for my apprehensio
of one who had suffered all for hin
fled to the house of your father, wh
to preserve me from the fury of on
a puritan magistrate, and by marriag
tian. The king was at length ple
persecution to the payment of a heav

Jul. An ill reward for your distin

Count. My son, incensed at the
against us, resolves to go to Lond
England, demand justice for the in
house by perjured and interested witn
whom I annihilated left those behin
nacy of their own cause, will never
but I know them, see them often eve
were my son to venture to London, C
might I look to behold him more.

Jul. Madam, your fears are just
powerful, and, with the rumours here
son must not be absent. Let me, the
Julian's duty and devotion.

Count. Know you the risk?

Jul. Shall I think of risk when your f

Count. This night, then, Fenella
a secret outlet of the castle, to a bos
you on the coast: by the way of D

residence of your father, whose advice may prove beneficial to our plans. Go, then, my son, prepare for your departure, and Heaven prosper your enterprise. [*Exit.*

Jul. Ere I depart, I must contrive some interview with Alice. The night draws on, yet I cannot leave the island without seeing her. *(Enter Servant, who gives a note, which, as Julian reads, Fenella enters and stands before him. Exit Servant.)* From Alice! *(Reads.)* "I fear I am going to do wrong: I must see you—meet me as soon as possible at Goddard Crovan's Stone."—Kind Providence, thus you anticipate my wishes—I come to thee instantly. Fenella here! *(Music.—As he turns round to go out at the door, Fenella stands before it, and refuses to let him pass.)* How, Fenella oppose my departure—what can be her motive, ah? *(Fenella takes out a tablet, writes, and presents it to him. Reads.)* "There is danger around the Countess; but much more in your purpose." How! what can she, who is insensible to sound and utterance, know of my purpose? *(Fenella lays her hand upon her brow, then sketches on the table and presents it to him.—Music while she sketches.)* A sketch of Goddard's Stone, —not meet Alice!—what power can have imparted to Fenella my design? Is this sorcery?—not meet Alice!—not all the subtilties of man or demon shall oppose me. *(Music.—As he struggles with Fenella, and goes out, he turns and kisses her hand, places it on his heart to indicate no danger. She turns from him indignantly, and rushes off on the opposite side.)*

SCENE V.—*Goddard Crovan's Stone by moonlight, Stream, and Romantic Pass.*

Enter ALICE BRIDGENORTH.

Alice. Surely he will not fail to come: my heart trembles at its own audacity—should my absence be discovered. —Who's there—Julian?

Enter JULIAN PEVERIL.

Jul. Your own devoted Julian!

Alice. Alas! I scarcely know how to excuse myself for demanding such an interview; but it was necessary to your peace, Julian. Julian, your intercourse with my father is dangerous.

Jul. Alice! Impossible!

Alice. By your love for me he would effect that vengeance which he considers due to your parents and the Countess of Derby; he would pervert your notions to his own purposes, and turn your heart from the principles in which it has been taught to beat—and I am to be the reward.

Jul. Holds he a thought so base?

Alice. Alas! work'd upon by my uncle, the brother of the murdered Christian, he holds it just by any means to compass his revenge:—once more, avoid my father.

Jul. Nay, once more I must behold him. I am about to leave this island, and wish to warn him there is danger in his stay. The Countess is not ignorant of his presence, any more than she is of his determined hate.

Alice. My uncle Christian is too well acquainted with all that passes in the castle. Over his actions the Countess holds no true authority. The blow he meditates will not fall individually, therefore I rejoice in your departure. Julian, we may never meet again; but remember, if ever you betray your honour, that moment resign all thought of Alice.

Duet.

At evening when the setting sun
  Illumes the vale,
On ocean's waves repose, beneath
  The moonlight pale;
Then, as the wild bird's lay
Soothes the sigh of parting day,
Or hails the moon's soft ray,
  Remember me.

When sorrow with her dead'ning pangs
  Destroys thy rest,
Or stern affliction's ruthless fangs
  Assails thy breast;
Then think of one whose love
Nor fate itself can move,
But will ever constant prove,
  And remember me.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.—*A Hall in Holm Peel Castle.*

Enter SAMPSON, *with keys and a letter.*—FENELLA *following with a lamp.*

Samp. 'Tis strange this,—resign my keys! Well, 'tis the Countess' orders, and must be obeyed.—Resign my keys for the night, and to Fenella, too!—there's always mischief in the wind where that little devil is concerned. *(Fenella pulls him by the sleeve, and demands the keys.)* Well, well, how impatient you ladies are! There are the keys that secure the dungeons, *(giving her a bunch.)* These, which unlock the outposts, I shall retain;—my knight of the halter was consigned to my care, and the Countess' orders allude not to him. *(He drops his keys.—Fenella hastily picks them up, and changes the bunch unperceived by Sampson.)* Well, you are of some use, however. If you would but talk,—yet we are never satisfied, always railing at women's tongues, till we miss their pretty little prittle prattle. *(Observes the keys.)* But how's this, maiden; you have given the wrong bunch—these are the keys you want. *(Fenella has previously unlocked the door of the prison, and now exchanges the keys.)* There, take care of them, and good night,—but I forget she can't hear me, poor helpless animal. *(Exit.—Music.—Fenella opens the door of the prison, from which Bertram enters. She conjures him to be cautious. They are separating, when Julian is heard without.)*

Jul. Good night, Sampson.

Samp. *(without.)* Good night, Master Julian. *(Fenella hurries Bertram off as Julian Peveril enters at the opposite side.)*

Jul. Ah, my poor Fenella waits to conduct me. I have received my papers from the Countess, and now for England. *(Music.—Julian motions to Fenella that he is ready.)* [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A Gothic and decayed* Cloister opening *to the sea shore—a vessel at distance—an* arched door

from the base of the Castle, conducting down to the stage by a flight of narrow stairs.

Enter CHRISTIAN *and* BERTRAM.

Chris. How escaped you from the captivity which your rash folly plunged you in?

Bert. By your little deaf and dumb agent, Fenella.—Hush! are we not observed?

Chris. Coward, 'tis but the boatmen waiting for young Julian.—Leave me. *(Bertram retires.)* I hate this Peveril,—in every way he crosses me. When vengeance was about to fall on the murderess of my brother, 'twas he who rescued her; and for years has she escaped me. Now, like a fiend, she thwarts our great design; and if not intercepted, this Peveril will prove the ruin of our cause. In this disguise must I meet and endeavour to wile those important papers from him; but if I fail in that, revenge will still be mine, and this detested woman shall learn, that though the vengeance of Christian was but slow, yet it was certain.

Bert. (advancing.) Hark! hark! I hear footsteps.

Chris. The door unbars—'tis Julian!—Retire. *(Music.—As they retire, enter Fenella, lighting down Julian from the arched door—she looks out for the boat.)*

Jul. Yes, it shall be; I will stay at Martindale Castle, and throw myself at the feet of my father. I will beseech him to subdue his resentment for Major Bridgenorth—Alice must be mine. *(Music.—Fenella comes forward and motions to the boat. Julian takes leave, but she expresses a wish to accompany him.)* She wishes to follow me to England! strange being! What can be her motive—the Countess cannot be acquainted with it. *(Music.—He motions her to return—she refuses, shakes her head, places his hand on her heart, then kisses it towards the boat.)* Surely the interest she takes in my departure seems unusual. Ah! perhaps the little kindness I have shewn her has been misconceived. If so, unfortunate Fenella, Julian cannot return thy esteem. *(Music.—He motions her to retire—she kneels at his feet—he raises her up, touches his heart, shakes his head, and leads her to the stairs—she sinks hysterically upon them*

as he enters the boat and waves his hand—she rushes towards him as Christian enters suddenly.

Chris. Fenella, beware! *(Fenella screams and falls.)*

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*Interior of* MATHEW CHAMBERLAIN'S *Inn.* —MATHEW CHAMBERLAIN, BERTRAM, *and* DAME CHAMBERLAIN, *discovered at table.*

SONG.—MATHEW.

Ye thought in the world there was no power to tame ye,
So ye tippled and drab'd till the saints overcame ye;
So my poor Cavaliers and Roundheads did shame ye,
Which nobody can deny.

There was bluff old Sir Geoffrey lov'd brandy and rum well,
And to see a beer glass turned over the thumb well;
But he fled like the wind before Fairfax and Cromwell,
Which nobody can deny.

Dame C. *(To Bertram.)* I hope your master will sleep well. Poor gentleman, he seems sorely tired.

Bert. Fear not, hostess; long journies make sound sleepers. But pr'ythee, Master Mathew, what wanted those troopers up at the castle who lately left us?

Mat. Why, they're after Sir Geoffrey of the Peak, who is suspected of being concerned in this plot, which has turned old England topsy turvy.

Bert. What is this plot that every body's talking of?

Mat. What is it? Why, it is the most horrible plot—the most damnable plot—a blood-thirsty beast of a plot.—But hold, hold; you must in the first place say that you believe in the plot.

Bert. Certainly, as far as a man can believe what he don't understand.

Mat. Understand! Heaven forbid that any body should pretend to understand it; for his worship the Justice says it is a mile beyond him; and he be as deep as most of them. But we must believe in it, though we mayn't understand.

Bert. Undoubtedly.

Mat. Ay, it will soon be over with the pole star of Peveril.

Bert. The pole star of Peveril! What mean you?

Mat. Why, it is the custom to have a light constantly burning on one of the towers of Martindale Castle, which is never suffered to be left unlighted but on the death of the head of the family; but it will now soon be put out like an extinguisher upon a candlestick. *(Knocking without.)*

Dame C. Who's there?

Jul. (Without.) It is I, dame—I, Julian Peveril.—Tell your husband to come to me presently. *(Bertram leaves the stage unperceived by Mathew or Dame Chamberlain.)*

Dame C. Never stir, if here be not Master Julian's own self; and he wants a horse, and what not, and all as if things were as they wont to be.—Shall I open the door?

Mat. No, no, let him be jogging while his boots are green. We undo no doors at this time of night, for it is against the Justice's orders, and might cost us our license; and for the castle, the road up to it lies before you, and I think you know it as well as we do.

Jul. (Without.) And I know you for a rascally ungrateful knave, whom on the first occasion I will cudgel to a mummy.

Mat. Do as ye list, dame; do as ye list. [*Exit.*

Dame C. (Going and unbolting the door.) Hist, hist, Master Julian; be you gone?

Julian. (Entering.) Not yet, dame, though it seems my stay is unwelcome.

Dame C. Indeed, I was sorry; but Mat——

Jul. Well, well, no excuses, dame; but tell me what has happened at Martindale Castle. I see the beacon is extinguished.

Dame C. The beacon extinguished!—then good Sir Geoffrey is gone to heaven at last, with my poor husband Roger Raine.

Jul. Sacred Heaven! when was my father taken ill?

Dame C. Never that I know of; but about three hours since arrived a party of soldiers, with a warrant to arrest Sir Geoffrey; and they all went up to the castle.

Jul. Good dame, for love or gold let me have a horse, to make for the castle.

Dame C. A horse! you will find Dobbin in the stable; but you must not go without some refreshment. *(Christian and Bertram have entered at the back during the above scene, and observed Julian attentively. Exit Christian. Bertram comes forward.*

Bert. Fear not, mistress—look not surprised—business calls my master suddenly away. He has left the reckoning with me, and at day-break I shall conduct the lady to Major Bridgenorth.

Jul. To Major Bridgenorth! What lady speak you of?

Bert. Your pardon, sir; but these are no times to prattle in.—Hostess, send your husband to me. [*Exit.*

Dame C. Why stay you? Haste, haste!

Jul. Farewell, and many thanks for your kindness.

[*Exit at door.*

Mat. (Without.) Wife!—wife, I say!

Dame C. Coming, coming, Mat. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A Wood, with a distant view of the Peak. Dark.*

Enter JULIAN PEVERIL.

Jul. I fear my compliance with the dame's advice, of following the forest track, will lead me into error. The night is dark, and one path so closely resembles another, that I have lost the true way.——

CHRISTIAN *enters behind.*

Chris. Few men, sir, keep it in these troublous times. —Start not—you know me, and have seen me frequently.

Jul. I have, but cannot guess the motive that leads you thus repeatedly to cross my path. You know not me, and to me you are totally unknown; yet throughout my

journey have you followed as my shadow. I like not mystery, and so desire we may continue strangers.

Chris. You resemble the old Romans, who held that *hostis* meant both a stranger and an enemy. I will therefore be no longer a stranger—my name is Gaulesse; by profession I am a Roman Catholic priest. I am travelling here in dread of my life, and I am very glad to have you for a companion.

Jul. Master Gaulesse, keep your own road, as I will keep mine. I desire not your company, and would be private.

Chris. Nay, then, I'll strike another key:—I am no longer Gaulesse, the seminary priest, but Simon Canter, a poor preacher of the word.—What say you to this, sir? is my company more welcome now?

Jul. Not a whit, sir; your versatility is admirable, but I prefer sincerity.

Chris. Sincerity! ha, ha, ha! A child's whistle, with but two notes in it—yea yea, and nay nay. Why, man, the very Quakers have renounced it, and have got in its stead a gallant recorder, called Hypocrisy, that is somewhat like Sincerity in form, but of much greater compass, and combines the whole gamut.

Jul. I wish you good night, sir; my business cries haste, and our sentiments differ widely. The times are perilous, and a man's life may depend on the society in which he travels.

Chris. You have incurred the danger already;—you have travelled in my company long enough to devise a handsome branch of the Popish Plot. How will you look when you see come forth, in comely folio form, The Narrative of Simon Canter, otherwise called Stephen Gaulesse, concerning the horrid Popish Conspiracy, for the murther of the king, and massacre of all Protestants, as given on oath to the Honourable House of Commons; setting forth how far Julian Peveril, younger of Martindale Castle, is concerned in carrying on the same?

Jul. How, sir! my name!—You know me, then?

Chris. Young man, when the pestilence is diffused through the air of a city, it is in vain men would avoid the disease by seeking solitude, and shunning the company of their fellow-sufferers.

Jul. In what, then, consists their safety?

Chris. In following the counsels of wise physicians. You yourself are in danger;—beware!

Jul. What mean you? Of what am I suspected?

Chris. You bear dispatches to the king from the hated woman of Derby.

Jul. One word more against that honoured lady, and your life——

Chris. My life! ha, ha, ha! your own is more in danger. Resign those papers, or, ere you are aware, you will startle as the sound of traitor bursts upon your ear.

Jul. Whatever may be the charge I bear about me, with life alone will I resign it. A Peveril never proved traitor to his trust, nor am I the first so to debase the name.

Chris. Unthinking fool, you have destroyed yourself. You have provoked the enmity of him who is the master of your fate and that of Alice Bridgenorth. [*Exit.*

Jul. Stay,—stay—one moment, I implore you,—what, what of Alice? He is gone—mysterious being! my every action, every feeling of my heart, seems known to him.—Alice! let me banish these feelings; they unman me.—Is not my father in the toils of his persecutors? Away, away, delusive thought; let me not, in the feelings of a lover, forget the duties of the son. [*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*An Antique Parlour in Martindale Castle.*

MAJOR BRIDGENORTH *and* TOPHAM *sitting at the table.* —SIR GEOFFREY PEVERIL, *with his arms secured at the elbows, guarded;* LADY PEVERIL, *in an attitude of deep sorrow, is gazing at him.*

Major. Sir Geoffrey, I have already told you I am a magistrate; and I execute a warrant addressed to me by the first magistrate of the state.

Sir G. You a magistrate! as much a magistrate as Old Noll was a king. Your heart is up because you have the king's pardon for old offences, and are replaced upon the bench, forsooth, to persecute the poor papists. There never was turmoil in the state, but knaves had the vantage of it—never pot boiled, but the scum was uppermost.

Top. Why, how now, traitor! dare you oppose the warrant of the honourable the House of Commons?——

Sir G. Traitor! thou rascally ignorant roundhead, were I not bound thus, I'd shake thee into atoms.

Top. Hold him fast, hold him fast; don't let him come near me. Seize him, and bear him to——

Enter JULIAN PEVERIL.

Jul. Unhand him, villains! *(Topham rushes up and hides himself under the table.)*

Lady. My son! then the misery of our house is complete.

Sir G. My son! Thou art come in the right time, Julian,—strike me a good blow,—cleave me that traitorous thief from the crown to the brisket; that done I care not what comes next,—only let me have three blows at them. Undo this belt for me, dame; we'll have three blows for it yet; they must fight well that beat father and son. *(A scuffle ensues, during which Major Bridgenorth seizes Julian as his back is turned towards him, and wrests his sword from him, at which Julian draws a pistol and fires. Major Bridgenorth sinks into a chair, but immediately rises. Julian gazes with wild astonishment.)*

Major. Young man, you may thank Heaven, that has this day saved you from the commission of a great crime.

Sir G. Thank Heaven!—Thank the devil, you crop-eared knave; for nothing less than the father of all fanatics saved your brains from being blown about like the rinsings of Beelzebub's porridge pot.

Lady. Nay, for Heaven's sake, husband, cease this wild talk: it can but incense Master Bridgenorth.

Sir G. Incense him, truly! the cowardly knave has ever had too much kindness at my hand. Had I cudgelled the cur soundly when he first bayed at me, the cowardly mongrel had now been crouching at my feet instead of flying at my throat. But if I get through this action, as I have got through worse weather, I will pay off old scores, as far as tough crab-tree and old iron will bear me out.

Major. Gentlemen, to you I assign the charge of Sir Geoffrey and Lady Peveril; but at present this youth must

stand committed upon a warrant, which I will presently sign, of having assaulted me while in discharge of my duty as a magistrate.

Top. (Popping his head from under the table.) I'll take my oath to that—I'll take my oath to the assault.

Lady. Master Bridgenorth, if you ever loved one of the many children you have lost---if you forget not, that to my fostering care you owe perhaps the life of Alice, do not pursue your vengeance to the blood of my poor boy,---all the rest will I forgive.

Major. Madam, I would I had the means of relieving your distress, but I am only a rod in the hand of power. I am compelled to execute a warrant upon your husband for his removal to the Tower of London. Your son is guilty of an assault upon his Majesty's representative; on him, therefore, for the present, do I lay the strong hand, only to confine him in my own house.

Jul. Major Bridgenorth, I know not whether this separation be well or ill meant on your part; but on mine, I am only desirous to share the fate of my dear parents.

Lady. Say not so, Julian---abide with Master Bridgenorth; my mind tells me he cannot mean so ill by us as his rough conduct would now lead us to infer.

Sir G. And I know, that between the doors of my father's house and the gates of hell, there steps not such a villain on the ground!—And now, Master Bridgenorth, you and they may do your worst, for I will not open my mouth to utter a single word while I am in the company of such knaves.

Major. Perhaps, Sir Geoffrey, you would better have consulted your own safety in adopting that resolution a little sooner.---You, Master Julian, will please to follow me, and without remonstrance or resistance, for you must be aware that I have the means of compelling.

Jul. Sir, in obedience to a mother's wishes, I obey you. ---Yet, ere I go, dearest and beloved father, grant me your blessing.

Sir G. Thou hast it, boy; and Heaven keep thee true to king and country. *(Exeunt Sir Geoffrey and Lady Peveril guarded by Topham and guards, Major Bridgenorth and Julian.)*

SCENE IV.—*Interior of* DAME ELLESMERE'S *Cottage.*

Enter LANCE OUTRAM *from door, and* DAME ELLESMERE *from the interior.*

Lance. Ah, naunt—what, there you are; come, let me have something to eat.

Dame E. Well, lad, I will. I'se warrant you are a little hungered, and I have such a nice rasher of bacon——

Lance. A rasher of bacon! I say a slice of venison. We an't gamekeeper to Sir Geoffrey Peveril for nothing.

Dame E. Well, boy, lend a hand; it's all ready.

Lance. Well, well, I'll help you. *(They bring on table, chairs, meat, plates, bottle, glass, &c.)* Now, naunt, and let us have a bottle of your good home-brewed to wash it down with. (*Deborah Debbitch knocks without.*)

Deb. Who's within?

Lance. Nobody—that is, I'm in, but my naunt's out.—Hang me if that isn't the parson; a body can never have a slice of venison but he scents it out.

Deb. Pray, admit me, good people; it's a lady.

Lance. A what?

Deb. A lady.

Lance. A lady! Oh, then, it will be some of the great visitors from the castle. Put away the things, naunt, or else she may inform Sir Geoffrey that we live upon venison, and then there would be a pretty to do. *(Dame Ellesmere takes away the venison, and Lance opens the door.)*

Enter DEBORAH DEBBITCH.

Dame E. Your ladyship is welcome to my poor cottage. Will your ladyship please to be seated?

Lance. Will your ladyship choose to have any refreshment? We have a nice rasher of bacon.

Deb. I don't care if I take a slice or two of your venison, and a glass of your home-brewed.

Lance. (*Aside.*) A slice or two of venison.—Her ladyship has as keen a scent as the parson. (Dame

Ellesmere re-produces the venison, and prepares the supper.)

Deb. *(Aside.)* Bless me, how greatly a few years must have improved me;—doubtless they'll see I'm grown a person of some consequence and desportment. The poor kreters have no recollection of me.

Dame E. Supper's ready, my lady.

Lance. Here's a glass of home-brewed, your ladyship.

Deb. Give me the precious beverage! *(Drinks.)* Here's thy health, dame. Fill me another glass. Lance, here's to thee, my lad.

Lance. *(Aside.)* She's going it. Dang me, if her ladyship won't get muzz'd.—Will your ladyship please to have another glass?

Deb. Come, come, Lance Outram, don't ladyship me. What, don't you know me?—Why, I'm Debby, as you used to call me, ha, ha, ha!

Lance. What! Deb! shoot me if you be'nt she, and grown fatter as a summer buck, ha, ha, ha!

Dame E. Lord, Lord, woman, how old a few years have made you! *(Putting on her spectacles, and examining her face.)*

Lance. Ay, my old girl, you're grown quite squat.

Deb. Squat! Old girl! The vulgar wretches! *(Aside.)*

Lance. Come along, old one—sit you down; I've a main of questions to ask;—laud, I'm so pleased to see you, ha, ha, ha!

Dame E. Well, girl, I'm glad to see you once more; it makes me think of old times, when master Julian and Alice Bridgenorth were babies, and you used to carry them about the park after the Major's wife died like, and our lady took Alice to the castle: how we all stared when the Major coyed you away to nurse his little daughter, after that affront about the Countess of Derby.

Lance. Come, Deb, take a sup of naunt's home-brewed; 'twill cheer your old heart, my girl.

Dame E. And live you still with Major Bridgenorth, girl?

Deb. I must leave him; he doesn't know the value of a good servant. He has just hurried us all over here again, and he himself is gone with a party of soldiers to Martindale Castle.

Dame E. What say'st thou? Bridge
of the Peak!—Is the woman mad?

Deb. True, upon my word. Why, S
out to be at the head of the Popisl
master's gone to seize him by order
(Aside.) The kreters know nothing.

Lance. Eh! what! Can this be true

Dame E. Bridgenorth seize a Peve
Lance, make out if all be not right at

Lance. I'll do that, naunt; and if a
even too long here. *(Seizes his bow
rushes out.)*

Deb. Well-a-day! see if my news
away Lance Outram, too, whom they
would start.

Dame E. Hush! here Lance re
Lance Outram, in dismay.) Well, La

Lance. I doubt it's all true. The
it has been the custom of the Peverils,
to kindle after sunset on the tower, do
—What does that betoken?

Dame E. Death, ruin, and captiv
castle, knave, and strike for the house
if thou art buried under the ruins,
death.

Lance. I'll not fail ye. But here
warrant can tell us more on't.

Enter CICELY, NELL, *and other*

Cicely. Oh, Lance, my master is pr

Nell. My lady, too; and young ma

Lance. *(Scratching his head.)* W
Dang it, if old Sir Geoffrey go to the w
for it!—Here you, Nell,—but no, you
of a cat, and are afraid of your own sh
But, Cis, you are a stout-hearted w
to the castle, as ye hope to be married
has a head worth twenty of ours.—If I
light up the beacon for a signal; and s
on't.—Run, Cis, run; your legs are lo

Cicely. Whether they are or no, I'm sure you know nothing about the matter, master Lance. [*Exit.*

Lance. And, naunt, I'll away down to the miners' houses at Bonadventure.

Dame E. They were mutinying for their wages only yesterday.

Lance. Then they'll be the better ready for a row to-day.

Deb. What's to become of me?

Lance. Take care of yourself. [*Exeunt severally.*

SCENE V.—*An Apartment at Moultrassie Hall. In the back an Alcove, and a Gothic window, through which is seen a distant view of Martindale Castle. Night.*

Enter MAJOR BRIDGENORTH *and* JULIAN PEVERIL.

Major. I must be the uncourtly chamberlain, who am to usher you to a place of repose, more rude, perhaps, than you have been accustomed to occupy. Your bed is not of the softest; but innocence sleeps as sound on straw as upon down.

Jul. Sorrow, Master Bridgenorth, finds little rest on either. Tell me, I beseech you, what is to be the fate of my parents, and why you separate me from them?

Major. Julian Peveril, for thy mother's sake have I taken thee from the grasp of those who wish the ruin of your house. To thee, then, I give the means of escape: the stair-case of this turret descends to the garden,—thy horse is at the postern,—mount it, and fly a kingdom which——

Jul. Major Bridgenorth, your pardon for this interruption—but I will not deceive thee. Were I to accept your offer, it would be to attend my parents,—they are in sorrow and in danger. I am their only child—their only hope; and I will aid or perish with them.

Major. Aid them thou cans't not; perish with them thou well may'st, and even accelerate their ruin; for, in addition to the charges with which thy unhappy father is

haded, it would be no slight aggravation if his son should prove to be the confidential agent of the murderess Charlotte of Derby.

Jul. What reason have you for such an allegation?

Major. Let this suffice: Are not these the last words she used to you on your quitting her castle?—"I am a forlorn widow, whom sorrow has made selfish."

Jul. By what mysterious means you have procured your information I know not; but I do defy it, as far as it attaches guilt to me, or to that noble Countess.

Major. Then perish in thine obstinacy. Thy father is ruined, and must die the death. [*Exit.*

Jul. For what am I reserved? Oh, dearest Alice, my spirits fail when I contemplate the scene of wretchedness before me, and, to secure my father's safety, and thy hand, resign those fatal papers which have involved me in such misery. *(A lute is heard without.)* What sounds are these?

ALICE BRIDGENORTH *sings behind.*

When sorrow with her dead'ning pangs
  Destroys thy rest,
Or stern affliction's ruthless fangs
  Assails thy breast;
Then think of one whose love
Nor fate itself can move,
But will ever constant prove,
  And remember me.

Jul. Yes, fairest maid, I understand. You then still watch over the fortunes of your faithful Julian, and but with life will I desert my duty.

FENELLA, *enveloped in a cloak, appears behind in the Alcove, unseen by* JULIAN.

Fen. There are others who watch over the safety of Julian.

Jul. What witchery is this? 'Tis the voice of a female, but resembles not the tones of Alice.

Fen. Are there no others who claim an interest in thy heart? Swear to renounce Alice Bridgenorth for ever, and

on the instant will I restore thee to freedom; and thy promise to the Countess of Derby may be preserved inviolate.

Jul. I cannot purchase liberty at such a price.

Fen. Then die in your obstinacy, for Alice and thee never shall be united.

Jul. How! never!

Fen. Never! your doom is sealed. [*Disappears.*

Jul. My senses are bewildered! Is this a plot to aid the projects of my jailor, or do in truth the spirits of another world hold converse with us. 'Tis said, that in an hour like this, the evil one has tempted, has subdued.—Alice, let thy pure influence watch over, and preserve me from every thought of basely yielding to my enemies.

CHRISTIAN, *who has entered unperceived by* JULIAN *during the above speech, advances.*

Chris. By my faith, Master Peveril, your vanity must be extreme, to call spirits from the vasty deep.

Jul. You here! By what means are you thus enabled to follow e'en as my shadow?

Chris. Your shadow! Wrong not my kindness: your shadow follows only in the sunshine of your prosperity; not so me.—In prosperity and adversity I attend you, and here offer you the same conditions I proposed before. Resign the papers you carry from the Countess of Derby, and you are at liberty, and shall be possessed of Alice Bridgenorth; refuse my request, and she is lost to thee for ever.

Jul. Master Ganlesse, or by whatever name you please to be addressed, these mighty promises you made before. At liberty, and ere I knew the ruin of our house, I spurned your offer; and now, though in captivity, I will not purchase freedom by a desertion of my trust. I have pledged my word—and when was a Peveril known to break it?

Chris. Ay, a Peveril! a Peveril of the Peak! a name that has sounded like a war-cry through the land, but now has breathed its last. Look, young man, on the darkened turrets of your ancestors, and think, that by refusing what I now desire, you but accelerate their fate.

Jul. I dare the worst. My father's house has not stood unhonoured; nor will it fall, if fall it must, unmourned. Forbear, then, if you are a man, to revel in the miseries of others. If the light of our house be quenched, Heaven can in its good time rekindle it. *(A small light has been kindling during this speech on one of the turrets of Martindale Castle—it now bursts forth in a blaze. Julian and Christian start astonished.)* Merciful powers! look there; behold! again the star of Peveril blazes! See, from the warder's turret it sends defiance to our foes! *(Shouts without,* "A Peveril! A Peveril!") And, hark! the distant war-cry of our house.

Chris. The war-cry be it, then. Julian, you now are in my power, and thus my poniard——

Enter ALICE BRIDGENORTH, *who rushes to* JULIAN.

Alice. Julian, Julian, preserve my father! Vassals of your father's house are murdering him.

Shouts. Enter MAJOR BRIDGENORTH *and Servants, retreating before* LANCE OUTRAM *and Miners.*

Lance. If you do not restore our young master, we'll burn your house to the ground.—Come, lads; burn, burn, and destroy.

Jul. (Rushing forward.) Then, friends, your Julian must burn with the rest; for being bound by parole of honour to Major Bridgenorth, I will not leave the house till lawfully dismissed.—Deeply do I feel your gallantry; but you, brave men, would scorn the Peveril that betrayed his word. *(Lance and Miners hurrah.)*

Lance. Now, I'll tell you what, sir; you had better let our young master go, or damn me but we'll knock your heads off for you.

Alice. Dearest father, grant their request.—Let Julian go.

Major. Peace, child; we have both the means and the heart to repay any violence they can offer.

Lance. Indeed! Let's have a touch—on them, lads.

Jul. (To Major B.) The violence I have suffered in your house, from one now ranked beside you, might well

excuse my leaving you without more circumstance:—his threats have levelled at my life. But holding you no party to his violence, from your lips I receive my sentence.

Major. As violence has been offered you, I will no longer oppose your going hence; but take your last leave of Alice—we meet no more.

Chris. So say not I.—We meet again.

Jul. When you shall lament the insults you have offered to our house. *(Exeunt Major, Alice, and Christian.)* Now, then; to the Peak!

All. Aye, aye; to the Peak!

CHORUS.

Hey, for cavaliers! Ho, for cavaliers!
Hey, for cavaliers! Rub-a-dub dub!
Fight for cavaliers! Strike for cavaliers!
Fight brave cavaliers! Rub-a-dub dub!

[Exeunt.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*An Apartment in the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S *Hotel.*

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and* JERNINGHAM.

Duke. 'Sleath, fool, have you lived with me so long, and cannot discover that the *eclat* of an intrigue is with me worth all the rest?

Jern. But yet your Grace——

Duke. Hold your peace, fool!—I tell you that your poor dwarfish spirit cannot measure the scope of mine.—I would have the course of my life a torrent. I am weary of easy achievements, and wish for obstacles that I can overbear before my irresistible course.

Jern. I crave your Grace's pardon, but Master Christian is so importunate that——

Duke. Tell him to call three hours hence: damn his politic pate, that would make all men dance after his pipe.

Enter CHRISTIAN.

Chris. I thank you, my lord duke; it is precisely my intention to pipe you, and you may dance to your own profit if you will.

Duke. *(Haughtily.)* You use but little ceremony, Master Christian,—at present, matters of importance—some love passages—Jerningham!—*(Turns his back on Christian, and gives instructions to Jerningham.)*

Chris. I'll wait your Grace's leisure. *(Draws a chair, and sits.)*

Duke. *(Peevishly.)* Very well, sir; as the evil must be endured, the sooner it concludes the better: so proceed.

Chris. What I have to say must be between ourselves.

Duke. Jerningham, retire, and remain without till I call. Look to these matters that I spoke of,—order my equipage. *(Exit Jerningham—the Duke sits.)* And now, Master Christian, that he is gone, may I once more crave your pleasure?

Chris. Cannot your Grace guess the purpose of my visit?

Duke. State it at once, and save my Grace the toil of guessing.

Chris. My lord, you have complained that the King's favourite, the Duchess of Portsmouth, hath set herself to thwart and contradict you of late with his Majesty:—the Countess of Derby, too, suspects your Grace of being concerned in the Popish Plot; and those papers sent from you to me are now in her possession.

Duke. What say you? It cannot be!

Chris. My lord, 'tis true; and should they once fall into the power of the Duchess of Portsmouth, she will so poison the ear of the King, as effectually to foil your Grace's views.

Duke. The devil speed her,—a mercenary jade. If she gains possession of those letters, she shakes my interest,

to the centre.—And shall the crest of Buckingham bend to the artifices of a wanton? Never!—Christian, devise what means you please—try my power to the uttermost, it shall not fail you.

Chris. But will your lordship condescend to accept my terms?

Duke. Name them, and doubt me not.

Chris. You must join your interest for a heave at the house of Derby, to revenge my brother's death.

Duke. 'Tis decreed, most christian Christian.—What more?

Chris. Sir Geoffrey Peveril of Martindale Castle, and his son Julian, must be included in the same charge.

Duke. What! Peveril of the Peak!—the very heart of loyalty. I will not aid his ruin,—and for what? the plot, forsooth—the fabrication of villains and of spies. They must be lashed off such scents,—and will be, when the country wakes, and sees the folly of its present fears.

Chris. It is of more than the last importance, in the mean time, to the furtherance of our plan, that your Grace should stand for a space between them and the King's favour. This Julian is the bearer of those letters from the Countess of Derby to his Majesty; and, besides, hath influence with the maiden whom I intend to supplant the Duchess of Portsmouth.—Will your lordship then decide?

Duke. 'Sdeath! you have me in the toils. Let me but see that harlot crushed, and the vile party who support her grovelling at my feet, and gratify thy vengeance as thou listest. Some trusty followers shall secure this Julian,—meanwhile, Christian, I must behold this beauteous engine, by which such wonders are to be effected.

Chris. Under your Grace's favour, that cannot be.

Duke. Why, thou suspicious fool, think'st thou I would spoil a plan so much to my own advantage?

Chris. I cannot tell, my lord. Our partizans are all impatient, and I have in the city friends who——

Duke. The city too! By my faith, Master Christian, your rule seems absolute. I marvel that the sober inmates of the city would e'er pollute themselves by intercourse with one so strictly virtuous as thyself.

Chris. Oh, content you, my lord; I can work my deed of darkness with as mild a face as e'er did charity.

Duke. Christian, not to flatter thee, thou art the most barefaced knave who ever breathed.

Chris. Of a *commoner*, my lord, I may be;—so I am your Grace's most devoted slave and servant. [*Exit.*

Duke. Farewell, most christian Christian; and go thy ways for a profligate, designing villain; and what provokes me most of all, is the knave's composed insolence,—your Grace will do this, and your Grace will condescend to do that. A pretty puppet I should be, to play a second, or rather the third part, in such a scheme. I will find this girl out in spite of them, and judge if their scheme is likely to be successful—if so, it shall be mine;—at all events, the knave shall be dogged.—Sail by *thy* compass, truly! No; Buckingham must keep his own steerage through shoal and through weather. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.—*A view of Whitehall, and the Canal in the Park. An ancient Seat and Tree.*

Enter JULIAN PEVERIL *and* LANCE OUTRAM.

Jul. Now, Lance, while I deliver these dispatches, according to the directions of the Countess, haste and discover where my unhappy mother is concealed, and then rejoin me at our inn.

Lance. That will I, Master Julian. Lord, sir, our friends in Derbyshire wouldn't know me now, since I am turned from a gamekeeper into a gentleman's gentleman.

Jul. Haste thee, man—fly!

Lance. Like an arrow. [*Exit.*

Jul. Alas! what will be the result of these unhappy times, when no man's integrity can ensure him from the triumphs of bad men? My gentle Alice, too, confided to this Ganlesse, a man devoid of every principle—her father must be mad, to trust his daughter in such hands;—a thousand thoughts distract me. *(Going. Enter Fenella, taking hold of his arm.)* Fenella in London! can it be possible? Has she any commission from the Countess? *(Places his hand on his heart, and points to a distance. Fenella smiles, kisses her hand, and motions him not to go away.)* She expects some one to meet me here—perhaps the

Countess. *(Music.—He makes signs. Fenella smiles, draws him aside, and points out.)*

Enter the KING, COURTIERS, ORMOND, SELBY, EPSOM, *&c. &c.*

King. By my honour, lords, this bracing morning suits well with our spirits, and renders us almost as blythe as if we had the felicity of being a subject. We'll sit ourself down and enjoy the breezes, while Epsom gives us the strain we heard last night at the theatre;—quick, quick, man; out with your music. *(The King having seated himself, Fenella makes signs to Peveril, throws off her cloak, and begins a fantastic movement to the air played by Epsom on the flageolet;—the King and characters observe her with surprise;—at length, as the air changes, she assumes a more languid motion, and then bows to the King like an Eastern.)* By my honour, but she trips it lightly, like a fairy in the moonlight;—come, gentlemen, which of you has contrived this pretty piece of morning pastime?—or I suspect, now, this is done by the Duke of Buckingham, to surprise us.—Is it not so, pretty one? *(Music.—Fenella makes signs that she does not understand.)* Odd's fish, that's true—she is a foreigner; but that young man—Are you master of the show, friend?—we thank thee for this pleasure.—My Lord Marquis, give him two pieces.

Selby. *(Offering money.)* So please ye, from the King.

Jul. *(Kneeling.)* The King! Sire, I have no title to be benefited by this young person's performance.

King. And who art thou then, friend?—but above all, who is this dancing nymph?

Jul. A retainer in the Countess of Derby's family.—My name is Julian Peveril, son of Peveril of the Peak, now wrongfully imprisoned in the Tower on suspicion of aiding in a plot against your Majesty.

King. What! loyal Sir Geoffrey? I can scarce escape suspicion of the plot myself, though the principal object is to take away my own life. But I'll do him right—I'll do him right, I say. *(During this speech Fenella writes and gives Julian her tablets—he reads—kneels, and presents papers to the King.)*

Jul. Sire, permit me to place within your hands papers relating to my mistress the Countess of Derby, and which, I trust, will prove the innocence of the writer.

King. Ha! this is a dance to another tune, and not fit for so public a place.—Hark thee, Epsom, take these papers and lay them before the council. *(Alice Bridgenorth rushes on, followed by the Duke of Buckingham and Jerningham. When they see the King they draw back and escape unnoticed. During the remainder of the scene, the Duke gives directions to Jerningham, frequently pointing to Julian and Alice, and then retires.*

Ormond. Hold! 'tis the King.

Alice. The King! then he will defend me from insult: he is the father of his people.

Ormond. (Aside.) Of a great many of them certainly.

Jul. Alice! dearest Alice!

Alice. Oh, Julian, Heaven has sent you to my aid. *(Turning to the King.)* Suffer me, I beseech you, to return to my father.

King. Thou hast my protection, and some of my people shall conduct you.

Alice. I need no other escort than Master Julian Peveril: in him I rely, so please you.

King. Well, then, you may retire. *(Exeunt Julian and Alice. Fenella gazes on them wildly, and rushes out.)* Now, my lords, to the council. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.—*A Street. Shouts without.*

Enter ALICE BRIDGENORTH *and* LANCE OUTRAM.

Alice. Heavens! what is become of Julian? He will be overpowered by numbers.

Lance. Indeed! I'll have a touch. *(Enter Fenella. She motions Alice to take off her cloak, with which she envelopes Lance, then hurries off with Alice. The mob rush on, seize Lance, and carry him off.*

Enter JULIAN PEVERIL, *with Watermen.*

Jul. The lady! you scoundrel; the lady!

Water. Which? there were a pair of them.

Jul. Both! both! but first the taller.

Water. What, she who screamed when——

Jul. When what?

Water. When she was seized by some of the Duke of Buckingham's men, and forced into a boat, which went up the river with wind and tide behind her.

Jul. Gracious heaven, and I stand here!

Enter JERNINGHAM *and Officers.*

Jern. This way, and please your honour; in the king's name I arrest you.

Jul. But hear me. *(He is dragged off.)*

SCENE IV.—*An Apartment at the* DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM'S.

Enter the DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, *and a Servant.*

Duke. Let Master Christian attend me here. *(Exit Servant.)* He has doubtless heard of my visit to his fair niece, and comes to demand of me the place of her concealment. By this time my servants must have secured this scornful beauty; and Jerningham, aided by his warrants, has doubtless lodged her gay protector in a prison. So now, my politic Christian, baulk my adventure if you can. *(Enter Christian.)* Welcome, thou prince of plotters.

Chris. My lord, I come on serious business. Has your Grace heard lately of your Duchess' health.

Duke. Health! humph! no—nothing particular. Why do you ask?

Chris. She is no more—died in Yorkshire eight and forty hours since.

Duke. Dost thou deal with the devil? I have heard the news but three hours myself.

Chris. Which you have occupied in making proposals to the King for the hand of Lady Ann, second daughter of the Duke of York, which proposal has been with scorn rejected.

Duke. (Seizing him by the collar.) Death and distraction, villain! Who hath told thee that?

Chris. Take your hand from my collar, my lord, or I will find means to make you unloose it. *(The Duke lets him go.)* Soh, my cloak being at liberty, we speak on equal terms. I come not to insult your Grace, but to offer you vengeance for the insult you have received.

Duke. Vengeance! it is the dearest proffer man can present to me in my present mood. I thirst for vengeance—hunger for it—could die to ensure vengeance.—'Sdeath! my disgrace is known, and to thee, Christian.—But say, what vengeance can you offer? Speak, man.—Would I could read what damnable villany thou hast to propose in thy countenance, without the need of words.

Chris. Your Grace can but try.

Duke. No: thou art so deeply dyed an hypocrite, that thy mean feature, and clear dark eye, are as likely to conceal treason, as any petty scheme of theft or larceny.

Chris. Treason, my lord! I honour your Grace's penetration;—call it vengeance—vengeance on Arlington, Ormond, nay, Charles himself.

Duke. Upon the King! never! never! If treason would put me on his throne, I have no apology for it; it were worse than bestial ingratitude.

Chris. But it signifies not. The command which you refuse, Shaftesbury or Monmouth will accept.

Duke. Scoundrel! think you that you shall carry on with others an enterprise which I have refused? No! by every heathen and christian god!—Hark ye, Christian, I will arrest you on the spot—I will, by gods and devils, and carry you to unravel your plot at Whitehall.

Chris. Where the first words I speak, will be to inform the Privy Council where they may find certain letters, wherewith your Grace has honoured your poor vassal, containing particulars which his Majesty will be somewhat surprised to read.

Duke. Those papers with the King!—'Sdeath, villain, thou hast me at advantage;—I know not why I forbear to poniard you where you stand.

Chris. Pshaw! my lord—you deal with a man of sense and courage, yet you speak to him as a child and coward.

I have a sufficient force to storm Whitehall this very evening, and make all within it prisoners.

Duke. This night, say you?

Chris. This night, my lord.—Shall I know your Grace's pleasure?

Duke. Now will I tell you why you thus headlong drive me to rebellion, without allowing me, a peer of the realm, time either to pause upon, or to prepare for a step so desperate. The Countess of Derby is this day arrived; she attends the Court this evening with hopes of the kindest reception, and 'midst the tumult may be surprised. Said I not right, Master Christian,—you who pretend to offer me revenge, know yourself its exquisite sweetness.

Chris. I would not presume to offer your Grace a dish, without first acting as your purveyor. But first, this Julian Peveril——

Duke. The devil speed him!—that youngster crosses us at every turn. But for him, Alice had ere this been——

Chris. Ha! what of Alice?

Duke. 'Sdeath, I shall betray myself!—To be honest with you, Christian, your niece has fled from Chiffinch's, under the protection of this Julian.

Chris. Which way took they?

Duke. To Derbyshire, I should presume—she spoke as if paternal protection would be preferable even to yours, most virtuous Christian.

Chris. Adieu, my lord; I go to hasten the revolt.

Duke. Give Blood this ring,—he knows it, and how to obey him that bears it. The old scheme of the German music may be resorted to. But remember, old Rowley must be safe. By Heaven! I will burn and hang on all sides, if but a hair of his black periwig be singed.

Chris. Fear not, my lord. Hold yourself in preparation upon a moment's notice, to put yourself at the head of a band of honourable friends and allies, and come presently to the Palace, where you will be received by the victors as a commander, and by the vanquished be esteemed as the preserver of your monarch's life.

Duke. I conceive you, and will be ready.

Chris. Then, my lord, be firm, and the day is ours.

Duke. Fear not. When shall we meet again?

Chris. When your Grace is Lord-Lieutenant of the kingdom. [*Exit.*

Duke. Should I have done this? Should I not hasten to the Court, and make Charles aware of this treason which besets him?—I will, by Heaven, throw myself at his feet, and—what—be spurned—aye, spurned from his footstool, as when I asked the Lady Ann in marriage; to be by Ormond and the rest branded as traitor. No, by Heaven! his life is safe; but bitterly shall his minions rue their insolent defiance of my power. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.—*A Plain Chamber.*

Enter CHRISTIAN *and* FENELLA.

Fen. Why am I thus intruded on?

Chris. A pretty question from a slave to her master! Prettily mouthed, truly!

Fen. Yes, I can speak sometimes: I can also be mute,—that no one knows better than yourself.

Chris. Thou art mad—thy wits have been disturbed ever since thy landing in England, and all for one that cares not for thee.

Fen. It signifies not that he loves another—none, none, can love him as I love him.

Chris. (*Scornfully.*) I pity thee, Fenella.

Fen. I deserve thy pity; whom have I to thank for my wretchedness but you, who, 'ere I knew good from evil, bred me up with a thirst of vengeance on a woman, who, if she did ill in murdering Christian my father, has been bitterly repaid by nourishing a serpent in her house, who had the tooth but not the deafened ear of the adder.

Chris. I placed you in the house of Derby for the purpose of revenge, and but for this foolish passion it had been yours.

Fen. I might have stabbed the Countess to the heart; but there was *one*, whose good opinion I prized too much—one whose generous feelings induced him to treat the poor dumb girl even as his sister. You tell me it is mad-

ness to love him—I will be mad, then—for I will love him while I possess existence.

Chris. Think but for a moment, silly girl—to dispose of thy rival Alice Bridgenorth, did I not subject her to ruin and temptation—if she is again with Julian, am I to blame? Think what I propose to thee for the loss of such a man as Julian Peveril—think only that it rests with me to make thee Buckingham's wife—mistress of England's self.

Fen. Buckingham's wife! where or how will thy ambition end? Was it for such a purpose you besought me to take the place of Alice, at the Duke's, that he might gaze unholily upon me?—Hypocrite!

Chris. Ingrate! do you owe me nothing—nothing to him who rescued you from a stern Posture Master, and placed you in ease and affluence? taught you to avenge your father's fall? But for that hated Countess, we had been perpetual monarchs of the Isle of Man—we had been rich——

Fen. While a noble motive fired thee; for I was born to gaze upon the sun, which the pale daughters of Europe shrink from. I could serve thee—I could have followed thee while I thought ambition or revenge thy motive; but now I know that lust of wealth alone, yes, alone has been thy God—I despise thee. For gold you were ready to sacrifice Alice your niece, me, nay all your blood, to perdition—deny me that Christian, and, by Heaven! I stab you to the heart! *(Draws a dagger.)*

Chris. Maniac! hearken to me;—Christian, my brother, was not thy father—

Fen. (Drops the dagger.) Oh!

Chris. Ha! ha! thy mother was an Indian, she sold thee to cheats and mountebanks—I saw you—you served my purpose—believed yourself the daughter of my murdered brother, the victim of that hated Countess, who, but for thy accursed love of Julian Peveril, which led you to prolong rather than annihilate the establishment of the Isle of Man; but I go to my revenge—to-night she dies—fool that I was to trust thee; I go to my revenge. [*Exit.*

Fen. Christian not my father! Can this be true, or does you monster seek to madden me. I'll do a deed of

mercy yet. O, villain, villain! I know thy secret, and I'll be revenged—ye forget that the snakes of my burning country are never so fierce as when ye grasp them.

[*Exit.*

Enter MAJOR BRIDGENORTH *and* CHRISTIAN.

Major. Now, brother, that we are alone, inform me of my child—how does she? where is she? Oh, tell me, and ease the racking expectation of a father's heart.

Chris. She is well, and you will shortly see her; but nowhere can she be so safe as with her present guardian.

Enter FENELLA *and* ALICE BRIDGENORTH.
Exit FENELLA.

Alice. My father!

Major. My child! *(Embracing her.)*

Chris. Alice, why have you left the asylum where I placed——

Alice. Asylum!—Think you it was just and proper I should harbour there in a scene of infamy.

Major. How! infamy!—Christian, if thou hast acted foully with my daughter, beware, I say——

Alice. Father, withdraw with me, and all shall be revealed. Uncle, with what intent you placed me in that woman's house, from which I have escaped, I know not; nor if the baseness of her character be known to you.—Nay, father, speak not now. I fear he has dealt hardly with me, though for my dead mother's sake I pardon him.

[*Exit with Major.—Christian.*

Enter the Cutler, followed by SIR GEOFFREY PEVERIL *and* JULIAN, *with drawn swords—shout from the Street.*

Cutler. Ye are heartily welcome to abide in this chamber till the noisome rabble be dispersed.

Sir G. Why did you drag me away, boy? I would I had pricked half a score of the knaves—to assault honest gentlemen in the street.

Jul. My mother will die with fright, if the noise of this scuffle reaches her ears before we see her.

Cutler. How comes this affair, gentlemen? hem!

Sir G. Why, sir, thus it comes,—my son and myself having been tried this morning, at the Court of King's Bench, for aiding, as they said, in the damn'd Popish Plot, were, to the King's credit, honourably acquitted; and while returning peaceably enough to our lodgings, a set of prick ear'd curs assaulted us in the street, when, but for your friendly door being thrown open to receive us, damn me, but I think they meant to make minced meat of us.

Cutler. You are safe here for the present—I'll look out and inform you when the danger is past. [*Exit.*

Jul. I marvel what became of our little friend Sir Geoffrey Hudson—he was with us in the skirmish.

Sir G. I set him on the top of the door. I hope he escaped, after being acquitted of high-treason, as well as ourselves. No wonder, Julian, such fellows as you and myself are suspected, when even this pigmy king of the pigmies was important enough to excite suspicion, and become a state prisoner—I wonder he did'nt escape through the key-hole. How's this! the door locked!

Jul. Locked—'tis singular! hark!

(Sir Geoffrey Hudson looks in at the window.)

Sir Geof. H. Hush! or, by my valour, we are lost. Assist me down, young knight, and if they enter I'll protect you. (*Enters, assisted by Julian.*)

Sir G. What the devil are we to encounter next? let us break open the door.

Sir Geof. H. Stay—while I was on the cutler's bulk, I saw a beautiful lady, who told me to enter this room, and tarry in safety till she could see me. Such eyes, Sir Geoffrey! dam'me, but they made my heart glow.

Sir G. Pshaw! I'm not to be quietly gulled into my ruin by the best smooth face canter in the kingdom—so here goes. (*As he kicks the door, Enter Major Bridgenorth; Sir Geoffrey Hudson strides under the table.*) Bridgenorth! villain! by Saint George, I have sworn, if ever I got my heels out of yon rascally prison, whither I

was sent much through your means, Master Bridgenorth, that you should pay the reckoning for my bad lodging.—Come on.

Jul. (Detaining him.) Father! hold!

Major. When I was a younger man I have refused your challenge—it is not likely I should accept it now you are in my power.

Sir G. Coward! dog! is it then your design to murder us, because we have stood the test of a public trial.

Jul. But consider, father, Major Bridgenorth did not appear against us.

Major. You are right, young man—had I been bent on pursuing your ruin, I would not have been absent during the trial; recollect your attempt at my life when acting only as a magistrate—it needed only a ten minute's walk to Westminster Hall to have ensured your condemnation but could I have done this, knowing, as I did, that to you, Julian Peveril, I was indebted for the advice touching my daughter Alice, but for which I had rested deceived;—but enough, I came to London, and Alice is safe.

Jul. Are you sure, very sure of that?

Major. Very sure; she is with your mother.

Jul. Thank Heaven! And the villain who placed her with Chiffinch—

Major. I'll not now rebuke him, since he restored her to me; but we lose time—at this moment you are in the house of those who assemble here to do the great work which may make things as they were with Cromwell.

Sir G. Ere that day I hope to be in my grave—anywhere better than see a pack of canting, sneaking scoundrels at the head of affairs, whose best religion is *self*, and whose whole life is spent in cheating open-hearted men.

Major. It is my wish, whatever be my cause, to save your life, and that of your son—therefore came I hither: forget the past, Sir Geoffrey, as I am fain to do.

Sir G. On my honour, Master Bridgenorth, a true Briton will never be backward in offering his hand where a man begins to act uprightly—so here, and let us hope for merry days at old Martindale Castle yet.

Major. You would do well to seek that place immediately;—intermix not thy hand with what is about to happen. It is my intent to retire from the world, but I

will see thee yet again on my child's account, whose worldly store I would confide to your care. This way, we have not a moment to lose. [*Exeunt.*

Sir Geof. H. (Crawls out.) By my valour, but they've left me to die by myself.—So ho! so ho!

Enter FENELLA.

(He kneels.) 'Tis the divinity! beautiful, lovely charmer, whose eyes, like the twin stars of Leda—

(Fenella takes him roughly by the hand, and drags him out.)

SCENE VI.—*A Magnificent Apartment in Whitehall, lighted up with Chandeliers from the ceiling on each side, so as to give effect to a rich square canopy at the extremity of the stage, bearing the King's Arms on the back and top. An Orchestra filled with Musicians in Turkish habits; Tables with Ladies and Gentlemen at ombre. Sir Geoffrey Peveril, Lady, Julian and Alice, kneeling to the King. Countess of Derby, &c.*

King. Now, good Sir Geoffrey, once more welcome to Court—you have had some hard measures, but we owe you amends, and will find time to pay our debt. You, my Lady Peveril, and Miss Bridgenorth, Ormond will conduct to the feet of her Majesty.

[*Exeunt Lady and Alice.*

Sir G. I did long to beat the rogues, when they called me traitor, my liege; but to have such an early opportunity of paying my respects at Court, according to your Majesty's commands, amply compensates for all.

King. But your son.

Sir G. Julian, come forward and kneel—*(Julian kneels.)*—take him to your service, sir—if he fears fire, axe, or gallows, in your Majesty's defence, I renounce him—I disown him—he is no son of mine.

King. (To Julian.) Rise, sir, and henceforth let us see you often at Court. My lord of Ormond, were we not to have been amused by the performance of some German music.

Ormond. In answer to my inquiries, sir, I am told, owing to some neglect, the instruments of the performers have not yet arrived—here they are, I suppose.

Enter two Attendants, bearing a large Violoncello-case, which they put down with considerable difficulty, and Sir Geoffrey Hudson comes out and kneels to the King.

King. Hudson, my little old friend, welcome to Court.

Sir Geof. H. Will your Majesty honour this paper by a moment's attention?

King. Assuredly—a petition touching the wrongs you have undergone, or touching the plot? ha!—*(Reads.)*—What do I see? conspirators in the shape of musicians! *(Seeing one or two of the Musicians about to quit the Orchestra.)*—Guards, there, let no one pass from this apartment! My lords, this paper speaks of an immediate assault upon our person; of arms, too, concealed in the different instrument-cases. Examine!—*(Several instrument-cases which have been brought in are opened, and arms taken out.)*—By heavens, 'tis true! perhaps some jest of Buckingham's. How came you in that case, Sir Geoffrey?

Sir Geof. H. After my acquittal this morning, sir, being driven into a cutler's house, with Sir Geoffrey Peveril and his son; for you know, sir, allowing me to be the bravest man in the world, I could'nt defend my companions from all London.

King. Certainly not—but in the cutler's house?

Sir G. The dwarf says true, my liege; we did take refuge in a cutler's house, from a crop-eared set of knaves—but found to our cost we were in the hornet's nest, till one Bridgenorth, a half crazy bigot, effected our escape. I remember little Sir Geoffrey was left behind.

Sir Geof. H. Little Sir Geofrey! My size has saved my country.

King. This paper accuses the Duke of Buckingham of being accessory to this plot: let Chiffinch immediately summon his lordship to appear before me, while some of you conduct in the person here mentioned.—*(Gives a*

paper.)—Let me have guards round the orchestra—could I imagine Buckingham?

Ormond. May it please your Majesty, I think the thing is impossible, unless your Majesty has had some quarrel with the Duke, of which we know nothing.

King. Why, faith, some words passed betwixt us this morning—his wife scarcely dead, he had the assurance to ask the hand of my niece, Lady Ann. Sir Geoffrey Hudson, retire—Let Selby order the horse-guards to be in readiness.—(*Exit Dwarf, pompously.*)—The Countess of Derby!

Countess. Permit the widowed mother of Derby thus to throw herself at the King's feet.

King. Welcome, Countess of Derby, though on my honour, madam, I can scarcely inform you whether I am a king or not at this moment.

Countess. I come, Sire, to demand a fair and open trial. I am innocent of being accessory to the vile Popish Plot, as my enemies allege—those unseen enemies, who, I know not why or how, are acquainted with every secret of my venerable house, which they blazon and exaggerate to its wo and downfal. My King, I am innocent of all that bodes not good to thee.

King. That, madam, your letters delivered to our hands have sufficiently proved.

Countess. Suffer me also, Sire, to plead in behalf of the two Peverils, father and son, who, I fear, from their attachment to my unhappy cause——

King. Hold, my lady, your friends are set at liberty; that is the best excuse I can offer—Sir Geoffrey Peveril—

(Sir Geoffrey and Julian come forward, presented by the King.)

Countess. Now Heaven be praised! I have scarce slept since I heard the news of their impeachment. Are they indeed acquitted?

King. They are, by my honour.

Enter FENELLA, *guarded.*

King. And is it to you, maiden, we are indebted for the developement of this black plot? How shall we best

reward you? *(Fenella, in turning towards the King, sees the Countess, trembles, and assumes her appearance of being deaf and dumb.)*

Countess. Fenella! my poor dumb girl!

(Music:—Fenella sinks at the feet of the Countess, after the Eastern fashion.)

King. Dumb! And do you, madam, understand her mode of communication?

Countess. Sire, I have some means of habitual conversation with one who has served several years about my person, and only left me at the time Julian Peveril quitted England.

King. Perhaps the young gentleman has the most direct key to her heart, and by my troth it was with him, now I recognise the features, we first beheld this maiden.

Countess. I believe my cousin Peveril deserves not this sarcasm;—With your leave I'll consult Fenella.

(Music:—Countess raises her up, and makes signs of forgiveness; Fenella points to the bass-viol case, then to the King, and forms an attitude of stabbing; then shakes her head, and stoops to imitate Sir Geoffrey Hudson—then lays her hand on her heart, and points to the Orchestra.

Countess. She does know this conspiracy—she persuaded the dwarf to enter the bass viol case, and some of the conspirators are in yonder orchestra.

King. Let them be brought forward.—*(Several of the band are seized—their dresses rent open discovers them armed. The characters give a start of surprise.)*—Thank Heaven, which has brought to light this diabolical plot. Keep those men secure—a thought strikes me—*(Whispers to Ormond, who takes Julian out.)*—Will your ladyship forgive me—I have studied the sex long, and am mistaken if your little maiden has not the faculty of speech as well as I have.

Countess. Impossible!

King. Possible, and most true. I will convince you.

(Music:—While Fenella stands torpidly gazing on vacancy, a loud cry is heard, and Ormond rushes in.)

King. Gracious Heaven! what is the matter?

Ormond. O, my liege! this is a horrid deed! an assassin has stabbed young Peveril.

(Fenella utters a wild scream, and rushes suddenly forward.)

Fen. No, no—I am betrayed; but it is meet she who has spent her life in practising treason on others, should be caught in her own snare; but where is my tutor in iniquity? where is Christian? He was the inventor of all this mischief—he has made me a wretch,—taught me to become a guilty hypocrite,—tempted me to the deed of murder. I had done it for my father's sake, but my heart, Heaven taught it to faulter in the feared abhorrence of Julian.

Countess. Fenella!

Fen. Yes, madam—Fenella, the traitress Fenella! But where is the monster who first introduced me to your unsuspecting confidence, to play the part of a spy, till I had well nigh delivered you into bloody hands?

Chris. (Coming from behind in Musician's dress.)—She seeks to betray me, but I will be revenged, and thus, —*(As he darts forward to stab the Countess, Fenella suddenly interposes with a scream, and receives the dagger in her own bosom.)*—What have I done? dreadful retribution! I have slain my own daughter.

Fen. Thy daughter! thine!—Oh!

King. Conduct the assassin hence!

Chris. Yes, lead me to the Tower—one moment had made me even with that proud woman—and as it is, though I sink to perdition, I die lamenting only that she lives to triumph.—*(After gazing a moment at Fenella)*—To the Tower! to the Tower!

Fen. I am justly punished—I heeded not the ruin of others. What do I see? yes, 'tis he! 'tis Julian—*(Throwing her arms about him with a burst of anguish.)*—Heaven! Heaven bless thee, Julian, and render Alice an angel for your sake; may she love thee long and tenderly; but she can never love thee as I have done—never love thee like the abused, lost, guilty Fenella. Oh! come near me, Alice Bridgenorth—

Enter ALICE BRIDGENORTH.

Come near me, Julian Peveril.—I have been guilty of stinging like a viper the bosom that cherished me. I have been a wretch—what my heart suffers, Heaven can best perceive. I have been—kneel, and let this atone.—

(Music:—Fenella, lifting her eyes as in silent prayer, joins the hands of Julian and Alice, who kneel; she then sinks back on the Countess of Derby's right arm; the Countess stretches her left hand towards Heaven, forming a fine picture of awe and devotion. A striking group is formed, and the Curtain falls.)

FINIS.

J. Brewster, Printer,
Edinburgh.

DRAMAS

FROM THE

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

OF

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY."

No. VII.

IVANHOE.

Mr. PRITCHARD

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL EDINBURGH

AS

IVANHOE.

Drawn and Engraved for the National Drama by W. H. Lizars and
Published by James L. Hate and Stirling and Slade Edinburgh 1824.

IVANHOE;

A

HISTORICAL DRAMA,

FOUNDED ON THE

CELEBRATED ROMANCE OF THE SAME NAME,

BY

THE AUTHOR OF "WAVERLEY,"

&c. &c.

PERFORMED

At the Theatre-Royal, Edinburgh.

"Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart,
And often took leave, but was loath to depart."—*Prior.*

EMBELLISHED WITH AN

ELEGANTLY ENGRAVED FULL-LENGTH PORTRAIT

OF

MR. PRITCHARD,

AS

IVANHOE.

EDINBURGH:
PRINTED FOR JAMES L. HUIE,
AND SOLD BY OLIVER & BOYD, AND STIRLING & SLADE,
EDINBURGH; G. & W. B. WHITTAKER, AND BLACK,
YOUNG AND YOUNG, LONDON.
1823.

J. Brewster, Printer,
Edinburgh.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ,

AS ORIGINALLY PERFORMED, 1823.

SAXONS.

Cedric of Rotherwood, ... Mr. Faulkner.
Ivanhoe, his Son, ... Mr. Pritchard.
Wamba, Jester to Cedric, ... Mr. Murray.
Oswald, ... Mr. Aikin.
Rowena, a Saxon Princess, Ward to Cedric, ... Miss Halford.
Elgitha, her Attendant, ... Miss Nicol.
Ulrica, the Heiress of Torquilstone, Mrs. Renaud.

NORMANS.

Sir Lucas de Beaumanoir, Grand Master of the Templars, ... Mr. Lee.
Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf, ... Mr. Denham.
Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, ... Mr. Calcraft.
Sir Maurice de Bracy, ... Mr. Bland.
The Prior Aymer, ... Mr. Boddie.
Eustace, ... Mr. Hillyard.
St. Maur, ... Mr. Power.
Conrade, ... Mr. Miller.
Warder of Torquilstone Castle, ... Mr. Croly.
Saracen Slaves, Soldiers, &c.

THE MERRY MEN OF SHERWOOD FOREST.

Robin Hood, ... Mr. Gordon.
Friar Tuck, Chaplain to the Outlaws, Mr. Mackay.
Allan-a-Dale, ... Mr. Duff.
The Miller, ... Mr. Ebsworth.
Archers, &c. &c.

JEWS.

Isaac of York, ... Mr. Mason.
Rebecca, his Daughter, ... Mrs. H. Siddons.

IVANHOE.

ACT I.

SCENE I.—*Sherwood Forest, with a distant view of Torquilstone Castle.*—ALLAN-A-DALE, *the Miller, and other of* ROBIN HOOD'S *merry-men, lying in groups in different parts of the Stage*—ALLAN *mounted as though keeping watch. They rise and sing the following*

GLEE.

Oh, merry is the Outlaw's life,
From cares of cities free;
Secure from want, and far from strife,
Under the greenwood tree.

Each traveller his purse-bearer,
The buck and doe his food;
His home 'neath heav'n's broad canopy,
Under the good greenwood.
Oh, merry is the Outlaw's life, &c.

First Out. Ay, merry—the Outlaw's is a merry life in truth, under such a leader as ours—the noble Robin Hood.

Second Out. Hush, hush, man! Locksley, thou would'st say. Has he not commanded us to call him by that name? (*Horn without.*) There is his horn. None but the bold Robin Hood dare blow so loud a blast under the walls of Torquilstone. Answer him. (*Allan-a-Dale sounds a bugle.*)

Enter ROBIN HOOD.

Allan. Welcome, Robin Hood!

Robin. Now, my merry men! our sport is over for the night. They are preparing to journey in numbers from Torquilstone; and when the Norman Knights and Lances are a-foot in Sherwood Forest, the King's deer are safe—I wish I could say as much for his subjects.

Allan. *(from the watch place.)* The light diminishes in the castle windows—a line of torches blazes along the road leading from the Doujon-keep.

Robin. We'll to our green home, then. In the recesses of our forest dwelling, we archers may defy them, yet make them feel the twang of our bows, and the points of our arrows—for they are the enemies of merry England.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

ROBIN, ALLAN, MILLER—(" *Opening of Mahmoud.*")

TRIO.

Though we lay down our bows,
Yet we've us'd them full well,
As our proud Norman foes
In the battle can tell.
Now we're ready for the fight, when the game appears in sight;
Then, when our arrows fly,
The King's fat deer must die,
And we seize the rich prize, the rich prize, with delight!
Mil. Then divide:—
Robin. The haunch is mine!
Mil. Allan, see, the horns are thine!
Robin. Equal thus the spoil we share,
To our wood the antlers bear;
Then our spoil with friends dividing,
We around our trysting tree,
Norman lances still deciding,
While we sing with mirth and glee.

Though we merry archers lie
Hidden till the sun-beams die,
Yet when moon-beams gleam around,
And the glow-worm lights the ground;
When the flow'ret's beauties close,
And the world in sleep repose;

Then the merry archers fly
To enjoy sweet liberty!

And what tells at morrow's dawn,
Who had slain the buck or fawn,
That shall fill the archer's scrip,
While Metheglin's stains his lip;
Thus the merry archers free
Still enjoy our liberty!

[Exeu

Enter EUSTACE, ST. MAUR, *and* NORMANS, *drest up Foresters; they stick their torches in different pa of the ground.*

St. Maur. Here we will wait our lord's arrival—Eg the very trees seem to welcome our forest tunics.

Eust. Well, for my part, St. Maur, I can't see any r son that Sir Brian should wish to disguise our Norm limbs in the garb of these Saxon outlaws.

St. Maur. Why, don't you see, Eustace, that adopting this dress gives our master the opportunity many great men need.

Eust. What's that?

St. Maur. That of laying some of their deeds at ot men's doors.

Eust. Well, there's something in that, to be sure; a 'tis true enough, we get the plunder of these nightly ex ditions, without bearing the shame of them.

St. Maur. Aye, and throw an odium on the me men of the wood, which gives our Norman lords an a logy to Prince John for oppressing them.

Eust. And what are we ordered upon now?

St. Maur. It is yet a secret; but, if I guess righ Cedric of Rotherwood will come the worse off for arms to-night.

Eust. What, Cedric the Saxon, who glories in enmity to us his conquerors?

St. Maur. The same. His fair ward, Rowena, p sesses lands and money in plenty, which our lords th had better grace a Norman conqueror than a Saxon sla and were she and her guardian once in our castle, would not quit it till she became a Norman's bride, he till his people had raised a good ransom for his liber

Eust. But Sir Brian and De Bracy are after other game, are they not?

St. Maur. They are; the rich Jew, Isaac of York, and his fair daughter Rebecca, are travelling from the tournament; and the riches of the one, and the bright eyes of the other, will make them both welcome guests at the castle of Torquilstone.

Eust. But what can her bright eyes have to do with Sir Brian, who is a Knight Templar?

St. Maur. Tush, man! he never fought bolder yet for the Holy Land, than he would for brown locks and bright eyes.

Eust. But a Jewess? (*A trumpet heard.*

St. Maur. Hark! 'tis Sir Brian's signal.

Enter SIR BRIAN DE BOIS GUILBERT, DE BRACY, *and Followers, in the dress of the Outlaws of the Forest, leading in* REBECCA, *prisoner.*

De Bracy. We have seized but half our prize, Sir Brian.

Sir Brian. No; but, thanks to fortune, 'tis the fairest half! The old Jew must have proceeded by some other route. Lead the prisoner forward, (*aside*) let me again feast my eyes upon the beauties which have thus fired my heart.

Reb. (*Led forward.*) Whither, whither would you lead me? Why not suffer me to depart with my attendants? Here are my jewels (*takes off bracelet, &c. &c.*), take them, they are of value; yet are trifling to what my father would bestow to obtain my liberty.

Sir Brian. These diamonds are brilliant, but they cannot match your eyes, fair lady; rich, too, may be your purse, but not so rich as the red rose that ever and anon mantles on thy pale cheek, to shame the lily there. And in this wild trade I have made a vow to prefer beauty to wealth—'tis Rebecca's charms, and not her gold, must be my prize!

Reb. Oh, take ransom, and have mercy! Gold will purchase pleasures—to injure a helpless woman will bring only remorse.

Sir Brian. Thy ransom, lady, must be paid in love, not in sordid gold.

Reb. Ah! thou art no outlaw, to refuse such offers. Thou art a Norman, noble perhaps in birth; oh, be so in thy actions!

Sir. Brian. Thou say'st true, lady—I am no outlaw; but one who will be more prompt to hang thy neck and arms with pearls and diamonds, than to deprive thee of them.

Reb. What would'st thou have of me? We can have nought in common—You are a proud Christian, I a despised Jewess.

Sir Brian. We will not waste our time in arguing the doctrine of our faith; to-morrow thou shalt know the price at which I fix thy ransom. Your pleading is in vain!—Eustace! St. Maur! Conduct the fair Rebecca to the state apartments of Torquilstone, and see that nothing be wanting to her entertainment.

Reb. I go, hard-hearted man; but think not, Sir Norman, that a gilded cage can make me less regret my liberty, or less despise the tyrant who deprives me of it.

[*Exit, led by Eustace and St Maur.*

De Bracy. By my faith, Sir Brian, I think you have caught a Tartar instead of a Jewess; but remember the vigilance of your Order, and the superstition of the Grand Master, which induces him to travel from preceptory to preceptory to discover and punish the Templars for the most venial transgression of their oath.

Sir Brian. I fear him not; the arm and lance of Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert are too necessary to the Holy Temple, to enable the Grand Master to dispense with its aid.

De Bracy. We know it is your valour alone which has long since preserved you from expulsion; but, beware! Sir Lucas and his knights already bend their course toward the adjoining preceptory.

Sir Brian. Well, let him come! Think ye their power shall interrupt me in my bold career? Pleasure and ambition have been my gods from youth, and when is it they have not been propitious to my wish?—When is it I have failed?—Cedric, also, must be our prisoner; his doggedness already inflames the Saxons to cavil at our power.

De Bracy. Our power! What will it be if Richard Cœur de Lion should return?

Sir Brian. Let those craven who wills at Richard's name, and at his unknown minion, Ivanhoe, who in his absence upholds his master's arms. The vascilating John for me; the weakness of princes is the strength of ambitious minds like mine!

De Bracy. Aye, if we can but seat John firmly on the throne while Richard is still a prisoner, we shall be safe. Should he return before——

Sir Brian. We must be safe another way—(*putting his hand on his sword.*)—But we loiter time. I with Prior Aymer will to Rotherwood,—be ready at the signal; and mark me, scour the forest well, and see that old Isaac of York escape thee not. His captivity may supply Sir Reginald's avarice with ingots, and secure to me the possession of his fair daughter. [*Exit.*

De Bracy. Now then for Rotherwood; for I will not trust Sir Brian under the same roof with fair Rowena, unaccompanied by myself.

Re-enter EUSTACE *and* ST. MAUR.

Now for Rotherwood and plunder!—Lead on!

GLEE AND CHORUS.—(*Mahmoud.*)

Toil of mortal strife presaging,
Let the shouts of Normans sound;
And the tide of battle raging,
Rear aloud, and roll around!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*Cedric's Hall at Rotherwood; large chimney, Saxon arches, bare rafters, household distributed about; mixture of magnificence with rudeness.*

Enter CEDRIC *and an Attendant.*

Ced. Where is my ward, Rowena? Go, say I request to see her.

Atten. My lord, she's here.

Enter ROWENA.

Ced. Welcome, fair Rowena! my chief, nay my only solace, since the Saxon neck has bowed to the Norman yoke.

Row. Nay, my good Cedric, recal your son—recal the generous Ivanhoe, driven from his paternal roof for me! Still let us recollect, that we have received some good at Norman hands.

Ced. True; the Norman Knight of Ivanhoe righted the mischief which the Norman Knight De Bracy attempted upon your fair person. I could well have wished a Saxon hand had brought you rescue——

Row. But he was so brave and generous, and spoke so fairly of the Saxons, and so feelingly of their oppressions.

Ced. On this subject, Rowena, I will hear no more. Ivanhoe is with his master, Richard Lion-heart, as they call him, fighting his fool's battles in the Holy Land. This subject ruffles me; the unwonted stay of Gurth with our herds—the—in short, the yoke presses on my free neck, and renders me impatient when the word Norman comes upon my ear!—Drive it from my memory with one of thy sweet strains.

Row. That indeed will I! For music never gives Rowena so much delight, as when it contributes to the pleasure of her guardian!

SONG.—(" *Lullaby*"—*Cherokee.*)

Music o'er thy passions stealing,
  On thy heart its power shall try,
And soothe to rest each baleful feeling,
  With its sweetest lullaby.

Music, with its magic numbers,
  Near thy couch shall gently sigh,
And soothe thee into peaceful slumbers,
  With its plaintive lullaby!

[*Exit.*

Ced. (*Looking after her.*)—Yes, yes; that Norman Knight Ivanhoe still lingers in her heart! I would some

Saracen lance may—but no—'tis an unworthy wish—(*Suddenly.*)—What keeps Gurth so long a-field? Some Norman outrage on the herd, no doubt. Where's Wamba, too? Has he not a jest ready to amuse his master? Where's Wamba, I say?

Atten. Gone forth, to seek for Gurth.

Ced. My poor faithful jester!—He carried off too!

Enter WAMBA (*behind*).

The Saxon fool, to serve the Norman lord!—Fools we are all, indeed, to serve them!

Wam. (*Coming forward.*)—So say I, master of mine; and well may *he*, who lives by folly, cry out when he sees there are so many fools, that his trade is like to be spoiled.

Ced. How comes it that ye have loitered abroad?

Wam. Well, I'm content! Hard words break no bones, unless, indeed, when the choleric schoolmaster threw the folio dictionary at his scholar's head, because he could not spell propriety with three *Ps*.

Ced. Where have you been, I say, sirrah?

Wam. Well, uncle Cedric, don't be in a passion! One would think you were the fool instead of Wamba. I have been after the swine.

Ced. And where was the use?

Wam. True, as you say; 'tis no use strewing pearls before swine—thank ye for the compliment.

Ced. Worthless as ye are, you know I have some value for your folly, and were I to lose you——

Wam. You would have no excuse for *your* folly. But, bless ye, uncle Cedric—why, the curfew-bell has scarcely tolled an hour.

Ced. (*Passionately.*) The foul fiend take the curfew-bell!

Wam. So say I—and run away with the clapper.

Ced. And the tyrant by whom it was devised.

Wam. So say I again!—And would the rope that rings it were round his neck! The foul fiend is as welcome to both curfew-bell and tyrant as a goose ever was to St. Michael. (*Horns sound without.*)

Ced. (*To Wamba.*) To the gate, knave, and see what tidings that horn tells of.

Wam. To the gate, *knave!* Don't you hear who's spoken to? Go, *knave!*—(*To Oswald, who Exit.*)—I guess 'tis some Norman travellers, who have found a better direction-post than Wamba.

Ced. Travellers!

Wam. Aye, a black Friar and a white Templar. They inquired the way to Rotherwood.

Ced. And you directed them——

Wam. Just the contrary road; for, as Rotherwood lies due south, and the Prior's face was turned due north, I directed him to follow his nose, which might well serve him as a torch on his journey, and scarcely be cooled by a keen north wind between here and Sheffield!

Re-enter Attendant.

Atten. The Prior Aymer, with Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert, and a small retinue, claim shelter from the coming storm.

Wam. Pray, friend Oswald, isn't the Prior fat? Doesn't he look as though all his holiness was in his paunch? And as if he kept all the feasts of the calendar himself, and left the fasts to the lay-brothers?

Ced. Silence with this foolery! Go, Oswald, and introduce the strangers.—(*Exit Oswald.*)—Bois Guilbert! 'Tis a name spread far and wide; valiant, they say, as his relative, Reginald Front de Bœuf—but, for his own sake, I wish he may not be stained with the same vices. Well, it is but for one night! They shall be welcome; we'll broach the oldest wine cask.

Wam. The oldest wine—

Ced. And fill the largest horns.

Wam. Hem! the largest horns—the largest—there'll be rare doings! If I had known this, I had never directed them the wrong way.

Re-enter OSWALD, SIR BRIAN DE BOIS, *his Saracen Slaves* HAMET *and* ABDALLAH, PRIOR AYMER, *and Attendants. Attendants place seats—a fire is kindled.*

Prior. Benedicite! worthy Franklin. Late and bewildered in our way, we claim your hospitality.

Ced. You are right welcome, Prior; and you, sir knight, although unknown, except by name.

Sir Brian. We have likewise brought with us a holy Palmer, without whose assistance we had not reached Rotherwood to-night—since some knave misdirected us.

Wam. No knave, sir knight, but a poor fool, Wamba, the son of Witless, whose grandfather was an alderman.

Sir Brian. Ah! sirrah! are you there? You are more rogue than fool, I fear.

Wam. No—I did but make a mistake between my right hand and my left, and a fool's senses are never at his finger's end. I should have thought he might have pardoned a greater blunder, who took a fool for his counsellor and guide—besides, it was more the fault of the Prior's red nose, than of my direction; since, had that but pointed towards Rotherwood, and he had followed it, as I advised, 'tis ten to one but he had arrived after it.

Ced. Away, sirrah! and make amends for your ill conduct, by hastening our supper.

Wam. Yes, yes, master, I'll go—and will take care the supper shan't go the wrong way, at any rate, I warrant ye.—(*Seeing Ivanhoe.*)—Ah! here comes the holy Palmer—he'll stir up our soup with his long staff, and ladle it out with his cockle-shells. [*Exit.*

Enter IVANHOE, *drest as a Pilgrim.*

Ced. Holy Palmer, you are welcome to Rotherwood! May I know your name?

Ivan. Pardon me, worthy Thane—a vow made in the Holy Land binds me to its present concealment. All I have to request is, a shelter till the storm is past—I must then instantly on my way, even though it were at midnight.

(*Retires, and seats himself by the fire, but watches the conversation.*)

Ced. Tell me, sir knight, how proceeds the cross in the Holy Land?—(*to Sir Brian.*)

Sir Brian. The Norman Templars bear it boldly on in spite of opposition, and will plant their standard in Jerusalem.

Ced. (*Aside*) Still, still the Normans! But, were there

none in the English army, whose names are worthy to be mentioned with the knights of the temple of St. John?

Sir Brian. Pardon me—from England there did indeed come a host of gallant warriors, second only to those whose breasts have been the unceasing bulwark of that blessed land.

Ivan. (*At a distance, and starting forward.*) Second to NONE, proud Templar.—(*All turning round.*)

Sir Brian. How! audacious pilgrim!

Ivan. I repeat it, despite your frowns, sir knight; I say the English chivalry was second to none. I say, beside, for I saw it at the tournament of St. John, four English knights ran three courses, and each cast to the ground three antagonists.—I add, that seven of these discomfitted assailants were Templars; and Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert well knows the truth of what I say.

Sir Brian. Insolent chronicler of my defeat.—(*Aside.*)

Ced. Well and boldly spoken, Sir Palmer. It glads my heart to hear the English made the Normans know them! Can'st tell the names of those knights who thus upheld the renown of merry England?

Ivan. The first in honour and in arms renowned was the brave Richard, King of England.

Ced. I forgive him his descent from tyrant William.

Ivan. Sir Thomas Multon was the second.

Ced. A Saxon by descent. Proceed.

Ivan. Sir Edward Turnem was the third.

Ced. Genuine Saxon, by the soul of Hengist! And the fourth—how name you the fourth?

Ivan. The fourth was a young knight of lesser renown and lower rank, assumed into that honourable company more to make up their numbers than to aid their enterprise. His name dwells not within my memory.

Sir Brian. Sir Palmer, this lack of memory, when so much has been remembered, comes too late to serve your purpose. I will myself name the knight before whose lance fortune and my horse's fault occasioned my falling—it was the Knight of Ivanhoe. For even Front de Bœuf's gigantic strength had twice reeled under him; nor was there one of the four that had more renown in arms. Yet this I will say, and loudly, were he in England, and durst repeat

in this week's tournament the challenge of St. Jean de Acre, I, mounted and armed as I now am, would give him every advantage of weapons, and abide the result.

Ivan. Your challenge would be soon answered, were your antagonist near you. As the matter is, disturb not the peaceful hall with vaunts of the issue of a combat, which you well know cannot take place. If Ivanhoe ever returns from Palestine, I will be his surety that he meets you.

Enter WAMBA.

Wam. Another stranger at the gate, so please ye, has the wisdom to think Rotherwood a better shelter from the storm than the forest.

Ced. Admit him instantly.

Wam. (*Hesitating.*) But, master of mine, he is a Jew—perhaps the charitable Prior may think a good drenching better for him than a warm shelter.

Ced. Admit him—be he who or what he may—— [*Exit Wamba.*

A night like that which roars without, compels even wild animals to herd with tame.

Prior. A Jew admitted into this presence!

Sir Brian. A Jew approach a Knight Templar!

Ivan. And have you visited the Holy Land, nor learned to live in charity with all mankind?

Ced. Peace, my worthy guests! My hospitality must not be bounded by your dislikes.

Enter WAMBA, *showing in* ISAAC OF YORK—ISAAC *bows humbly to each person.*

Wam. Enter, Jew; but mind ye, bow lowly to the Prior, or his humility will be offended.

(*All shrink from him as he approaches, excepting Ivanhoe, who during the principal part of the scene watches the others, seating himself at the fire.*)

Prior. Thy tongue, friend, is too free for thy station.

Wam. Or rather, too free for thine. But wise men and fools have ever had the same privilege of free speech,

because the wisdom of the one does good, and the folly of the other no harm.—(*Looking into the Prior's face, and laughing.*)—Well, there's one good in a red nose, however, since none will venture to pull it for fear of burning his fingers. [*Exit.*

Isaac. (*Comes forward.*) Which may be the worthy master of the mansion, that I may pay him a poor and old man's thanks for his hospitality?

Ced. No thanks are needful, stranger: Take food and shelter; and when a Christian demands the same of thee, in the same need, refuse him not.

Isaac. I shall take remembrance.

Sir Brian. Well, unbelieving dog! wend'st thou thy way homeward from the tournament?

Isaac. I do so purpose, if it please your reverend valour.

Sir Brian. Aye, to gnaw the bowels of our nobles with usury, and to grill women and boys with gauds and toys! I warrant thee store of shekels in thy Jewish scrip.

Isaac. Not a shekel—not a silver penny—not a halfling, —Father Jacob, be my speed! I am an impoverished wretch!—the very gaberdine I wear is borrowed from Reuben of Tadcaster.

Sir Brian. (*Half aside.*) Beshrew thee for a false-hearted liar!

Ivan. (*Rising and advancing to Isaac.*) Old man, my garments are dried, my hunger is appeased, and thou art both wet and fasting.—(*Crosses to left hand, refusing the Jew's thanks, after placing a cup and bowl before him.*)

Sir Brian. (*Aside.*) If my eyes deceive me not, this is the rich Jew who by this time should have been in the hands of Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf. Hamet! Abdallah!—(*Retires and speaks to his Saracen slaves;—is observed by Ivanhoe, who listens with attention.*)

Enter WAMBA.

Wam. For once Wamba will be welcome to the Prior.

Ced. As how, fool?

Wam. Because I come to announce supper.—(*Supper bell rings—attendants take away seats.*)—There, listen to

its notes, how plainly it says, "Fall to—eat on; fall to—eat on." (*Singing.*)

Ced. Come, Sir Knight, and Prior Aymer, your fatigue must require refreshment.

Prior. You say right, most worthy Thane; things carnal must have their time in this sinful world—so let's to supper.

Wam. Ay, to supper! I say, Prior, if I tell you to follow your nose now, it won't misdirect you, will it?

[*Exit Prior.*

Sir Brian. Aye—and in our horns of wine, the fair Rowena shall be remembered. [*Exit.*

(*Isaac is following—Cedric stops him*).

Ced. For you, stranger, I have ordered meat and drink apart; and shall direct they be administered agreeably to your customs. [*Exit.*

Isaac. Thanks, sir, my poor thanks! My meat and drink apart!

Wam. (*Goes to Ivanhoe.*) Now the great ones of our hall have departed, Sir Palmer, here are those who, if you do not dislike a cup of mead in the kitchen (and every fool knows a cup of mead after midnight is worth three after curfew), would gladly hear the news you have brought from the Holy Land, particularly that which concerns the Knight of Ivanhoe.

Ivan. (*To Wamba.*) I thank you for your courtesy; but I have made a vow never to speak in the kitchen on matters prohibited in the hall.

Wam. Umph! that vow would scarcely suit a serving man.—I give you good night, Sir Palmer, with small thanks for short courtesy. [*Exit.*

Isaac. The despised Jew is not deemed a fit companion for these monks and templars; yet we are all the same flesh! Well, well—no matter!

Ivan. (*Coming down.*) Isaac!

Isaac. (*Starting and wrapping himself up.*) Ah! what voice is that which speaks my name?

Ivan. Isaac of York, I say!

Isaac. (*To himself.*) Ah! I am discovered! What would you with the poor Jew?

Ivan. Hearken to me! You have cause for terror, but not from me. I come as your friend.

Isaac. So said the Norman, when he drained my coffers at York.

Ivan. You must leave this mansion instantly—you are in danger!

Isaac. Whom should it interest to endanger so poor a wretch as I am?

Ivan. As I journeyed hither with the Templar, I heard a conversation between him and his Saracen servants, which threatened danger to yourself and daughter.

Isaac. My daughter! danger to my Rebecca!—Speak! speak!

Ivan. Had you drawn your purse-strings, and paid for a proper escort, she had been safe now.

Isaac. Safe! and is she not safe now?

Ivan. Aye, safe prisoner with Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf in Torquilstone Castle, where a dungeon is also prepared for yourself; and this very Templar will place you in it, if you depart not instantly.

Isaac. My daughter prisoner to the Norman!—myself in danger!—what, what shall I do? how shall the poor Jew extricate himself?

Ivan. Hie thee to York, fill thy bags with treasure, send them to Front de Bœuf, and conciliate his good will.

Isaac. Conciliate his good will! Alas, there is but one road to the favour of a Christian; and how shall the poor Jew find it?

Ivan. 'To shew thee I am not blinded, Jew, by thy pretext of poverty, know that I am acquainted with the very iron chest in which thy money-bags are kept!—Remember the great stone that leads to the vaulted chamber, under thy garden at York!

Isaac. (*Aside.*) What! is my secret discovered?—I shall be robbed, plundered! my all will be taken from me—my gold—my—

Ivan. Fear nothing from me; and remember, thy daughter is within the walls of Torquilstone.

Isaac. Aye, true, true; in the hands of the Philistines! My beloved Rebecca! my only child! what shall I do to rescue thee?—I am poor, I am pennyless!

Ivan. Peace, earth-worm! An' thou dost put thy filthy lucre in the balance with thy virtuous daughter, I will strip thee of every maravedi thou hast in the world!

Isaac. But should he refuse, who will help the poor Jew to her rescue?

Ivan. That will *I!*

Isaac. *You!*

Ivan. Yes, *I*—an' you furnish the means.

Isaac. The means! Aye, there it is—the poor Jew must furnish all!

Ivan. Fill this tablet with an order on Kirgath the rich Jew, for a horse and armour.—I know he has six belonging to thee.

Isaac. Ah! then I was not wrong when I thought mine eye espied a knight's chain and gold spurs peep from beneath thy Palmer's cloak. But why should you embrace our cause?

Ivan. *Why?* when justice is to be wrought, Jew, Christians ask not why. But to satisfy thee that it is but bare requital of benefits received, remember thee of the unknown knight thy daughter once so charitably cherished and cured, when thou found'st him wounded and helpless in the forest?

Isaac. Ha! art thou ———?

Ivan. Ask no questions.

Isaac. (*Giving tablet.*) Then there is the order. But be careful of the armour and the steed!—And thou wilt restore them safely?

Ivan. I will. But hie thee quickly! Spare not thy purse for thy daughter's safety; the gold thou shalt spare in her cause will hereafter give thee as much agony as if it were poured molten down thy throat!—Farewell!

Isaac. Farewell, Christian! And for the sympathy thou hast shown the poor Jew, Isaac's house is open to thee.

Ivan. And the vaulted chamber?

Isaac. Don't mention that—farewell!—(*Going.*)—Yet hark thee, youth, thrust thyself not too forward into this vain hurley-burley—I speak not for endangering the steed and armour, but for the sake of thine own life and limbs. Farewell! farewell! [*Exit.*

Ivan. And is it thus that the son of an illustrious house revisits the domains of his fathers, after long and honourable service in foreign climes against the enemies of his country and his creed? Disinherited, disguised, despoiled *of love and land!* Unhappy Ivanhoe! thy youthful fame

pictured scenes far different from these. Where are the times when Wilfrid lived and moved his father's pride, his sovereign's favourite, and his people's hope? When, dearer far than all, he sunned himself in fair Rowena's smiles, and felt his love returned? Gone! gone! for ever gone! And now Wilfrid of Ivanhoe returns but to visit in disguise his father's halls, his heart's best love!

Enter ELGITHA.

Elg. All clear? then all is secure!—you may venture in, my lady.

Enter ROWENA *and Damsels.*

Ivan. Rowena! Surely she suspects not my disguise! Your servant, noble lady. (*Kneels.*)

Row. Rise, Palmer; the defender of the absent has a right to favourable reception from all who value truth and honour.—Oswald and maidens, retire—I would speak with this pilgrim alone.

[*Exeunt Oswald, Elgitha, and Maidens.*

Pilgrim, I have heard you this night mentioned a name—I mean the name of Ivanhoe—in the halls where by nature and kindred it should have sounded most acceptably; and yet such is the perverse course of fate, that of many whose hearts must have throbbed at the name, I only dare ask you when, and in what condition, you left him of whom you spoke?

Ivan. I know little of the Knight of Ivanhoe; I would I knew him better, since you, lady, are interested in his fate. He hath, I believe, surmounted the persecution of his enemies in Palestine, and is on the eve of returning to England, where you, lady, must know better than I what is his chance of happiness.

Row. Would to Heaven he were safely arrived, and able to bear arms in the approaching tourney! Should Athelstane of Coningsburgh obtain the prize, Ivanhoe is likely to hear evil tidings when he reaches England.—Thanks, good pilgrim, for your information concerning the

companion of my childhood. Accept these gifts in acknowledgment of thy travel, and the shrines thou hast visited; and now I will no longer detain thee from repose.

Ivan. Farewell, bright lady! For thine and Ivanhoe's sake, I pray that all thy fears may be defeated, all thy hopes accomplished. [*Exit.*

Row. Ivanhoe returning! speed him, ye pitying winds and waves, to his Rowena's rescue! Oh that at this lone hour his well-known accents would but float upon mine ear, as those of gallant Hubert did to faithful Tekla, how would I fly to hail my champion's return.

SONG.—(*Rowena.*)

High deeds achiev'd of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne,
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sang, while fell the twilight hour.

Joy to the fair! thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, no wealth can need,
Save his good arms, and battle steed.
Then, oh! unbar this churl's gate,
The night-dew falls—the hour is late;
Let grateful love quell maiden's shame,
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame.

[*Exit.*

SCENE III.—*The Hall of Rotherwood.*

Enter SIR BRIAN *and his Attendants.*

Sir Brian. All seems quiet—we have unbarred the rest of the portals—these alone remain—remove the bars silently for the admission of our friends.—(*Attendants unbar the doors.*)—We'll teach this Cedric to dare our power, and set the Norman nobles at defiance! By Cedric and Rowena's imprisonment, Front de Bœuf will

gratify his revenge, and De Bracy his love. Now hasten to our chambers, and assume the disguise of these forest outlaws, that we may be in readiness to join our friends.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter WAMBA, *tipsey, following* ELGITHA.

Wam. So—so—so—E—Elgitha—I've caught ye—Oh, for shame!—Caught ye—with a ma—man, ma—ma—dam—at mid—mid—at midnight—hiccup!

Elg. It was only the Palmer.

Wam. The palmer, indeed! I thought I saw him palming—but—come—now—don't be shy—but let me tell you how much I love you—hiccup!

Elg. You! why, you are a fool!

Wam. And show my folly—by loving you—Eh?—hiccup!

Elg. Ah, now, Wamba! you are only at your trade of Jester.

Wam. No—upon my so—o—ul—I'm in earnest—I'm not in jest now.

Elg. What! and would ye marry me?

Wam. There'd be an end of my trade at once—for no man can jest after he is married—that's beyond a joke. No—no—Elgitha—I wo'nt ma—ar—ry you—but I'll lo—o—ove you like—hiccup!

Elg. Why, I declare, Wamba, you're tipsey.

Wam. No—not tipsey—only—only doing the honours of Rotherwood to the strangers—'till every thing seems doubled.

Elg. Doubled, indeed!

Wam. Aye—your beauties—now, for instance—I begin to think you've two noses—and two pimples—dimples I mean—now do give me one kiss—and I'll see if that wo'nt be doubled.—Yes, yes, in liquor and love every thing is doubled.—(*Going towards her.*)

Elg. Keep off, Wamba—foolish, false Wamba!

DUET.

(AIR,—" *A Shepherd once.*")—STORACE, CHEROKEE.

Elg. And would you now have me believe
Your fal lal lal la ral de ral de ra;
That with which all men deceive
Their fal lal lal la ral de ral de ra;
No, I will not your passion share—
So, get you to some other fair,
Who may not be so well aware
Of your fal lal lal lal la ral de ral de ra!

Wam. Though tipsey, I none else will woo,
With my fal la lal de ral de ra!
And drunken men you know speak true,
With their fal la lal de ral de ral de ra!
My love is great, though you are small,
And long 'twill last, though you're not tall—
I'll love you with heart—soul—and all
My fal la lal de ral de ral de ra!

Elg. But, ah! a little bird did say,
With his fal lal lal de ral de ral de ra!
That he did hear you, th' other day,
With your fal lal lal de ral de ral de ra!
All in the grove, when none was by,
In Fanny's ears so gently sigh—
Wam. The little bird then told a lie—
With his fal lal lal de ral de ral de ra!

(*He attempts to seize Elgitha—a noise is heard.*)

Elg. Hush! hold still—I'm sure I heard something!

Wam. Eh? so thought I—Oh, Lord—'tis only the singing in your ears after drinking so much.

Elg. But I hear it again—It approaches.

Wam. Oh Lord! what can it be? Don't be fri—i—gh—tened, Elgitha—that is—Egad! I'm sobered in a minute!—(*Catches hold of her.*)

Enter ROWENA.

Row. Elgitha! why have you staid so long? I have been alarmed by the sound of footsteps under my window.

Wam. Fo—o—ot—steps—Why, my lady, we thought we heard the same here!

Row. How came you here, Wamba?

Wam. Seeing, my lady—seeing double, my lady—I mean that all was doubled-lock'd and safe!

Elg. Hark! I hear the buz and whisper of men!

Enter CEDRIC.

Cedric. Rowena! what means this? are you, too, alarmed? If my ears deceived me not, I heard the step of many men under my window.

Wam. (*Approaches window, but suddenly retreats to Cedric*). I—I—I— sa—a—y, uncle Ce—ce—cedric—I saw a man's fa—ace—through the door—way.

ISAAC OF YORK *rushes in.*

Isaac. Save me—save me!

Wam. 'Tis only the Jew after all!—(*Aside.*) He was lodged too near the piggery!

Ced. What ails thee, Jew?

Isaac. As I reached the skirts of the forest, I met a band of armed men. I have fled before them—they are surrounding the house—I saw their bright swords gleam in the moonlight! Save yourselves—save the poor Jew!

Ced. Let's to arms! Ring the alarm bell—Call up the household—I'll seek the Templar. The Outlaws or the Normans are upon us! [*Exit.*

(*Hurried symphony—the doors are burst open, and De Bracy and Normans disguised as Outlaws, Sir Brian and Attendants, bringing in Cedric, &c. prisoners, enter.*)

(FINALE *continued.*)

De Bracy. Archers! advance!

Chorus. The charge we obey!

De Bracy. Advance!

Chorus. We are ready to rush on our prey!
Yield or die—yield or die!—you are caught in the snare!
Provoke not our rage; of resistance beware!

Cedric shall our vengeance feel!
And vain to us is all appeal!

Rowena and Elgitha.
Oh! threaten vengeance where 'tis due,
Cedric ne'er yet injured you!
Ah! fatal error! to be thus betray'd
When night's gloomy terror involves us in shade!

De Bracy. Revenge and love my bosom warm!
Rowena's beauties now are mine!
Oh! tell me how that heart to charm—

Rowena. Mark you—that heart shall ne'er be thine!
Oh! no—each feeling now assures,
This heart of mine shall ne'er be yours!

Elgitha and Rowena.
For though your prisoners we may be,
Our hearts and minds shall still be free!

De Bracy. Time forbids our longer stay,
Archers now—we must away!

(ROWENA, ELGITHA, WAMBA, *and Servants.*)

CHORUS.

Oh! spare us now, No!
For mercy's sake, No!
On helpless foes, No!
Oh! pity take! No!

CHORUS.

Time forbids our longer stay!
Archers, up!—we must away!
Archers, up!—we must away!
[*Exeunt, bearing Prisoners.*

END OF ACT FIRST.

ACT II.

SCENE I.—*The Forest.*

Enter ROBIN HOOD, MILLER, *and Outlaws.*

Robin. By this time, I should think, these Normans must have past the forest.

Out. Hush! I hear footsteps.

Robin. (*Listening.*) Thou art right, some one comes this way—take the wood, and let us watch.

(*They hide in the wood.*)

Enter WAMBA, (*running.*)

Wam. Well, if nature has denied the fool a good head, she has not forgot to give him a good pair of heels. I'm out of breath, or rather the breath is out of me; but that's all one. I have escaped from these green cassock'd rascallions, however, and have set myself at liberty—liberty! I have heard tell of the blessings of liberty, but I wish any wise man would teach me what to do with it; for never was any poor dog more at liberty than I am at this moment. First, I've the full liberty of this wood for my lodging, without a roof to cover my head; secondly, I have the full liberty of being starved to death upon acorns, berries, and spring-water; and, thirdly, like a true fool, I've the liberty of my tongue—there's nobody to contradict me.

Robin. (*Coming forward.*) Stand!

Wam. (*Starting.*) No, I'd rather run.

(*Attempts to run off the other way, but is met by Allan.*)

Allan. Deliver!

Wam. Bless ye! I want to be delivered.

(*Attempts the back of the stage, and is there met by the other Outlaws.*)

Completely surrounded! Well, gentlemen, I'm yours; you must'nt blame me for running away from you,—it was only my love of what I did not know the use of when I got it—liberty!

Robin. What mean ye by running away?

Wam. Oh! I'll shew you immediately, if you will give me the opportunity. Why, you stare at me as though you had never seen me before, and scarcely two hours have elapsed since you attacked our house, and carried off me and my master, and the old Jew, and the young lady, and other goods and chattels. But if you don't know me, I know you and your Lincoln green again.

Robin. Lincoln green! This is some robbery committed in our names. Drest like us, say you? Which way did they take?

Wam. They took every way they could.

Robin. Aye, but which road, fool?

Wam. As well as I could guess, fool, in the fright, and in the dark, the road to Sheffield.

Robin. Then, they must be those minions of Brian de Bois Guilbert, whom we saw leave the castle. We will raise a troop of our foresters, to pull Torquilstone about his ears, if he refuse to give up the prisoners.

Wam. You don't say so! Why, then, the fool's wit shan't be wanting to the enterprise.

Robin. Well, your bugles, and away to the hermitage.

Wam. Well, now, for thieves these are very honest gentlemen—though I dare say I shall be hanged for being found in their company.

Robin. What's that?

Wam. Only, that I'll be hanged if I a'nt fond of your company—that's all.

Robin. And well you may; for though these green woods are our only covering, we are as happy as a prince in his palace, and ten times as free.

Wam. And no doubt you'll take your full swing.

GLEE.

ROBIN HOOD, ALLAN-A-DALE, *and* MILLER.

To Metheglin's praise,
Our songs we'll raise,
And in mirthful dance entwine;
For honey so sweet we drain from the bee,
To rival the juice of the vine,
And to brighten those moments from labour free.
With Metheglin say who would repine.
Though Old England's green field,
No rich vineyard may yield,
Our Metheglin's as good—as good wine.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*The Hermitage of Copmanhurst in a wood.* (*Twilight.*)

Enter IVANHOE *in Armour, disguised.*

Ivan. By the Holyrood, I begin to think I stand a fair chance of passing the night with the blue sky for my camp cover; and since no other shelter offers itself, why my palmer's cloak must once more serve for my tent and bed, and save the Jew's armour from the darkness of the night. (*Looks round. A light appears in the hermitage window.*) Oh! thanks to St. Julian! fortune befriends me. Yon light gives promise of better lodging than the open air.—(*Approaches the hermitage, and knocks at the door.*)—So ho! So ho! Within there!—(*Light disappears.*)—There seems but little hospitality here. Holloa, good father hermit! Answer, or I shall make good my entrance.

Friar Tuck. (*At window.*) Pass on your way, and disturb not a servant of St. Dunstan in his evening devotions.

Ivan. Worthy father, I am a poor pilgrim, bewildered in these woods, and give you the opportunity of exercising those sacred virtues, charity and hospitality.

Friar. Good brother, Heaven has destined me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. Pass, therefore, on thy way, and the saints speed thee.

Ivan. But how am I to find my way in the dark? I pray you, as you are a Christian, undo your door, and point out to me the road.

Friar. The road is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, wo'nt be above your middle, or at least up to your neck. When thou hast crossed the road, take care of a precipice.

Ivan. Sir hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard, you should not persuade me to hold such a road to-night. Either open the door quickly, or by the rood, I'll beat it down, and make an entry for myself.—(*Striking door lustily.*)

Friar. Patience! patience! and I will undo the door.

Ivan. Quickly, then, or by all your saints I execute my purpose.—(*Door opens.*)—So! (*Ironically.*) Benedicite, good father! (*Enters.*)

SCENE III.—*Inside of Hermitage. Table, chairs, stool. A plate of parched peas on the table.*

Enter FRIAR TUCK, *shewing in* IVANHOE.

Friar. Excuse me, holy father, for at first refusing you entrance—wickedness is abroad, and we holy men are too often the chosen subjects of persecution. Friend palmer, or knight, or whatsoever thou art, for thou partakest of both in thine appearance, sit thee down—thou art welcome. Here is a wooden stool. (*They sit and gaze at each other.*)

Ivan. (*Takes off his hat, and seats himself.*) Your poverty should seem a sufficient defence against thieves. But now, sir hermit, that I have gained entrance, I will trouble your holiness with two important questions—first, What am I to have for supper? Secondly, Where am I to take up my couch for the night?

Friar. I am a man of few words. Your bed is there—(*Pointing to the ground.*)—and your supper is there—(*Pointing to trencher of parched peas on the table before him.*)

Ivan. (*Shrugging up his shoulders, as he looks at the plate.*) Dried peas! but poor fare, father hermit.—(*They eat, and gaze upon each other.*)—And what liquor hast thou to moisten them?

Friar. The best—the purest water from the well of St. Dunstan, in which, betwixt sun and sun, he baptized 500 heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!

Ivan. Upon my soul, good father, this is but meagre fare to have produced those plump cheeks.

Friar. (*Smiling*) I see the poor monastic fare of the clerk of Copmanhurst likes thee not. And now I bethink me, the charitable keeper of these forest walks left me some food, which being unfit for my use, the very recollection had escaped me, amid more weighty meditations.

Ivan. Let us see the keeper's bounty, then, without delay.

Friar. (*Looking suspiciously, but half smiling.*) Aye, —but, sir palmer—

Ivan. Never fear me, man; out with the food.

Friar. (*Goes to press, and returns with an enormous pasty.*) Well, then, since you will compel me to lay my hands on meat more carnal than my holy peas,—(*Going to Cupboard.*)—there, there's as fine a venison pasty as ever fat buck filled, or fair cookmaid raised a crust round.

Ivan. Thou may'st remove the peas, friend hermit, or take them to thyself. Come, good friar, eat.

Friar. Friend, my vows permit me not to eat in company.

Ivan. Nay, good friend, I have been in Palestine, and 'tis custom there for every host to partake; nevertheless, as thy religious vows forbid, I will excuse. (*Cutting the pasty with his poniard.*)—'Tis indeed delicious.

Friar. (*Aside.*) What a devil of an appetite!—My whole pasty will vanish in the chaunting of an ave—Stop! —I will for once depart from my rule; though, St. Dunstan knows, it is out of mere charity to you.—(*Falls to.*)

Ivan. I would 'gage now, holy clerk, that the same honest keeper has left thee a stoup of wine, or a runlet of canary, or some such trifle, by way of ally to this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of such a rigid anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search the crypt once

more, you would find I am right in my conjecture.—Search the crypt again, good father.

Friar.—(*Grins significantly, rises, goes to the press again, and produces a very large stone bottle of water, with two drinking horns.*)—By my faith, sir palmer, you are a running man; but I'll see what St. Dunstan has sent us. (*Going to the closet.*)—Here is a flask of wine, which I keep for the benefit of my sick parishioners.

Ivan. And I dare say it will not be the first time that the property of the poor parishioners will have been applied to other purposes.

Friar. (*Filling and drinking.*) Waes hael, sir knight.

Ivan. (*Filling and drinking.*) Drink hael, holy clerk of Copmanhurst, and thanks for my supper.

Friar. You're heartily welcome; come——

Ivan. Here's a bumper to all jovial friars. And now I'm sure I guess right in saying, that voice knows some other stave than de profundis clamavi.

Friar. Aye, aye—let us be merry; none will come to the clerk of Copmanhurst for shrift to-night.—So here's for a strain in favour of my calling.

SONG.—Friar Tuck.

I'll give the good fellow a twelvemonth or twain
To search Europe through from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the bare-footed friar.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the bare footed friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot;
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot;
For he roams where he lists, and he stops when he tires;
For every man's house is the bare-footed friar's.

(*The last chorus is repeated by Robin Hood, Outlaws, and Wamba without, interrupted by loud knocking at the door. They stop singing.*)

Friar. By my beads, here be more benighted—gue—s—ests! I would not for my cowl that they found us in

this goodly exercise.—(*Knocking repeated.*)—Here, sir knight, hide the flagon, the—— (*Putting things away.*

Robin. (*Without.*) What devil's matins are you after at this hour?

Friar. Wend on your way, in the name of St. Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother.

Robin. (*Without.*) Mad priest, open to the foresters—open to Locksley.

Friar. Oh! oh! all's safe—all's right—they are friends!

Ivan. Friends! but what friends?

Friar. Why, why, e'en the honest keeper who supplied the pasty.—(*Opens the door.*)

Enter ROBIN HOOD, ALLAN, MILLER, WAMBA, *and Outlaws.*

Robin. Why, hermit, what boon companion hast thou here?

Friar. A brother of our order. We have been at our orisons all night.

Wam. (*Aside.*) Orison! Venison he means, I smell buck. Where can they have put the wine? for I'm sure water never inspired such a jolly song.

Robin. I tell ye, Friar, ye must lay down the rosary, and take up the quarter-staff. But are ye mad, to admit a knight ye don't know?

Friar. Not know him! why it is Sir Anthony of Scrabbelstone. As if I would drink with a man, and not know his name!

Wam. No, no, I'll be sworn!

Ivan. Good yeoman, be not wrath with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality I would have compelled from him had he refused it.

Friar. Thou compel! Wait but till I have changed this grey gown for a green cassock, and if I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I am neither true clerk, nor good woodsman.—(*Throwing off his monk's habit.*)—Here, fool, truss up my points!—(*To Wamba.*)

Wam. I, indeed! transmew a holy hermit into a sinful forester!—Amen!

Robin. Are you a friend to the weaker party, and to the English?

Ivan. There is no one to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me; and for Richard, few would go farther to support his rights than I would.

Robin. Then hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, which thou mayst take an honourable part in. A band of Norman villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, e'en in the disguise of my own merry men, have by treachery made themselves master of Cedric the Saxon, and his ward, lady Rowena.

Ivan. Cedric and Rowena in the power of the Normans!—Where?

Robin. Conveyed to Torquilstone castle, in this forest.

Ivan. What! with Reginald Front de Bœuf?—Rowena in his castle!—His life shall pay for this!—Lose not a moment! collect your foresters! I will conduct the enterprise! St. George and this good sword to speed!—Come on, bold yeomen! Away to the rescue!

Friar. Aye, away! By St. George and the Dragon, I'm no clerk now—no; I'll fight for a lass with any blythe forester in the West-Riding.

Wam. (*Who has discovered pasty and wine, and been eating and drinking.*)—Well spoken, priest; I like thy devotions much.

Ivan. I will reconnoitre the castle, mark the proceeding, join you in time to lead the attack, and Heaven will aid the arms that are raised for the rescue of oppressed innocence. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.—*A Chamber in Torquilstone Castle, apparently strongly bolted.*

Enter Rowena.

Row. Still, still a prisoner—still unransomed; but though De Bracy's power may confine my person, my fancy still can wander to that true knight, my Ivanhoe, who will live for ever in Rowena's heart.

Enter De Bracy.

De Bracy. Ah! I trust those enchanting tones bespeak thine anger appeas'd?

Row. No, sir knight—they speak my just complaint—my unjust captivity. For what doom am I reserved?

De Bracy. Nay, nay; it is from your fair eyes De Bracy must receive his doom, not you from his commands.

Row. I know you for no other than my enemy, sir knight, and that, which you miscall love, forms no apology for the violence of a robber.

De Bracy. Nay, speak not of violence! You are free to range the castle—while Isaac of York is subject to the persecution of Sir Reginald for his gold, and his fair daughter close prisoner to Sir Brian. But I can well guess the cause of this indifference; 'tis Ivanhoe, this strange knight, whose arm rescued thee from my first attempt, who is preferred to me.

Row. And ought not my deliverer be preferred to my persecutor?

De Bracy. But thou art mistaken, lady. This Ivanhoe—but he has no name, no lineage—what, then, are his claims?

Row. They are registered here.

(*Laying her hand on her heart.*)

De Bracy. Yet mark me, Rowena—To your charms alone must you attribute this apparent violence. Be mine, and my whole life shall be devoted to your service.

Row. Thine! never!

De Bracy. Nay, let not those eyes, which were formed to beam with all the tenderness of love, turn thus coldly upon one, who would die to animate them with the glow of delight.

DUET.

De Bracy. Oh glance not so coldly, dear lady, on me,
Whom thy beauties first taught to acknowledge love's charm;
Since thine eye-beam in brightness can vie with the sun,
Let love's genial glow make it also as warm.

Row. Oh, think not, false knight, that by force you will gain
Those affections which kindness alone can endear,
Or hope from those eyes but a glance of disdain,
Which thy cruelty first has thus dimm'd by a tear.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.—*A dungeon in the Castle of Torquilstone.*

Enter SIR REGINALD FRONT DE BŒUF, *followed by two Saracen Slaves, dragging in* ISAAC *the* JEW.

Isaac. Holy Abraham! Whither do you lead me? For what dreadful tortures am I reserv'd? Pity my gray hairs! Have mercy on these old and trembling limbs!

(*Sir Reginald signs to one of the Slaves, who produces a large pair of scales.*)

Sir Reg. Most accursed dog of an accursed race! seest thou these scales?

Isaac. I do.

Sir Reg. In these very scales shalt thou weigh out a thousand silver pounds, after the just measure and weight of the Tower of London.

Isaac. A thousand pounds of silver! Not within the walls of York wilt thou find that sum, though thou wert to ransack my house, and that of all my tribe.

Sir Reg. I am reasonable: and, if silver be scant, I refuse not gold.

Isaac. Have mercy on me, noble knight! I am old, and poor, and helpless. It is unworthy to triumph over me—It is a poor deed to crush a worm.

Sir Reg. Old thou mayst be—the more shame to their folly who have suffered thee to grow gray in usury and knavery. Feeble thou may'st be—for when had a Jew either heart or hand? But rich 'tis well known thou art.

Isaac. By all which I believe, and by all which we believe in common——

Sir Reg. Perjure not thyself, and let not obstinacy seal thy doom, till thou hast seen and considered the fate that awaits thee. This dungeon is no place for trifling. Prisoners, ten thousand times more distinguished than thou, have died within these walls, and never has their fate been known. But for thee is reserved a long and lingering death, compared to which their sufferings were as nothing.

(*Sir Reginald beckons one of the slaves. He goes to the back of the scene, throws open a door in the centre, and discovers a large grate filled with burn-charcoal, iron bars placed along the surface, and two other slaves attending to keep up the fire.*)

Sir Reg. Seest thou, Isaac, the range of iron bars above that glowing charcoal?—there shalt thou be pinioned, as if reposing on a bed of down. One of these slaves shall maintain the fire beneath thee, while the other anoints thy wretched limbs with oil. Now choose betwixt that scorching couch and the payment of a thousand pounds of silver; for, by the head of my father, thou hast no other option.

Isaac. It is impossible your purpose can be real! The God of nature never made a heart capable of exercising such cruelty.

Sir Reg. Trust not to that—it were a fatal error. Shall I, who have seen thousands of my Christian brethren perish by flood and fire—shall I be scared from my determined purpose by the outcries of a single wretched Jew?—I waste no further conference!—Choose between thy dross and thy flesh and blood; and, as thou choosest, so is thy fate decided.

Isaac. So may Abraham and the fathers of our people assist me, I cannot choose, because I have not the means of satisfying your demand.

Sir Reg. Slaves, seize and strip him! Let the fathers of his race assist him if they can.

(*The slaves seize, and are dragging him towards the fire.*)

Isaac. Hold! hold! for mercy! I will pay—I will collect the thousand pounds of silver, with the aid of my brethren. When and where must it be delivered?

Sir Reg. Here must it be delivered—weighed and told down upon this dungeon-floor.

Isaac. And what is my surety that I shall be at liberty after this ransom is paid?

Sir Reg. The faith of a Norman nobleman—more pure than the gold and silver of thee and all thy tribe.

Isaac. I crave your pardon, noble lord; but wherefore should I rely all on the word of one who will trust nothing to me?

Sir Reg. Because thou canst not help it, Jew. From this dungeon thou stirrest not till the money is produced.

Isaac. Then let my daughter, Rebecca, go forth to

York, under your safe conduct; and, as soon as a man and horse can return, the treasure—the treasure shall be told down on this very floor.

Sir Reg. Thy daughter, Isaac! I deemed that yonder black-browed girl had been thy mistress, and I gave her to be a handmaiden to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert.

Isaac. God of my fathers!—(*Breaks from the slaves, and throws himself at the feet of Sir Reginald.*)—Take all that you have asked—take ten times more—reduce me to ruin and beggary if thou wilt—nay, pierce me with thy poniard—broil me on that furnace; but spare my daughter; deliver her in safety and in honour. As thou art born of woman, spare the purity of a helpless maiden. She is the image of my deceased Rachael; she is the last of six pledges of her love! Wilt thou deprive a widowed husband of his sole remaining comfort? Wilt thou reduce a father to wish that his only living child were laid beside her dead mother in the tomb of our generation?

Sir Reg. (*Rather softened.*) I would that I had known of this before. I thought your race had loved nothing save your money-bags.

Isaac. Think not so humbly of us. The hunted fox, the tortured wild cat, loves its young—the despised and persecuted race of Abraham love their children.

Sir Reg. Be it so. I will believe it in future, Isaac, even for thy very sake. But it aids us nothing now. My word is passed to my comrade in arms, nor would I break it for a thousand Jews and Jewesses to boot. But why shouldst thou think evil is to happen to the girl?

Isaac. There will! there must!—When did Templars breathe ought but cruelty to men, and dishonour to women!

Sir Reg. Dog of an infidel! Blaspheme not the holy order of the Temple! but take thought, instead, to pay me the ransom thou hast promised, or wo betide thy Jewish throat!

Isaac. Robber and villain! I will pay thee nothing! Not one silver penny will I give thee, unless my daughter be delivered to me, pure and undefiled, as when she fell into your accursed hands!

Sir Reg. Art thou in thy senses, Israelite? Has thy flesh and blood a charm against heated iron and scalding oil?

Isaac. I care not—do thy worst. My daughter is my flesh and blood, dearer to me a thousand times than these aged limbs which thy cruelty threatens. No silver will I give thee, unless I were to pour it molten down thy avaricious throat—no, not a silver penny will I give thee, were it to save thee from the deep damnation thy whole life has merited. Kill me by lingering tortures if thou wilt; and say, the Jew, amidst his agony, knew how to disappoint the Christian.

Sir Reg. Now, by the blessed rood, which is the abomination of thy detested race, thy firmness shall be tried—thou shalt prove the extremities of fire and steel. Strip him, slaves, and chain him down upon the bars.

(*The slaves seize Isaac, and are again dragging him to the fire.—At this moment, a trumpet is sounded violently.—Trampling without, and several voices cry, "Where is the Baron? Where is Sir Reginald?"*)

Sir Reg. Hark! I am summoned!—What new alarm is this? Quick, slaves—drag him to the inner dungeon; secure him there, and, at the peril of your lives, leave him not till I return.—Vile dog, short respite will be thine.

[*Exit hastily.*

Isaac. (*As they are dragging him off.*) Is there no hope, no succour for the poor Jew? Oh, God of Abraham! let me not live to see my child dishonoured; and, if thy mercy spare not, may vengeance strike this horrid fabric, and crush the oppressor with his wretched victims.

[*Exeunt, guarded by the Slaves.*

SCENE *changes to outside of Torquilstone Castle.—Gates in outer draw-bridge up—the walls are manned.—Sir Brian and De Bracy appear on the battlements directing the operations.—A party of the Yeomen rush on to the attack, headed by Ivanhoe.*

Ivan. On, on, bold yeomen; follow your leader—follow to the charge!—St. George, for merry England!

(*He springs across the ditch, and assaults the gate with his battle-axe, the yeomen following.—Instantly Front de Bœuf and Sir Brian, with a large party, appear from the gates, and meet the assailants.—Ivanhoe is fiercely attacked by Sir Brian and Front de Bœuf.—Is wounded, and forced into the castle.—The yeomen, by superior force, are compelled to retreat.—Scene closes.*)

SCENE VI.—*Changes to the Forest.*

Enter ALLAN-A-DALE *with a few Yeomen, meeting* ROBIN HOOD *and Party.*

Allan. The valiant knight, whose eagerness in the pursuit advanced too far, was overpowered by Front Bœuf and Sir Brian, wounded, and dragged into the castle, where he is now a prisoner.

Robin. Distraction! Lose not a moment—sound your horns; and let every man that boasts himself a member of our brave band be instantly mustered.—(*Robin Hood retires as giving orders to his yeomen.*)

Enter MILLER.

Friar. How now, Miller?

Miller. This letter I have just ta'en from the point of an arrow shot from the battlements. Open it, good Friar; for as thou art our chaplain, it is thy province to expound the contents.

Friar. (*Opening the letter, and looking over it.*) By herock of St. Dunstan, I cannot expound this jargon. Had it been written in Latin——

Wam. (*Taking the letter.*) So says I—had it been written in Latin; but in English I never got farther than pot-hooks and hangers. Therefore, friend Robin, do you look at the scrawl.

Robin. (*Reads.*) "The prisoners we have made it is our fixed intention to execute before noon; so that their

heads, being placed on the battlements, shall show how lightly we esteem those who bestirred themselves in their rescue. For the Christian knight, Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, who is now our prisoner, we require you to send a priest to reconcile him to Heaven, in doing which you shall render him the last earthly service."

Wam. Ivanhoe, my master's son!—Execute the noble Wilfrid! By the rood, you must be mistaken?

Robin. Not I, my worthy friend. I have explained the words as they are here set down.

Friar. Then, by St. Thomas of Canterbury, we'll have the castle, should we tear it down with our hands.

Wam. We have nothing else to tear it with; but mine are scarce fit to make mammocks of freestone and mortar.

Robin. 'Tis but a contrivance to gain time—they dare not do a deed for which I would exact a fearful penalty. Yet I would there were some one among us who could obtain admission to the castle, and discover how the case stands with the besieged. Methinks, as they require a confessor to be sent, this holy hermit might at once exercise his pious vocation, and procure us the information we desire.

Friar. A plague on thee and thy advice! I tell thee, that when I doff my friar's frock, my sanctity, my priesthood, and my very Latin, are put off along with it; and when in my green jerkin, I can better kill a herd of deer than shrive one Christian.

Robin. I fear then we have no one qualified to take on him the character of a confessor. Yet remember, the life of a brave knight is at stake, without whose skill and mighty arm our enterprise might fail; and if means could once be found to gain him freedom, I have no doubt but with his assistance we should be enabled to give liberty and life to the rest.

Wam. (*Comes forward.*) I see the fool must still remain the fool, and thrust his neck into the venture that wise men shrink from. Know then, my friends, that I wore russet before I wore motley, and was bred to be a friar ere I found out I had wit enough to be a fool. With the assistance of this good hermit's frock, and the sanctity and learning stitched into the cowl of it, I trust I shall discharge the office bravely.

Robin. But hast thou sense enough, my friend?

Wam. Truly I am but an indifferent judge. Yet if I have not, 'twill be the first time I ere wanted wit to turn my folly to account.

Robin. On with the frock then, good fellow.—(*The yeomen dress Wamba in the friar's gown, &c.*)—Assure thy master he has stirring friends without, and bring a true account of their condition in the castle. Time wears—away with thee!

Wam. Pax vobiscum! [*Exit.*

Robin. In the mean time I will, under covert of the shady wood, advance my brave yeomen. On every side we will beset the place so closely, that not a fly shall carry news from thence. If our messenger returns not in an hour, we will delay no longer; but, trusting in the aid of Heaven and good St. Geerge, march boldly on to the assault.

GLEE.

Prepare your bow, your arrows draw,
Strengthen thine arm to aid the law,
For vengeance we implore;
Give us revenge, we ask no more.

Swift as the whirlwind, Saxon bows
Shall send their arrows through the foes;
While every shaft is wing'd with fate,
And death upon our arrows wait;
Oh! grant that like thy thunder's sound,
Our on-slaught may the foe confound.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VII.—*A vaulted chamber, supposed to be the top of a turret in Torquilstone.—The bartizan seen through an open window.*

ULRICA, *with a distaff.*

Ulr. I heard the owl's shriek, and the raven's night scream! And the loud thunder shook the battlements of my turret—but Ulrica's wheel still turned. And I heard the clamour of horsemen, and the sound of trumpets, and

St. Maur. 'Tis I.—Our lord l
fairer guest to thy turret—so aw
lest Sir Reginald discover that
orders.

Ulr. May the evil demon, Te
from limb if I leave my cell e'er
my distaff.

St. Maur. Be it at your own p
We cannot again answer it to ou
life at the risk of our own.

Ulr. Answer it to him!—ha!
not to answer to me?—(*Castin*
Rebecca.)—What devil's deed hav
But it is easy to guess—bright ey
skin of the white flower of the str
why they send her to this lone t
could be no more heard than at th
fathoms beneath the earth.

Reb. Wretched, wretched m
again fallen into their power! Fo
me, is it still my life they seek, to
of faith?

Ulr. Thy life, minion! And
life pleasure them?

Reb. And is there no hope?

Ulr. Look at me! Hear me,

Ulr. Think not of it!—(*Suddenly seizing her, and dragging her to the window, which she pushes open, and shews a battlement.*)—Unless, indeed, ye dare to plunge from this high battlement, and seek a refuge for endangered honour in the mangled carcase, which would disgust the villain man in its pursuit.

Reb. (*Shuddering.*) 'Tis indeed a dizzy height.

Ulr. From hence there is no escape but this, or through the gates of death; and it is late—late ere they're open to us. Fare thee well, Jewess—my thread is spun, thy task is yet to begin.—(*Going.*)

Reb. Stay, stay! for the sake of Heaven stay! though it be to curse and to revile me. Thy presence is yet some protection.

Ulr. My presence a protection! ha! ha! ha!—I tell thee, the presence of his mother's sainted spirit—the presence of a murdered father's ghost—would avail thee nothing with the bloody Reginald? What then would avail thee the presence of one who would urge him to a crime the more, that he might be the deeper cursed? [*Exit.*

Reb. Alas! for what new miseries am I reserved? Are there no means of escape?—(*Examining the apartment.*)—No, none! No outlet but to this bartizan, whose frightful height makes the sense dizzy in its contemplation. Hark! a footstep!—Oh! unwelcome sound, when solitude seems my only safety. Ah! 'tis he!

Enter SIR BRIAN.

Sir Brian. Well, Jewess, thought ye to elude my power, since chance gave the victory to thy minion.

Reb. Chance! 'twas the justice of his cause.

Sir Brian. No matter what the cause, thou art again in my power. The mountain's stream does but stem the torrent's course to make it rush with added violence to the ocean. Submit, and spite of all thou hast inflicted, all I have endured—I cannot drive thee from my heart. Submit then to my will, and be the past forgotten.

Reb. Submit! never! I may be the victim of an unhappy destiny, but Rebecca's will shall never disgrace her fame.

Sir Brian. Then thus—(*Approaching her.*)

Reb. (*With dignity.*) Stand back! stand back! My strength thou may'st indeed o'erpower; for nature made women weak, and trusted their defence to men's generosity. But I will proclaim thy villany, Templar, from one end of Europe to the other.

Sir Brian. Weak foolish girl! loud must be thy voice of complaint if it be heard beyond the iron walls of this castle. One thing only can save thee, Rebecca—submit to thy fate, embrace our religion.

Reb. Submit to my fate! embrace thy religion!—Never! Oh! call thy faith by some other name, nor let it shield a heart and actions such as thine.—(*Sir Brian approaches nearer to her, and she looks towards the battlement.*)—Craven knight, I defy thee! Heaven has opened an escape to the innocent even from this abyss of infamy.

Sir Brian. An escape!—(*In derision.*)—Where?

Reb. (*Suddenly opening the lattice, and ascending to the extremity of the battlement.*)—Here! Nay, remain where thou art, proud Templar, or at thy choice advance one foot nearer, and I plunge from this frightful precipice, to me no longer frightful, since it offers an escape from pollution.

Sir Brian. You cannot—you dare not!

Reb. I can—I dare! Aye, my body shall be crushed out of the very form of humanity ere it becomes the victim of thy brutality.

Sir Brian. By Heaven, she is on the extreme verge of the battlement!—Come down, come down, rash girl!—I swear by earth, and sea, and sky, I'll offer thee no harm!

Reb. I will not trust thee, Templar!

Sir Brian. Thou need'st not fear me.

Reb. I fear thee not! Thanks to him who reared this dizzy tower so high, that nought could fall from it and live!—(*Sir Brian attempts to plead.*)—Diminish the distance between us but one step, and thou shalt see a Jewish maid would rather trust her soul with Heaven, than her honour with the Templar.

Sir Brian. Rash obstinate girl!

Enter St. Maur.

What intrusion is this?

St. Maur. A priest, according to your desire, is sent to shrive the prisoners. He says the Saxons wait but for his return to commence the attack.

Reb. 'Tis true, 'tis true! I see them already line the skirts of the forest.

Sir Brian. Audacious rebels!—Let the Warder conduct the priest to Ivanhoe's prison.—There bid him attend me. [*Exit St. Maur.*

Rebecca, again thou hast foiled my purpose; but thou hast rendered it the deeper and the more determined. We meet again, proud girl.—Till when, Rebecca's name shall be the war-cry to drive these Saxon slaves back to their woods again. [*Exit.*

Reb. He's gone, and for the moment I am safe. And yet how soon this savage persecutor may return, I dread to think! Death is my only refuge; and surely Heaven will forgive the crime of self-destruction, when life can only be retained by shame and infamy. Alas! alas! we are doomed, and not a ray of hope breaks through the gloomy prospect. The wounded stranger, too—he will perish in his feebleness, neglected and abandoned. And my poor father—Oh, my father! Have I forgotten thee? Evil is it with thy daughter, when thy gray hairs are unthought of, because of the golden locks of youth.

Enter GRIMBALD *and* GILES.

Grim. You must look after the wounded knight. The castle is threatened with an attack, and every man is ordered to the battlements.

Reb. Let us not delay—I follow willingly: Even now perhaps he perishes for want of aid. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter ULRICA *and* CEDRIC.

Ulr. Thou injured man, approach, and follow me.

Ced. How now? What would you?

Ulr. The accents of the voice which thou hearest just now, will soon be choked with the cold earth.

Ced. What mean you?

Ulr. I come to free thee. Listen! Thy sire was my father's friend.

Ced. Who art thou?

Ulr. Daughter of the noble Thane of Torquilstone.

Ced. (*Suddenly.*) Thou the daughter of my father's friend?

Ulr. 'Tis true, I am the daughter of thy father's friend.

Ced. Thy words recal to my mind a tale which—but proceed in thy guilty story—for there is guilt even in the living to tell it.

Ulr. There is! there is! Guilt that lies like a load in my breast! Guilt, that all the penitential fires of hereafter cannot cleanse! Aye, to live in these halls, stained with the noble and pure blood of my father and brethren, was to render every breath I drew of vital air a crime and curse!

Ced. Wretched woman! and while the friends of thy father forgot not in their prayers the murdered Ulrica, hast thou lived in the bands of lawless love with the assassin of innocence?

Ulr. In lawless bands indeed, but not in those of love. Even in the hour of his guilty endearments, I have fomented the quarrels of our foes, and heated drunken revelry into murderous broils. Long had the mouldering fire of discord glowed between the tyrant father and the savage son—long had I mused in secret the unnatural hate. It blazed forth in an hour of drunken wassail; and at his own board fell my oppressor, by the hand of his own son.

Ced. And thou, creature of guilt and misery, what became thy lot on the death of thy ravisher?

Ulr. Guess it, but ask it not. Here—here I dwelt, till premature age, not the age of nature, but the age of guilt, has stamp'd its ghastly features on my countenance! I see you shudder to look upon me! Fly! I will aid thy escape! Lead on the force that is without this cursed castle; and when thou shalt see a red flag wave from the turret, on the eastern angle of the Doujon, press the Normans hard—they will then have enough to do within, and you may win the wall in spite of bow and mangonel.

Sir Reg. (*Without.*) Conduct the priest to the prisoner.

Ced. Hark! the voice of Sir Reginald!

Ulr. Heed him not, but follow me; and when joined by the friends who are now without, cry your Saxons on straight—let them sing the war-song of Rollo, and vengeance shall bear a burthen to it!—Forget not my signal! forget not the red flag on the eastern turret!—Silence, and follow. [*Exit.*

SCENE IX.—*A Dungeon in the Castle.*

REBECCA *discovered watching* IVANHOE, *who is lying on a Couch.*

Reb. Nature, exhausted by the waste of spirits, embraces the first moment of relief from pain, to sink into a temporary slumber. Alas! is it a crime that I should look on him, when it may be for the last time? But a short space, and these fair features shall be no longer animated by the bold and buoyant spirit which not even in sleep forsakes them—when the noble knight shall be trod on by the lowest caitiff in the castle, and stir not when the heel is lifted up against him. He stirs!

Ivan. (*Wakes, and rises from the couch.*) Gentle maiden, is it you?

Reb. Sir knight, I fear I have disturbed you; yet may I hope your wound is better.

Ivan. Much better than I could have expected—thanks, my dear Rebecca, to thy helpful skill.

Reb. (*Aside.*) He calls me dear Rebecca, but with the cold and careless tone which suits not with the words. His war-horse, his hunting hound, are dearer to him than the despised Jewess.

Ivan. My mind is more disturbed by anxiety, than my body with pain. From the speeches of the men who just now guarded me, I guess I am a prisoner, and in the castle of Reginald Front de Bœuf.

Reb. Alas! 'tis even so. Front de Bœuf and Boia

Guilbert command in the castle, which is surrounded by a besieging force, raised for our deliverance—but who or what they are, I cannot tell.

Ivan. Oh! had I but a bow to shoot one shaft, or battle-axe to strike a single blow for liberty! It is in vain—I am alike weaponless and nerveless.—(*Sinks down exhausted.*)—Oh! I recollect—the brave yeomen. We have friends who know of our captivity, and will fight to rescue us. If I could drag myself to yonder battlements, to see how this brave game is like to go.

Reb. Alas! this struggling with your present weakness will but retard recovery. How couldst thou hope to inflict wounds on others, ere that be healed which thou hast thyself received?

Ivan. Rebecca, you cannot feel how hard it is for one who has been trained to war, to lie inactive as a priest, when they are doing deeds of honour all around him. The love of battle is the food on which we live. We wish not to endure existence, but while victorious and renowned. Such are the laws to which we offer all that men hold dear.

Reb. Alas! sir knight! what is it but an offering of sacrifice to the demon of vain-glory? What remains as the price of all the blood you have shed, and all the pain you have endured, when death shall have broken the warrior's spear, and overtaken the speed of his war-horse.

Ivan. Glory, maiden, glory! which gilds our sepulchre, and embalms our name.

Reb. Glory! It is the rusted mail which hangs as a hatchment over the champion's dim and mouldering tomb—It is the defaced inscription which the ignorant monk can hardly read to the inquiring pilgrim. Are these rewards sufficient for the sacrifice of every tender tie? for a life spent miserably, that ye may make others miserable?

Ivan. By the soul of Hereward, maiden, thou speakst thou knowst not what! Chivalry! It is the nurse of pure and high affection—the stay of the oppressed—the curb of tyranny. Nobility were but an empty name without her; and liberty finds her best protection in the lance and sword.

Reb. I am, indeed, sprung from a race who warred not save at the command of Heaven, or to defend their country from oppression. But the sound of the trumpet wakes our people no longer; and their despised children are but the unresisting victims of hostile persecution. Well hast thou said, sir knight; and it ill beseems the Jewish damsel to speak of battle or of war.

Ivan. Forgive me, Rebecca, if I have wounded you—my mind is tortured, and I know not what I say.

Reb. Restrain this agitation. I will retire to the adjoining room, and leave you to repose.

Ivan. Farewell, my kind and gentle friend. (*Retires to his couch.*)

Reb. Alas! he little knows this bosom; and thinks me cowardly and mean because I censured their fantastic chivalry. If that the shedding of my own blood, drop by drop, could avail to set free my father, and this, his benefactor, from the oppressor's chains, then should they see whether the Jewish damsel dared not to die as bravely as the proudest Christian dame who boasts descent from petty chieftains of the rude and frozen north. [*Exit.*

Enter Warder conducting WAMBA.

War. There is the prisoner. Be brief, good father, in your charitable office. [*Exit.*

Wam. *Pax vobiscum!* The blessing of St. Dunstan, St. Dennis, St. Dutloc, and all the other saints whatsoever, be upon ye and about ye.

IVANHOE *rises and comes forward.*

Ivan. Good father, with what purpose are you here?

Wam. To bid you prepare yourself for death.

Ivan. It is impossible! Fearless and wicked as they are, they dare not do a deed for which a fearful retribution would be exacted.

Wam. Alas! to restrain them would be to stop a runaway horse with a bridle of silk thread. Bethink thee, therefore, sir knight, what crimes thou hast committed in the flesh; for this very day you will be called up to answer at a higher tribunal.

Ivan. Is it even so?—Then rouse my heart at once—Better to die than live in base captivity. I am prepared to meet their malice in its fellest shape.

Wam. (*In his natural tone.*) Wait yet a moment, my good young master: better look long, before you leap in the dark.

Ivan. Sure I know that voice?

Wam. It is your trusty slave and jester.—(*Throws back his cowl.*)—Had you taken a fool's advice formerly, you would not have been here at all—Take a fool's advice now, and you will not be here long.

Ivan. Wamba, my father's jester! What meanest thou?

Wam. Even thus: Take you this frock and cord, and march quietly out of the castle, leaving me your cloak and girdle, and to take the long leap instead.

Ivan. Leave thee in my stead! Why, they would hang thee, poor knave.

Wam. Even let them do as they are permitted. I trust, —no disparagement to your birth,—that Wamba, the son of Witless, may hang in a chain with as much gravity as the chain hung upon his ancestor the alderman.

Ivan. Wamba, it shall not be—Never will I preserve my life at the expense of thine.

Wam. Your presence without would encourage our friends to release your father and Rowena, who are now held prisoners here; by which means you would obtain his forgiveness, and be blessed with your Rowena,—while your remaining here would ruin all. Five hundred men surround these walls, and you was this morning one of their chief leaders. Lose no time. Farewell! And let my cockscomb hang in the halls of Rotherwood, in memory that I flung away my life for my master, like a faithful—fool!

Ivan. Thy memory shall be preserved, while fidelity and affection are honoured upon earth—nor would I yield, but that I feel my presence will urge on our friends without to rescue all. Yet hold—How shall I bear myself as a reverend brother?

Wam. The spell lies in two words. *Pax vobiscum* will answer all queries. If you go or come, eat or drink, bless or ban, Pax vobiscum carries you through all. It is

as useful to a friar as a broomstick to a witch, or a wand to a conjurer. Speak it but thus, in a grave, deep tone---*Pax vobiscum!*---it is irresistible.

Ivan. 'Tis well---I shall remember. Farewell, my faithful Wamba—thy blood shall not be spilt while mine still circles in my veins; nor shall one hair fall from the head of the kind knave who risked his life to save his master. So help me, Heaven, I will preserve thee, or we die together. [*Exit.*

Wam. Farewell, my noble master, and remember *Pax vobiscum.* Now must I learn to play the character of a valiant knight---Methinks I had best retire, lest they should discover me too soon. If they bring me out to be hanged to-morrow---as is much to be doubted they may---I have no chance but to try the weight of *Pax vobiscum* upon the finisher of the sentence.—(*Retires to couch.*)

SCENE X.--*Another apartment in the Castle.*

Enter Sir Reginald Front de Bœuf.

Sir Reg. Where tarries this loitering priest? By the scallop-shell of Compostella, I'll make a martyr of him, if he lingers here to hatch treason among my domestics.

Enter Ivanhoe, *disguised as the Priest.*

How now, priest? Hast thou prepared the prisoner for death?---Say---how didst thou find him?

Ivan. I found him expecting the worst, when he knew into whose hands he had fallen.

Sir Reg. How now, sir friar? Methinks thy speech smacks of a Saxon tongue.

Ivan. I am a Saxon.

Sir Reg. 'Twere better for thee to have been a Norman, and better for my purpose too---But need has no choice of messengers. Yet the time shall come, when the friar's gown shall protect the Saxon dogs no better than the coat of mail.

Ivan. The will of Heaven be done.

Sir Reg. But for thee---do me a cast of thy office, and, come what will of others, thou shalt sleep safely in thy

cell. Observe that door,—a passage beyond it leads to the private postern, through which, unseen by all, you may pass unmolested.

Ivan. Speak your commands.

Sir Reg. Carry this letter to the castle of Philip-de-Malvoisin—tell him it comes from me—that we are pent behind our battlements—and to speed hither to our aid, with all the force he can collect. Contrive some cast of art to keep these rabble yeomen where they are, until our friends bring up their lances. My vengeance is awake, and she is a falcon that slumbers not till amply gorged. Away—after the battle we may meet again.

Ivan. (*Energetically.*) Assuredly we shall meet again, when vengeance may be satisfied; for by my patron saint, and by every saint who has lived or died in England, your commands shall be obeyed. Not one Saxon shall stir from before these walls, if I have art and influence to detain them here.

Sir Reg. Ha! thou changest tone, and speakest brief and bold! Am I deceived? By hell, 'tis so—thou art no priest—Ho! Clement! Grimbald! Giles!—Dogs and vassals—(*They enter.*)—seize yonder villain—strip him of his robes.

Ivan. (*Throws off his disguise, and dashes off the men who have approached to seize him.*)—Slaves, unhand me!

Sir Reg. Wilfrid!

Ivan. Front de Bœuf, again I am in thy power; but still my soul defies thee. Here, in thy hall, surrounded by thy menials and dependants, wounded, unarmed, I brave and I despise thee. Lead me to death—but tremble—for a dreadful retribution is at hand. Or, if thou hast one spark of knightly honour or of feeling left, release my sire, Rowena, the Jewish damsel and her father, with the poor slave who sought to save my life, and let one victim satiate your revenge.

Sir Reg. Thou Saxon dog, with thee I parley not—this is my hour of triumph—Slaves, drag him to the dungeon.

Ivan. Do as thou wilt—Thy reign of cruelty and blood is drawing to a close. These walls, which have borne witness to thy shameless life, will see thee fall, despised, dishonoured, and disgraced; nor will thy memory be preserved, save in the execrations of mankind. [*Exit guarded.*

Sir Reg. By hell and all its fiends, the boasting stripling has provoked his fate!—He dies.—(*Loud alarums.*) Ha! what means this sudden tumult?

(*Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert rushes in, followed by several Attendants.*)

Sir Brian. Front de Bœuf, why dost thou linger here? The castle is attacked—even now they move to the assault.—(*Alarums continued.*)—What ho! within there!

Enter Attendants.

Sir Reg. Haste to the battlements every man! We must make up in skill and courage what we want in numbers. Ho, there! Anselm! See that seething pitch and oil be ready to pour on the heads of these audacious traitors—Hang out my banner;—Look that the cross-bow men lack not bolts.

Sir Brian. Our force is weak, and cannot man the walls—Had we not better parley ere we fight?

Sir Reg. Never! By Heaven! will I stoop to parley with a band of outlaws, led by the very refuse of mankind? Shame on thy counsel, Templar!—Ere I consent, the the ruins of my castle shall bury both my body and my shame!

Sir Brian. Then let us to the walls at once. The man ne'er breathed who holds his life at lighter rate than I do. The knaves shall find they have to do with those who yield no jot of ground, while they have arms to wield and hearts to strike!—Away! away! [*Exeunt severally.*

(*Loud alarums, and shouts continue till the scene changes.*)

IVANHOE, (*having escaped his guards*) *enters.*

Ivan. Owing to the unexpected tumult, and the sudden call to arms, I have eluded the vigilance of my guards; and could I but escape by the secret postern Front de Bœuf spoke of, I might join the brave Robin and his yeomen, and by the same passage return with their aid to the rescue of my friends. Yes, this must be the door! If I fail, my life shall pay the forfeit of my bold attempt; but

if I succeed, I shall be the happy means of restoring a noble father to liberty, and receiving the lovely Rowena as my reward. May all good angels direct my steps.

[*Exit at the door.—Alarums, shouts, &c.*

SCENE XI.—*A gallery in the Castle.—Flames bursting out in all directions.—Various parties enter fighting.—Front de Bœuf's men fly, pursued by the assailants; some are killed.—The flames gradually increase, till the Castle appears nearly destroyed.—Rebecca rushes in wildly, her hair and dress disordered.*

Reb. On every side the horrid din of battle rages. The victors' shouts, the groans of dying men, the bursting flames, confuse and madden my distracted brain. From friends and foes our danger now is equal. My father! my father! where have they dragged thee? Canst thou not hear thy wretched daughter's cries? And in this horrid manner are we left to perish? Is there no hope—no refuge—no resource? Has Heaven deserted us?—(*Sinks down in despair.*)

(*Bois Guilbert rushes on from the back of the scene, through the flames and falling ruins,—he is without his shield or helmet—his dress and armour stained with blood.*)

Sir Brian. Rebecca, I have found thee; thou shalt prove I will make good my word, to share with thee both weal and wo. There is one path alone for safety—I have cut my way through fifty dangers, to point it to thee. Up, instantly, and follow—a moment's pause, and we are lost.

Reb. Alone, I will not follow thee. If thou wert born of woman, if thou hast one touch of human charity within thee, if thy heart be not as hard as thy breast-plate, save my aged father—save the wounded knight.

Sir Brian. A knight must encounter his fate without shrinking, whether it meet him in the shape of sword or flame.

Reb. Savage warrior! rather will I perish in these

flames, which burst around us, than owe my safety to a wretch like thee.

Sir Brian. By Heaven, thou shalt not choose!—Once didst thou foil me, but never again.—(*Seizes her in his arms.*)

Reb. (*Struggling.*) Monster, unhand me!—Help! help! for mercy!

Sir Brian. Vain are thy cries—No mortal power shall tear thee from me. Nay—though hosts of fiends opposed my passage, still would I hold thee, while the life-blood warms my heart.—Mine, mine, for ever!

(*Bois Guilbert carries her off in his arms through the flames.—The back of the Castle falls in as they disappear, and the scene closes.*)

SCENE XII.—*Apartment in the Castle.*

(*Shouts within.*)

Enter ROWENA.

Rowe. In vain.—Heaven combats for our champions—it is our cause that fights—and soon these walls shall ring with the glad sound of victory.

SONG.

The call of honour they obey,
And Saxon banners wave on high!
A valiant chieftain leads the way,
Hark!, hark! I hear the warrior's cry!
That leads them to the hostile wall,
Where death and fame alternate call.
Loud the warlike trumpets blow,
While shouts arise,
That rend the skies,
And every pointed arrow flies,
Fatal to the foe!

Enter DE BRACY *and Normans.*

De Bracy. Rowena, these Saxons are within the walls; the eastern bastion alone remains unassailed—there you must accompany me.

Row. Oh! spare me!

De Bracy. Bear her away.—(*Is leading her off.*)

Enter CEDRIC.

Ced. Ha! I have not pressed forward in vain. Base knight, yield up my ward.

De Bracy. Never! Normans, this old man's rashness has placed both our prisoners again in our power.

Ivan. (*Without.*) On, on, brave Saxons—one gallant effort, and the place is ours. On—St. George for merry England.

Ced. Ah! the valiant unknown presses his bold career this way, and we are saved.

De Bracy. Think it not—seize him.—(*They seize them, and are taking them away.*)—We have still time to reach the eastern bastion.

(*Shouts—The Normans fly across the Stage—Ivanhoe rushes on, beats down De Bracy's sword, and, raising Rowena and Cedric, places himself before them.*)

Ivan. Saxons, this recreant knight's your prisoner—De Bracy, you shall answer this to our master Richard—(*Exit De Bracy, guarded.*)—Rowena, thou art saved.

Ced. Brave knight, I thank thee—for this, though Norman be thy blood, thou hast won a place in Cedric's halls for ever.

Ivan. (*Putting up his vizor.*) 'Tis in Cedric's heart that Ivanhoe would live.

Row. Ivanhoe!

Ced. Ivanhoe, my son!

Ivan. Yes, sir—your banished son.

Ced. Ah! once more welcome to thy father's arms, and welcome to Rowena.—(*They embrace.*)

Ivan. But our conquest is not yet complete; my father, place Rowena in safety.—See that a trusty band awaits my father and Rowena.

[*Exeunt Cedric and Rowena, with Attendants.*

Sir Reginald is still within the eastern bastion—There we will direct our arms, and drag the tyrant from his tower of strength. Away! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE XIII.—*Sir Reginald's Apartment.*

SIR REGINALD *borne in wounded, and laid on the couch.*

Sir Reg. Fly to the battlements! Tell Sir Brian I will join him again!—Away to the battle, I say!—I will—but—no—I cannot—(*Exeunt Attendants.*)—Curses on the recreant arm that smote me!—My strength seems ebbing from me!—A death-like sickness overpowers me! In vain, in vain I try to rise!—(*Suddenly, with horror.*)—Surely the wound is not mortal? It cannot be! death cannot be so near!—Clement!—St. Maur! Eustace! send me a priest!—but, no—priests are false!—I have heard of prayer, but, I—I dare not.—(*Sinks back exhausted.*)

Voice without. Does Reginald Front de Bœuf live to say there is that which he dares not?

Sir Reg. Who is there? (*Starting.*) What art thou, that dar'st to echo my words, in tone like that of a night raven?

Voice. I am thine evil angel, Reginald!

Sir Reg. Vision of horror! what sends thee here to shake a heart that human peril never yet hath cowed?

Ulr. (*Steps suddenly forward.*) 'Tis not Ulrica's spirit, but her injured self, that hovers round thy couch, to embitter with her curses thy last scene of guilt and misery;—thy temptress and thy scourge, come to taunt thee with thy sins,—to remind thee of thy father's banquet-room, flooded with his own gore.

Sir Reg. Fiend!

Ulr. Aye, Reginald Front de Bœuf! it is Ulrica, the daughter of the murdered Torquil, the sister of his slaughtered sons—she, who demands of thee, and of thy father's house, father and kindred—name and fame—all that she has lost by the name of Front de Bœuf!

Sir Reg. Ho! within there! Clement! Eustace!

Ulr. In vain thou callest, valiant baron! for thou shalt have neither answer, nor aid, nor obedience.—(*The battle shout heard without.*)

Sir Reg. (*Starting.*) Nearer the war-cry pressed!

Ulr. Aye, in that war-cry is the downfal of thy house! the Saxon, the scorned Saxon, assails thy walls!—Why liest thou there like a worn out hind, while the Saxon storms thy place of strength?

Sir Reg. Detested hag! Oh, for a moment's strength to drag myself to the melley, and perish as becomes my name!

Ulr. Think not of it—thou shalt die no soldier's death—know, even now, the doom that is prepared for thee by this feeble hand! Markest thou the smouldering and suffocating vapour which already eddies through the chamber? Didst thou think it was but the darkening of thy bursting eye-balls?

Sir Reg. What meanest thou, fiend?

Ulr. Remember'st thou the magazine of fuel that is stored beneath this apartment?

Sir Reg. Woman! thou hast not?—(*Ulrica laughs hysterically and triumphantly.*)—By Heaven, thou hast, and the castle will soon be in flames.

Ulr. (*With horrid composure.*) They are fast rising; and a signal shall soon wave, to warn the besiegers to press hard upon those who would extinguish them. And now, parricide, farewell for ever—may every stone of this vaulted roof, as it falls upon thee, find a tongue to echo that title in your ear.

[*Exit through the door, of which she is heard to turn the key.*

Sir Reg. By hell, she fastens the door! Demon! Ulrica! St. Maur! I burn here unaided! To the rescue! the rescue! 'tis Front de Bœuf who calls! The smoke rolls thicker and thicker!—My sight fails me—my breath is gone—Oh! for one draught of the air of heaven!—(*Shouts of battle heard. Sir Reginald makes a desperate attempt to rise.*)—Oh! my limbs refuse their office!—life ebb's apace!—I sink!—Ha! ha! ha!—(*Starting from the couch, and in a solemn subdued tone*)—Who laughed there?—(*Louder.*)—Who laughed there?—Ulrica, was it thou? fiend of hell! thou shalt not triumph—I will escape yet—my limbs are strong!—(*Approaches the window, and the flames drive him back.*)—Hell gapes before me! The red flames flash through the thick smoke—The demon marches against me, under the banner of

his own element!—(*Flourish.*)—A thousand murdered spirits laugh and beckon me—Ha! my father's bloody hand bears the torch, and fires my heart!—I feel it here! and here! my heart, my brain! Ha! ha! ha!—the vision sinks—it beckons—I come!—I come!—(*Sinks on the ground and dies.*)

The Castle appears in flames beyond the wall—The turret falls—A large blaze rises from the mouldering ruins—All assume attitudes of horror.—Ivanhoe, Knights, Yeomen, and Normans, seen fighting, &c.—A portion of the Castle falls, and discovers Ulrica, bearing a red standard on the top of the turret, encircled by the flames.

Ulr. Burn! burn! burn! Reginald! bloody Reginald! see how thy bridal torch blazes! Ha! ha! ha!

END OF ACT SECOND.

ACT III.

SCENE I.—*The Trysting Tree in the Hart-Hill Walk of the Forest of Torquilstone.—Practicable Tents on both sides the Stage—A Pile of Booty near the centre.*

ROBIN HOOD, SCARLET, ALLAN-A-DALE, *the* MILLER, *and* OUTLAWS, *discovered.*

TRIO AND CHORUS.

ALLAN-A-DALE, SCARLET, MILLER, *and* OUTLAWS.

Scarlet, Allan, and Miller.

There came three merry men, from south, west, and north,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
To woo the widow of Wycombe forth;
And where was the widow might say them nay?

Scarlet.

The first was a knight, and from Tyndale he came,
Ever more sing the roundelay;
And his fathers, God save us, were men of great fame;
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Of his father the laird, of his uncle the squire,
He boasted in rhyme and in roundelay;
She bade him go back by his sea-coal fire,
For she was the widow would say him nay.

Miller.

The next that came forth swore by blood and by nails,
Merrily sing the roundelay;
Hur's a gentleman, God wot, and hur's lineage was of Wales;
And where was the widow might say him nay?

Sir David, ap Morgan, ap Griffith, ap Hugh,
Ap Tudor, ap Rice, quoth his roundelay;
She said that one widow for so many was too few,
And she bade the Welchman wend his way.

Allan.

But then came a yeoman, a yeoman of Kent,
Jollily singing his roundelay;
He spoke to the widow of living and rent;
And where was the widow could say him nay?

So the knight and the squire were both left in the mire,
Therefore losing their roundelay;
For a yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,
There ne'er was a widow could say him nay.

Chorus.

So the knight, &c. &c.

Robin. A right merry carol, boys. The morning wears apace—we must to business. Who hath seen our chaplain? Where is our curtal Friar? A mass amongst Christian men best begins a busy morning.

Miller. What, the clerk of Copmanhurst? He hath not been seen since the siege, captain.

Robin. I hope no harm hath o'erta'en the jolly priest—Who saw him since the castle was taken?

Miller. I mark'd him busy about the door of a cellar, swearing by each saint in the calendar, he would taste the smack of Front de Bœuf's Gascoigne wine.

Robin. Away, Miller! Take with you enough of men—seek the place where you last saw him—throw water from the moat on the scorching ruins. I will have them removed stone by stone, ere I lose my curtal Friar.

[*Exeunt Miller and four Outlaws.*

Noble Cedric, and the valiant Ivanhoe, are returned to Rotherwood with the Lady Rowena. They have left the booty to be equally divided amongst us, my brave yeomen, for the life and honour we have saved.—(*A shout without.*)

Enter FRIAR, *leading* ISAAC, *followed by Miller and Outlaws.*

Friar. Make room, my merry men, for your godly father, and his prisoner! cry welcome once more! I come, noble leader, like an eagle, with my prey in my clutch.

Robin. In the name of St. Nicholas, whom hast thou got there?

Friar. A captive to my sword and to my lance, noble captain; whom I have redeem'd by my divinity, from a worse captivity. Speak, Jew! Have I not ransomed thee from Satan? Have I not taught thee thy creed, thy *Pater*, and thy *Ave Maria*? Did I not spend the whole night in drinking to thee, and in expounding of mysteries?

Isaac. For the love of Heaven, will no one take me out of the keeping of this mad—I mean, this holy man?

Friar. How, Jew! Dost thou recant? Did I not rescue thee from a dungeon I had mistaken for the wine-cellar, and took thee to where thou hast had store of prayers, and I nought but sack?

Miller. We can bear witness to that; for when we cleared away the ruins, we lighted on a spot where we found a runlet of sack half empty, the Jew half dead, and the Friar half exhausted, as he calls it.

Friar. Ye be knaves! ye lie! It was you and your gormandizing companions that drank up the sack, and called it your morning draught.—I am a Pagan, an' I kept it not for the captain's own throat. But what recks it

the Jew is converted, and und
very nearly, if not altogether, s

Robin. Is this true, Jew?
unbelief?

Isaac. May I so find merc
not one word the reverend p
fearful night.—Alas! I was s
grief, that had our Holy Fath
to me, he had found but a dea

Friar. Did'st thou not pr
substance to our Holy Order?

Robin. Hold, hold—here c
Jew forthwith, and end this n

Enter OUTLAWS, *with* Pr

Aymer. Why, how now,
or Christians, that handle a
with corporal punishment, na
400 crowns, in addition to th
sures ye have robbed me of!

Robin. It is too little a
round ransom, Prior, or your
to a new election.

Aymer. Well, if I must
name thy lowest!

Friar. Were it not well, c
name the Jew's ransom, and

Robin. Ay, ay; thou'rt
transcends.—Here, Jew, ste
Father Aymer, and tell us at
him; thou knowest the incor
thee.

Isaac. Assuredly—I have
thers, and bought great store.
six hundred crowns the good
honoured valours, and never

Robin. Six hundred crown
well spoken, Isaac! It is a se

Aymer. Ye are mad, my
such a sum?

Isaac. I will lend it thee, most reverend Prior, an' thou wilt grant me thy note!

Robin. He shalt grant thee whatsoever thou dost list. Thou shalt lay down the redemption for him and thyself too.

Isaac. For myself! I am a broken and impoverished man.

Robin. The Prior shall judge of that matter. Now, I pray you, Father Aymer—Can the Jew afford a good ransom?

Aymer. Can he afford a ransom! Is he not Isaac of York? I tell you openly, that you will wrong yourselves if you take from him a penny under a thousand crowns.

Robin. A sentence! a sentence!

Isaac. I am this day childless; and will ye deprive me of the means of livelihood?

Aymer. Thou wilt have the less to provide for, Jew, if thou art childless!

Isaac. Ahu! your laws permit you not to know how the child of our bosom is entwin'd with the strings of our heart.

Robin. Thy daughter, Jew?

Isaac. Yes, yes—Can't thou tell me aught of her safety?

Robin. I can—She was carried off by the proud Templar, when he broke through our ranks yester even. I had drawn my bow to send a shaft after him, but spared him even for the sake of the damsel, fearing she might take harm from the arrow.

Isaac. I would to Heaven thou had'st shot, though the arrow had pierced her bosom:—better the tomb of her fathers, than the dishonourable couch of the licentious and savage Templar. Ichobad! Ichobad! the glory hath departed from my house!

Robin. Friends, his grief touches me. Isaac, we will take thee at half the ransom that has been named, leaving thee the other to treat for thy daughter's release. Hasten to Bois Guilbert, ere worse comes of it:—thou wilt find him at the next Preceptory House of his order—so say our scouts.

Isaac. Wealth and a blessing to thee and thine.

Aymer. I grieve for the maiden Rebecca—she is of fair and comely countenance. Bois Guilbert knows me—I

an and may do much with him;—bethink thee how thou may'st deserve my good word with him.

Isaac. Alas! Alas! On every hand the spoilers rise against me!

Robin. Make him thy friend, Isaac—ply him with gold—I heed not thy vows of poverty. What, man! know I not the very iron chest in which thou dost keep thy money? Know I not the great stone under the apple-tree, that leads into the vaulted chamber beneath thy garden at York? But fear nothing—we are of old acquaintance. Dost not remember the sick yeoman thy daughter Rebecca redeem'd from prison at York, and kept in thy house until his health was restored, when thou did'st dismiss him recover'd, and with a piece of money?

Isaac. Dickon—Bend-the-bow?

Robin. The same.—Shall I treat with the Prior, to recover thy daughter?

Isaac. Alas! good Dickon! never was deed more Christian;—but thou art mistaken—I have no money, only some poor merchandise. Thou wilt keep the vaulted chamber secret.

Robin. A plague on thy fears and avarice. Prior, the Jew gives thee one hundred merks to intercede with thine ally, Bois Guilbert, for his daughter.

Aymer. One hundred merks! I will be moved—Where are my tablets?—(*Writes.*)—Bear that to Bois Guilbert, and, if well back'd with thy broad gold, fear not thy daughter's safety.

Robin. Go, then, thy several ways—I take thy word, good Isaac, for the ransom. Harkye! be liberal of thine offers for Rebecca. Away! my men will guide thee.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.—*An Apartment in the Preceptory of Templestowe.*

Enter Bois Guilbert *and* Malvoisin.

Sir Brian. I tell thee, Malvoisin, 'tis all in vain—I cannot tear this passion from my heart.

Mal. 'Tis frantic madness! Rouse thyself, Bois Guil-

bert—Shake off this weakness—think of ambition—think of future prospects.

Sir Brian. Ungrateful girl, to scorn the man who would have perished to preserve thee!—And now, the self-willed girl upbraids me that I saved her life,—denies me gratitude, and even distant hope!—The arch fiend who possessed her race with obstinacy, has centered its full force in her single person.

Mal. Some fiend, I think, possessed ye both! Why did you bring her here?—By the mass, I deem old Lucas Beaumanoir correct, when he maintains she hath cast a spell over you.

Sir Brian. What sayst thou? Beaumanoir! Where? How? From whom could the old dotard learn that she is here? Is this your friendship, Malvoisin?

Mal. Trifle not, Bois Guilbert—Beaumanoir is stern and resolute. The castle hall is preparing for the trial of Rebecca. She is pronounced a sorceress, and sworn by the Holy Temple she shall suffer as such.

Sir Brian. She shall not, by Heaven! Does the dotard know that she is here?

Mal. He does.

Sir Brian. We must contrive her escape.

Mal. No, we have risked enough. The Grand Master knows that you have stretched your bold hand towards the truncheon which he holds, and doubt not he will ruin thee, if thou affordest him so fair a pretext as the protection of a sorceress.

Sir Brian. Thou speak'st the truth—I will give the hoary bigot no advantage over me; and yet, Rebecca—does he purpose her judgment now?

Mal. Instantly—you see the judgment-seat, and all the dread accompaniments prepared. I go to meet the knights. Remember, all your future hopes of greatness depend on this day's firmness. [*Exit.*

Sir Brian. Rebecca, thou art like to cost me dear,—yet one effort will I make to save thee!—One hope of escape remains even to the condemned criminal—the wager of battle. A scroll shall direct her to demand a champion—and with strange armour and some new device, unknown to all except herself, my trusty lance shall unseat the boldest of our Templars, that shall in the lists

proclaim her guilty.—(*Writes hastily on a Tablet.*)—Within there!

Enter St. Maur.

Bear this instantly to Rebecca, and see that she receive it safely. This must surely win her.

(*Exit St. Maur.—Music without.*)

Ha! they come! I'll meet them with the bold eye of innocence, and woe be to that Templar, whose tongue dares bear the burthen of my accusation. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.—*The Grand Preceptory of Templestowe.—A large archway at the back, closed in with Gothic Gates—The Stalls of the Templars ranged; an exalted seat for the Grand Master in the centre—Saracen and other Banners from the Holy Land distributed about.—A Knight enters, bearing the Great Standard of the Temple, on which is inscribed, "Le Beau Saint."—Knights Preceptors, two and two, pass over. The Grand Master follows, carrying in his hand the Abacus, and takes his place.—The Banner Le Beau is fixed behind him.—Enter Sir Brian, Malvoisin at his side, followed by a Herald.—When all are on the Stage, the Trumpets cease.—The Squires and Pages range themselves behind their Knights' stalls.—The populace are seen through the grating of the arches.—Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert stands near the front, leaning on his sword.—Four Secretaries in black at the table.—All the Knights in their white robes of peace.—The Guards station themselves behind.*

Beau. Knights, Preceptors, and Companions of our Holy Order—and you, Christian brethren of every degree—know, we have summoned to our presence a Jewish woman, by name Rebecca, daughter to Isaac of York, to receive sentence as a sorceress, for many witcheries practised on a noble knight, first in honour as in place, Brian de Bois Guilbert. Yet justice demands that we should

confront the parties, and the damsel shall receive sentence according to the result. Speak, Brian de Bois Guilbert! From thy own lips would I learn how thou regardest thy intercourse with this Jewish maiden.

Sir Brian. De Bois Guilbert does not deign reply to any charge so wild and vague as this. If his honour be impeached, he will defend it with his body, and with that sword which won so many of those banners from the foes of Christendom.

Beau. The spells of the sorceress still work strongly on our brother. Bring in the prisoner—and, sir knights, take your seats.

(*Rebecca, veiled and habited in coarse white garments, is led in by a guard of warders.*)

Daughter of an accursed race, thou art brought here to answer to the accusation of having misled, by thy foul temptations, our brother, Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert.—And this chapter of our holy order sits in judgment on thine offences against him.

Reb. Heaven be praised! The name of judge, though an enemy to my people, is to me as the name of a protector.

Beau. Unveil thyself.

Reb. It is not the custom for the daughters of our people to uncover their faces in an assemblage of strangers.—(*Attendants approach her.*)—Nay, for the love of your own daughters—alas! ye have no daughters—but for the love of your sisters, let me not be thus handled in your presence—I will obey you!—Ye are elders among your people—at your command I will shew the features of an ill-fated maiden.—(*Unveils.*)

Beau. Damsel! It has been proved upon true evidence, that by various sorceries you have misled a member of our holy order from his duty—thy garments also of strange forms bespeak thy converse with powers that are unseemly; and for this our laws condemn thee. What hast thou to say against the sentence of thy condemnation?

Reb. To invoke your pity would, I am aware, be as useless as I should hold it mean.—My language and manners are only those of my people—I had well nigh said of my nation, but alas! we have no nation!—Nor will I even vindicate myself at the expense of my or-

pressors, but rather submit to ten such deaths as your pleasure may denounce against me, than listen to the so suit which that man of Belial has urged upon me—friendless—defenceless—and his prisoner. But he is of your own faith, and his slightest affirmance would weigh down the most solemn protestations of the distressed Jewess.

Sir Brian. (*Aside.*) Can she not have received my scroll? She is lost!

Reb. Yet to himself—yes, De Bois Guilbert, to thyself I appeal, whether these accusations are not as monstrous and calumnious, as they are false and deadly?

(*A pause—Sir Brian attempts to speak, but checks himself.*)

Speak, if thou art a man! I conjure thee, by the habit thou dost wear, by the holy vow of thy order, by the name thou dost inherit—I conjure thee to say, are these things true?—(*A pause.*)

Beau. Answer her, brother—if the enemy with whom thou dost wrestle will give thee power.

Sir Brian. Rebecca, the scroll! the scroll!

Reb. Ah! he means the scroll delivered to me by a strange hand, directing me to demand a champion—'twill gain me time at least. There is yet one chance of life left to me.—I deny this charge—I maintain my innocence—I challenge the privilege of trial by combat, and will appear by my champion!

Sir Brian. She is saved!

Beau. And who will lay lance in rest for a sorceress?

(*Sir Brian appears ready to declare himself, but is withheld by Malvoisin.*)

Reb. Heaven will raise me up a champion! It cannot be, that in merry England—the hospitable, the generous, the free—where so many are ready to peril their lives for honour, there shall not be one found to peril their lives for justice. I challenge the trial by combat! There lies my gage!—(*Throwing down her glove. Attendant gives the* the glove to Sir *Lucas.*)

Beau. Rebecca, as is that thin and light glove of thine to one of our heavy steel gauntlets, so is thy cause to that of the Temple.

Reb. Cast mine innocence into the scale, and the glove of silk shall outweigh the glove of iron.

Beau. Brother, give this gage of battle to Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert.

Sir Brian. (*Starting with horror.*) To me! I am too late!

Beau. It is our charge that he be the Temple's champion in this cause,—so shall he be purified from the taints upon his Templar's fame!

Sir Brian.—(*Malvoisin brings him the gage.*)—No; give not me the cursed gage!

Mal. (*Aside to Sir Brian.*) Accept it—to refuse, will be perdition to you both!

Sir Brian. I—I—fight against her? I raise my arm to proclaim Rebecca guilty? Never!

Beau. How! will he not receive the gage?

(*Sir Brian starting forward, is held by Malvoisin, who hides the gage in his cloak.*)

Mal. He will—he does!

Beau. It is well. Thy gage is accepted. Herald, go forth—proclaim by the sound of trumpet, that Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert is in arms for the Holy Temple, to prove this Jewess guilty; and that if any knight be willing to do battle for her innocence, his trumpet must proclaim it now—the lists are open to him!—(*Heralds exeunt at door-way.*)—Rebecca, if no champion appear, or if he be discomfitted, thou shalt die the death of a sorceress, according to the doom thou seest prepared for thee!

(*At the Grand Master's signal, the grand archway is thrown open, and the funeral pile, stake, and other paraphernalia, with the executioner, &c., are discovered.—A general movement of horror.*

Reb. I am content!—(*Faintly.*)

Sir Brian. (*Rushing from Malvoisin towards Rebecca.*) Rebecca!—(*Malvoisin follows to draw him back.*)—Away, false villain!

Beau. Let him speak.

Sir Brian. Rebecca, dost thou hear me?

Reb. I have no portion in thee, hard-hearted man!

Sir Brian. Aye, but dost thou understand my words? The sound of my own voice is frightful to my own ears!

I scarce know on what ground we stand—what purpose has brought me hither! This listed place—that chair—those faggots—appal my sense with hideous fancies, but cannot convince my reason!

Reb. What is thy purpose? Speak it briefly! The step between time and eternity is short but terrible, and I have few moments to prepare for it.

Sir Brian. Hear me! Still hast thou a chance for life and liberty.

Reb. Life is worth nothing, preserved at the price at which thou hast fixed it. And liberty, such as thou can'st offer, will be the worst of slavery to me.

Sir Brian. Though fame and honour will be lost to me for ever—though I sacrifice all the hope of ambition, and destroy schemes built as high as the mountains, yet shall my trusty sword hew its way through all their ranks of knights, and my nerved arm bear thee safely from these accursed lists, if thou wilt but say—" Sir Brian, I accept thee for my love."

Reb. Never!

Sir Brian. We will fly to Palestine—Europe shall hear the loud step of him they have driven from her shores—my sword shall carve its master's way to a throne, which thou shalt fill.

Reb. Dreams! an empty vision of ambition's brain, which, were it a waking reality, would affect me not.

Sir Brian. Yet think upon thy fate! To be consumed upon the blazing pile!—My heart shudders at it! Oh, Rebecca, it is not in woman to sustain the prospect!

Reb. Mistaken man! I tell thee, proud Templar, that not in thy fiercest battles hast thou displayed more of thy vaunted courage, than has been shown by woman, when called upon to suffer by affection or by duty.

Sir Brian. Yet hear me! yet think upon the dreadful alternative! Think upon the ardour of a passion which can thus brave the loss of every thing that time and circumstance has rendered dear. Rebecca!—(*Kneels.*)—Oh, speak one word, and save us both from ruin.

Reb. Templar, begone! Surrounded as I am by foes, there are none so deadly as yourself!

Beau. Has the maiden acknowledged her guilt, or is she resolute in her denial?

Sir Brian. She is indeed *resolute!* The consequences be on her head.—(*Resumes his place.*)

Beau. The Heralds approach!—(*Re-enter Heralds.*)—Is the proclamation made?

Her. It is—to the east, west, north, and south, our trumpets have proclaimed the challenge, and all in vain.

Beau. Maiden, prepare thyself to meet thy doom! Heaven refuses a sorceress its aid. Comrade, see that the executioners of our purpose be ready.

Reb. I am lost!

Beau. Conduct her to the pile!

(*A dead pause—As they are leading her to the pile, shouts commence at a great distance—all start.—Then trumpet sounds a loud blast without, and the cry of "A champion! a champion!" is heard—Sir Brian seems to recover life at the sound.*)

Her. A champion!

(*The crowd make way, and Ivanhoe, in complete armour, enters hastily from centre door.*)

Beau. A champion!

Ivan. Aye! to prevent a deed which every future age would blush to own—a deed, to stain the pages of our country's history, and make our successors ashamed of their bloody ancestry.

Sir Brian. Ah! a champion! a rival!—The hated rival for whom I have been despised! Was this then her virtue?

Beau. Who and what art thou, that thus with such unseemly words doth interrupt the judgment of the Holy Temple?

Ivan. A true and noble knight, come hither to sustain, in mortal combat, the just and lawful quarrel of this damsel, Rebecca, daughter to Isaac of York—to uphold the doom pronounced against her to be false, and to defy Sir Brian de Bois Guilbert as a traitor, murderer, and liar!—This will I prove, my body against his, so aid me Heaven, our lady, and St. George!

Beau. Hold! the Temple sends not her knights against nameless men.

Ivan. My name is better known, my lineage more pure, than thine; for none will dare dispute my claim!

knighthood, when they know that he who makes it is Ivanhoe of Palestine!—(*Throws up his vizor.*)

Sir Brian. (*In a hollow, changed tone*) I will not fight with thee: Get thy wounds healed—Recruit thy strength—and, it may be, I shall then hold it worth my while to scourge out of thee this boyish spirit of bravado.

Ivan. Ha! proud Templar! Hast thou forgotten, twice already didst thou fall beneath this arm? Remember the lists at Acre—remember the passage of arms at Ashby—remember thy proud vaunt in the halls of Rotherwood, that thou wouldst encounter Wilfrid of Ivanhoe, and seek to recover the honour thou hadst lost!—Meet me at once, or I will proclaim thee, Templar, recreant and coward in every court of Europe.

Sir Brian. (*Looks towards Rebecca, then turns fiercely on Ivanhoe.*) Thou Saxon dog! prepare thee for the death thy boasting has provoked!

Ivan. (*To the Grand Master.*) Am I allowed the combat?

Beau. I may not deny what you have challenged, providing the damsel accepts thee as her champion. An enemy of our Order hast thou ever been, yet I would have thee honourably dealt with.

Ivan. Thus—thus as I am—It is the judgment of Heaven, and to its keeping I commend myself—Rebecca, dost thou accept me for thy champion?

Reb. I do, I do—I do accept thee, as the generous champion Heaven has sent me! Heaven speed thy arm.

Ivan. No more, no more—I wait the signal.

(*The Grand Master rises, throws down Rebecca's glove, and pronounces the signal words, "Laissez aller."—Trumpets.—They engage with great fury.—After an obstinate combat, Ivanhoe gives ground from weakness.—Bois Guilbert presses on him.—Ivanhoe is beaten on one knee.—Bois Guilbert raises his sword to strike.—Ivanhoe springs up, overthrows, and places his foot on his adversary's throat.*

Iva... Yield thee, Templar, or thou dieest on the spot!

Beau. Slay him not, sir knight, unshriven and unhe-

solved—Kill not body and soul. We allow him vanquished.

(*He descends.—Malvoisin and another Knight raise Bois Guilbert, and take off his helmet.—His eyes slowly unclose—He fixes them with a vacant gaze upon Rebecca—A strong convulsion passes over his face—He falls and dies.*)

Beau. This is indeed the judgment of Heaven! Unscathed by the sword of his enemy, he has fallen the victim of his own contending passions. I pronounce the damsel free and guiltless.

(*A loud and general shout of triumph from the spectators.—A party of Men-at-Arms, Isaac, Robin Hood, Friar Tuck, and Yeomen, enter.*

Isaac. My child! my daughter! my recovered treasure! Oh, let us throw ourselves at the feet of the noble youth.—(*They kneel to Ivanhoe, who raises them.*)

(*A shout from the crowd*—" Long live the noble Ivanhoe.")

Ivan. And now, my gallant friends, the rebels are dispersed, and Richard mounts again the throne of England, amidst the general love of his subjects. Henceforth let factions cease. Norman and Saxon blended in one common interest, the study of my future life shall be the happiness of all;—the tie which binds me to our people, the watchword to intimidate their foes—OUR NATIVE LAND; and every loyal heart will join the cry—" Long live King Richard—Long live the Lion-heart."

(*Shouts, Trumpets, Drums, &c.*

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